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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE

VII.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

AT the celebrated Oldport ball of the French officers, the merit of each maiden was estimated by the number of foreigners with whom she could talk at once, for there were more gentlemen than ladies, and not more than half the ladies spoke French. Here Emilia was in her glory; the ice being once broken, officers were to her but like so many school-girls, and she rattled away to the admiral and the fleet captain and two or three lieutenants at once, while others hovered behind the circle of her immediate adorers, to pick up the stray shafts of what passed for wit. Other girls again drove two-in-hand, at the most, in the way of conversation; while those least gifted could only encounter one small Frenchman in some safe corner, and converse chiefly by smiles and signs.

On the whole, the evening opened gayly. Newly arrived Frenchmen are apt to be so unused to the familiar society of unmarried girls, that the most innocent share in it has for them the zest

of forbidden fruit, and the most blameless intercourse seems almost a *bonne fortune*. Most of these officers were from the lower ranks of French society, but they all had that good breeding which their race wears with such ease, and can unhappily put off with the same.

The admiral and the fleet captain were soon turned over to Hope, who spoke French as she did English, with quiet grace. She found them agreeable companions, while Emilia drifted among the elder midshipmen, who were dazzling in gold-lace, if not in intellect. Kate fell to the share of a vehement little surgeon, who danced her out of breath. Harry officiated as interpreter between the governor of the State and a lively young ensign, who yearned for the society of dignitaries. The governor was quite aware that he himself could not speak French; the Frenchman was quite unaware that he himself could not speak English; but with Harry's aid they plunged boldly into conversation. Their talk happened to fall on steam-engines, English, French, American; their comparative cost, comparative power, comparative cost per horse-power,—

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until Harry, who was not very strong upon the steam-engine in his own tongue, and was quite helpless on that point in any other, got a good deal astray among the numerals, and implanted some rather wild statistics in the mind of each. The young Frenchman was far more definite, when requested by the governor to state in English the precise number of men engaged on board the corvette. With the accuracy of his nation, he beamingly replied, "Seeshundredtousand."

As is apt to be the case in Oldport, other European nationalities beside the French were represented, though the most marked foreign accent was of course to be found among Americans just returned. There were European diplomatists who spoke English perfectly; there were travellers who spoke no English at all; and as usual each guest sought to practise himself in the tongue he knew least. There was the usual eagerness among the fashionable vulgar to make acquaintance with anything that combined broken English and a title; and two minutes after a Russian prince had seated himself comfortably on a sofa beside Kate, he was vehemently tapped on the shoulder by Mrs. Courtenay Brash with the endearing summons: "Why! Prince, I did n't see as you was here. Do you set comfortable where you be? Come over to this window and tell all you know!"

The prince might have felt that his summons was abrupt, but he knew not that it was ungrammatical, and so was led away in triumph. He had been but a month or two in this country, and so spoke our language no more correctly than Mrs. Brash, but only with more grace. There was no great harm in Mrs. Brash; like most loquacious people, she was kind-hearted, with a tendency to corpulence and good works. She was also afflicted with a high color, and a chronic eruption of diamonds. Her husband had an eye for them, having begun life as a jeweller's apprentice, and having developed sufficient sharpness of vision in other directions to become a millionaire, and a Con-

gressman, and to let his wife do as she pleased.

What goes forth from the lips may vary in dialect, but wine and oysters speak the universal language. The supper-table brought our party together, and they compared notes.

"Parties are very confusing," philosophized Hope,—"especially when waiters and partners dress so much alike. Just now I saw an ill-looking man elbowing his way up to Mrs. Meredith, and I thought he was bringing her something on a plate. Instead of that, it was his hand he held out, and she put hers into it; and I was told that he was one of the leaders of society. There are very few gentlemen here whom I could surely tell from the waiters by their faces, and yet Harry says the fast set are not here."

"Talk of the angels!" said Philip. "There come the Inglesides."

Through the door of the supper-room they saw entering the drawing-room one of those pretty, fair-haired women who grow older up to twenty-five and then remain unchanged till sixty. She was dressed in the loveliest pale blue silk, very low in the neck, and she seemed to smile on all with her white teeth and her white shoulders. This was Mrs. Ingleside. With her came her daughter Blanche, a pretty blonde, whose bearing seemed at first as innocent and pastoral as her name. Her dress was of spotless white, what there was of it; and her skin was so snowy, you could hardly tell where the dress ended. Her complexion was exquisite, her eyes of the softest blue; at twenty-three she did not look more than seventeen; and yet there was such a contrast between these virginal traits and the worn, faithless, hopeless expression, that she looked, as Philip said, like a depraved lamb. Does it show the higher nature of woman, that, while "fast young men" are content to look like well-dressed stable-boys and billiard-markers, one may observe that girls of the corresponding type are apt to addict themselves to white and rosebuds, and pose themselves for falling angels?

Mrs. Ingleside was a stray widow (from New Orleans *via* Paris), into whose antecedents it was best not to inquire too closely. After many ups and downs, she was at present up. It was difficult to state with certainty what bad deed she had ever done, or what good deed. She simply lived by her wits, and by the want of that article in her male friends. Her house was a sort of gentlemanly club-house, where the presence of two women offered perhaps a shade less restraint than if there had been men alone. She was amiable and unscrupulous, went regularly to church, and needed only money to be the most respectable and fastidious of women. It was always rather a mystery who paid for her charming little dinners; indeed, several things in her demeanor were questionable, but as the questions were never answered, no harm was done, and everybody invited her because everybody else did. Had she committed some graceful forgery to-morrow, or some mild murder the next day, nobody would have been surprised, and all her intimate friends would have said it was what they had always expected.

Meantime the entertainment went on.

"I shall not have scalloped oysters in heaven," lamented Kate, as she finished with healthy appetite her first instalment.

"Are you sure you shall not?" said the sympathetic Hope, who would have eagerly followed Kate into Paradise with a supply of whatever she liked best.

"I suppose you will, darling," responded Kate, "but what will you care? It seems hard that those who are bad enough to long for them should not be good enough to earn them."

At this moment Blanche Ingleside and her train swept into the supper-room; the girls cleared a passage, their attendant youths collected chairs. Blanche tilted hers slightly against a wall, professed utter exhaustion, and demanded a fresh bottle of champagne in a voice that showed no signs of weakness. Presently a sheepish youth drew near the noisy circle.

"Here comes that Talbot van Alsted," said Blanche, bursting at last into a loud whisper. "What a goose he is, to be sure! Dear baby, it promised its mother it would n't drink wine for two months. Let's all drink with him. Talbot, my boy, just in time! Fill your glass. *Stosst an!*"

And Blanche and her attendant spirits in white muslin thronged around the weak boy, saw him charged with the three glasses that were all his head could stand, and sent him reeling home to his mother. Then they looked round for fresh worlds to conquer.

"There are the Maxwells!" said Miss Ingleside, without lowering her voice. "Who is that party in the high-necked dress? Is she the schoolmistress? Why do they have such people here? Society is getting so common, there is no bearing it. That Emily who is with her is too good for that slow set. She's the school-girl we heard of at Nice, or somewhere; she wanted to elope with somebody, and Phil Malbone stopped her, worse luck. She will be for eloping with us, before long."

Emilia colored scarlet, and gave a furtive glance at Hope, half of shame, half of triumph. Hope looked at Blanche with surprise, made a movement forward, but was restrained by the crowd, while the noisy damsel broke out in a different direction.

"How fiendishly hot it is here, though. Jones junior, put your elbow through that window! This champagne is boiling. What a tiresome time we shall have to-morrow, when the Frenchmen are gone. Ah, Count, there you are at last! Ready for the German? Come for me? Just primed and up to anything, and so I tell you!"

But as Count Posen, kissing his hand to her, squeezed his way through the crowd with Hal, to be presented to Hope, there came over Blanche's young face such a mingled look of hatred and weariness and chagrin, that even her unobserving friends saw it, and asked with tender commiseration what was up.

The dancing recommenced. There was the usual array of partners, distributed by mysterious discrepancies, like soldiers' uniforms, so that all the tall drew short, and all the short had tall. There were the timid couples, who danced with trembling knees and eyes cast over their shoulders; the feeble couples, who meandered aimlessly and got tangled in corners; the rash couples, who tore breathlessly through the rooms and brought up at last against the large white waistcoat of the violoncello. There was the professional lady-killer, too supreme and indolent to dance, but sitting amid an admiring bevy of fair women, where he reared his head of raven curls, and pulled ceaselessly his black mustache. And there were certain young girls who, having astonished the community for a month by the lowness of their dresses, now brought to bear their only remaining art, and struck everybody dumb by appearing clothed. All these came and went and came again and had their day or their night, and danced until the robust Hope went home exhausted and left her more fragile cousins to dance on till morning. Indeed, it was no easy thing for them to tear themselves away; Kate was always in demand; Philip knew everybody, and had that latest aroma of Paris which the soul of fashion covets; Harry had the tried endurance which befits brothers and lovers at balls; while Emilia's foreign court held out till morning, and one handsome young midshipman, in special, kept revolving back to her after each long orbit of separation, like a gold-laced comet.

The young people lingered extravagantly late at that ball, for the corvette was to sail next day, and the girls were willing to make the most of it. As they came to the outer door, the dawn was inexpressibly beautiful, — deep rose melting into saffron, beneath a tremulous morning star. With a sudden impulse, they agreed to walk home, the fresh air seemed so delicious. Philip and Emilia went first, outstripping the others.

Passing the Jewish cemetery, Kate and Harry paused a moment. The sky was almost cloudless, the air was full of a thousand scents and songs, the rose-tints in the sky were deepening, the star paling, while a few vague clouds went wandering upward, and dreamed themselves away.

"There is a grave in that cemetery," said Kate, gently, "where lovers should always be sitting. It lies behind that tall monument; I cannot see it for the blossoming boughs. There were two young cousins who loved each other from childhood, but were separated, because Jews do not allow such unions. Neither of them was ever married; and they lived to be very old, the one in New Orleans, the other at the North. In their last illnesses each dreamed of walking in the fields with the other, as in their early days; and the telegraphic despatches that told their deaths crossed each other on the way. That is his monument, and her grave was made behind it; there was no room for a stone."

Kate moved a step or two, that she might see the graves. The branches opened clear. What living lovers had met there, at this strange hour, above the dust of lovers dead? She saw with amazement, and walked on quickly that Harry might not also see.

It was Emilia who sat beside the grave, her dark hair drooping and dishevelled, her carnation cheeks still brilliant after the night's excitement; and he who sat at her feet, grasping her hand in both of his, while his lips poured out passionate words to which she eagerly listened, was Philip Malbone.

Here, upon the soil of a new nation, lay a spot whose associations seemed already as old as time could make them, — the last footprint of a tribe now vanished from this island forever, — the resting-place of a race whose very funerals would soon be no more. Each April the robins built their nests around these crumbling stones, each May they reared their broods, each June the clover blossomed, each July the wild

strawberries grew cool and red; all around was youth and life and ecstasy, and yet the stones bore inscriptions in an unknown language, and the very graves seemed dead.

And lovelier than all the youth of Nature, little Emilia sat there in the early light, her girlish existence gliding into that drama of passion which is older than the buried nations, older than time, than death, than all things save life and God.

VIII.

TALKING IT OVER.

Aunt Jane was eager to hear about the ball, and called everybody into her breakfast-parlor the next morning. She was still hesitating about her bill of fare.

"I wish somebody would invent a new animal," she burst forth. "How those sheep bleated last night! I know it was an expression of shame for providing such tiresome food."

"You must not be so carnally minded, dear," said Kate. "You must be very good and grateful, and not care for your breakfast. Somebody says that mutton-chops with wit are a great deal better than turtle without."

"A very foolish somebody," pronounced Aunt Jane. "I have had a great deal of wit in my life, and very little turtle. Dear child, do not excite me with impossible suggestions. There are dropped eggs, I might have those. They look so beautifully, if it only were not necessary to eat them. Yes, I will certainly have dropped eggs. I think Ruth could drop them; she drops everything else."

"Poor little Ruth!" said Kate. "Not yet grown up!"

"She will never grow up," said Aunt Jane, "but she thinks she is a woman; she even thinks she has a lover. O, that in early life I had provided myself with a pair of twins from some asylum; then I should have had some one to wait on me."

"Perhaps they would have been married too," said Kate.

"They should never have been mar-

ried," retorted Aunt Jane. "They should have signed a paper at five years old to do no such thing. Yesterday I told a lady that I was enraged that a servant should presume to have a heart, and the woman took it seriously and began to argue with me. To think of living in a town where one person could be so idiotic! Such a town ought to be extinguished from the universe."

"Auntie!" said Kate, sternly, "you must grow more charitable."

"Must I?" said Aunt Jane; "it will not be at all becoming. I have thought about it; often have I weighed it in my mind whether to be monotonously lovely; but I have always thrust it away. It must make life so tedious. It is too late for me to change—at least anything about me but my countenance, and that changes the wrong way. Yet I feel so young and fresh; I look in my glass every morning to see if I have not a new face, but it never comes. I am not what is called well-favored. In fact, I am not favored at all. Tell me about the party."

"What shall I tell?" said Kate.

"Tell me what people were there," said Aunt Jane, "and how they were dressed; who were the happiest and who the most miserable. I think I would rather hear about the most miserable, at least till I have my breakfast."

"The most miserable person I saw," said Kate, "was Mrs. Meredith. It was very amusing to hear her and Hope talk at cross-purposes. You know her daughter Helen is in Paris, and the mother seemed very sad about her. A lady was asking if something or other were true; 'Too true,' said Mrs. Meredith; 'with every opportunity she has had no real success. It was not the poor child's fault. She was properly presented; but as yet she has had no success at all.'"

"Hope looked up, full of sympathy. She thought Helen must be some disappointed school-teacher, and felt an interest in her immediately. 'Will there not be another examination?' she

asked. 'What an odd phrase,' said Mrs. Meredith, looking rather disdainfully at Hope. 'No, I suppose we must give it up, if that is what you mean. The only remaining chance is in the skating. I had particular attention paid to Helen's skating on that very account. How happy shall I be, if my foresight is rewarded.'

"Hope thought this meant physical education, to be sure, and fancied that handsome Helen Meredith opening a school for calisthenics in Paris! Luckily she did not say anything. Then the other lady said solemnly, 'My dear Mrs. Meredith, it is too true. No one can tell how things will turn out in society. How often do we see girls who were not looked at in America, and yet have a great success in Paris; then other girls go out who were here very much admired, and they have no success at all.'

"Hope understood it all then, but she took it very calmly. I was so indignant, I could hardly help speaking. I wanted to say that it was outrageous. The idea of American mothers training their children for exhibition before what everybody calls the most corrupt court in Europe! Then if they can catch the eye of the Emperor or the Empress by their faces or their paces, that is called success!"

"Good Americans when they die go to Paris," said Philip, "so says the oracle. Naughty Americans try it prematurely, and go while they are alive. Then Paris casts them out, and when they come back, their French disrepute is their stock in trade."

"I think," said the cheerful Hope, "that it is not quite so bad." Hope always thought things not so bad. She went on. "I was very dull not to know what Mrs. Meredith was talking about. Helen Meredith is a warm-hearted, generous girl, and will not go far wrong, though her mother is not so wise as she is well-bred. But Kate forgets that the few hundred people one sees here or at Paris do not represent the nation after all."

"The most influential part of it," said Emilia.

"Are you sure, dear?" said her sister. "I do not think they influence it half so much as a great many people who are too busy to go to either place. I always remember those hundred girls at the Normal School, and that they were not at all like Mrs. Meredith, nor would they care to be like her, any more than she would wish to be like them."

"They have not had the same advantages," said Emilia.

"Nor the same disadvantages," said Hope. "Some of them are not so well-bred, and none of them speak French so well, for she speaks exquisitely. But in all that belongs to real training of the mind, they seem to me superior, and that is why I think they will have more influence."

"None of them are rich, though, I suppose," said Emilia, "nor of very nice families, or they would not be teachers. So they will not be so prominent in society."

"But they may yet become very prominent in society," said Hope; "they or their pupils or their children. At any rate, it is as certain that the noblest lives will have most influence in the end, as that two and two make four."

"Is that certain?" said Philip. "Perhaps there are worlds where two and two do not make just that desirable amount."

"I trust there are," said Aunt Jane. "Perhaps I was intended to be born in one of them, and that is why my house-keeping accounts never add up."

Here Hope was called away, and Emilia saucily murmured, "Sour grapes!"

"Not a bit of it!" cried Kate, indignantly. "Hope might have anything in society she wishes, if she would only give up some of her own plans, and let me choose her dresses, and her rich uncles pay for them. Count Posen told me, only yesterday, that there was not a girl in Oldport with such an air as hers."

"Not Kate herself?" said Emilia, slyly.

"I?" said Kate. "What am I? A silly chit of a thing, with about a dozen

ideas in my head, nearly every one of which was planted there by Hope. I like the nonsense of the world very well as it is, and without her I should have cared for nothing else. Count Posen asked me the other day, which country produced on the whole the most womanly women, France or America. He is one of the few foreigners who expect a rational answer. So I told him that I knew very little of Frenchwomen personally, but that I had read French novels ever since I was born, and there was not a woman worthy to be compared with Hope in any of them, except Consuelo, and even she told lies."

"Do not begin upon Hope," said Aunt Jane. "It is the only subject on which Kate can be tedious. Tell me about the dresses. Were people overdressed or under-dressed?"

"Under-dressed," said Phil. "Miss Ingleside had a half-inch strip of muslin over her shoulder."

Here Philip followed Hope out of the room, and Emilia presently followed him.

"Tell on!" said Aunt Jane. "How did Philip enjoy himself?"

"He is easily amused, you know," said Kate. "He likes to observe people, and to shoot folly as it flies."

"It does not fly," retorted the elder lady. "I wish it did. You can shoot it sitting, at least where Philip is."

"Auntie," said Kate, "tell me truly your objection to Philip. I think you did not like his parents. Had he not a good mother?"

"She was good," said Aunt Jane, reluctantly, "but it was that kind of goodness which is quite offensive."

"And did you know his father well?"

"Know him?" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "I should think I did. I have sat up all night to hate him."

"That was very wrong," said Kate, decisively. "You do not mean that. You only mean that you did not admire him very much."

"I never admired a dozen people in my life, Kate. I once made a list of them. There were six women, three men, and a Newfoundland dog."

"What happened?" said Kate. "The Israelites died after Pharaoh, or somebody, numbered them. Did anything happen to yours?"

"It was worse with mine," said Aunt Jane. "I grew tired of some and others I forgot, till at last there was nobody left but the dog, and he died."

"Was Philip's father one of them?"

"No."

"Tell me about him," said Kate, firmly.

"Ruth," said the elder lady, as her young handmaiden passed the door with her wonted demureness, "come here; no, get me a glass of water. — Kate! I shall die of that girl. She does some idiotic thing, and then she looks in here with that contented beaming look. There is an air of baseless happiness about her, that drives me nearly frantic."

"Never mind about that," persisted Kate. "Tell me about Philip's father. What was the matter with him?"

"My dear," Aunt Jane at last answered, — with that fearful moderation to which she usually resorted when even her stock of superlatives was exhausted, — "he belonged to a family for whom truth possessed even less than the usual attractions."

This neat epitaph implied the erection of a final tombstone over the whole race, and Kate asked no more.

Meantime Malbone sat at the western door with Harry, and was running on with one of his tirades, half jest, half earnest, against American society.

"In America," he said, "everything which does not tend to money is thought to be wasted, as our Quaker neighbor thinks the children's croquet-ground wasted, because it is not a potato-field."

"Not just!" cried Harry. "Nowhere is there more respect for those who give their lives to intellectual pursuits."

"What are intellectual pursuits?" said Philip. "Editing daily newspapers? Teaching arithmetic to children? I see no others flourishing hereabouts."

"Science and literature," answered Harry.

"Who cares for literature in America," said Philip, "after a man rises three inches above the newspaper level? Nobody reads Thoreau; only an insignificant fraction read Emerson or even Hawthorne. The majority of people have hardly even heard their names. What inducement has a writer? Nobody has any weight in America who is not in Congress, and nobody gets into Congress, without the necessity of bribing or button-holing men whom he despises."

"But you do not care for public life?" said Harry.

"No," said Malbone, "therefore this does not trouble me, but it troubles you. I am content. My digestion is good. I can always amuse myself. Why are you not satisfied?"

"Because you are not," said Harry. "You are dissatisfied with men, and so you care chiefly to amuse yourself with women and children."

"I dare say," said Malbone, carelessly. "They are usually less ungraceful and talk better grammar."

"But American life does not mean grace nor grammar. We are all living for the future. Rough work now, and the graces by and by."

"That is what we Americans always say," retorted Philip. "Everything is in the future. What guaranty have we for that future? I see none. We make no progress towards the higher arts, except in greater quantities of mediocrity. We sell larger editions of poor books. Our artists fill larger frames and travel farther for materials; but a ten-inch canvas would tell all they have to say."

"The wrong point of view," said Hal. "If you begin with high art you begin at the wrong end. The first essential for any nation is to put the mass of the people above the reach of want. We are all usefully employed, if we contribute to that."

"So is the cook usefully employed while preparing dinner," said Philip. "Nevertheless, I do not wish to live in the kitchen."

"Yet you always admire your own

country," said Harry, "so long as you are in Europe."

"No doubt," said Philip. "I do not object to the kitchen at that distance. And to tell the truth, America looks well from Europe. No culture, no art seems so noble as this far-off spectacle of a self-governing people. The enthusiasm lasts till one's return. Then there seems nothing here but to work hard, and keep out of mischief."

"That is something," said Harry.

"A good deal, in America," said Phil. "We talk about the immorality of older countries. Did you ever notice that no class of men are so apt to take to drinking as highly cultivated Americans? It is a very demoralizing position, when one's tastes outgrow one's surroundings. Positively, I think a man is more excusable for coveting his neighbor's wife in America than in Europe, because there is so little else to covet."

"Malbone!" said Hal, "what has got into you? Do you know what things you are saying?"

"Perfectly," was the unconcerned reply. "I am not arguing; I am only testifying. I know that in Paris, for instance, I, myself, have no temptations. Art and history are so delightful, I absolutely do not care for the society even of women; but here, where there is nothing to do, one must have some stimulus, and for me who hate drinking, they are, at least, a more refined excitement."

"More dangerous," said Hal. "Infinitely more dangerous, in the morbid way in which you look at life. What have these sickly fancies to do with the career that opens to every brave man in a great nation?"

"They have everything to do with it, and there are many for whom there is no career. As the nation develops, it must produce men of high culture. Now there is no place for them except as book-keepers or pedagogues or newspaper reporters. Meantime the incessant unintellectual activity is only a sublime bore to those who stand aside."

"Then why stand aside?" persisted the downright Harry.

"I have no place in it but a lounging-place," said Malbone. "I do not wish to chop blocks with a razor. I envy those men, born mere Americans, with no ambition in life but to 'swing a railroad' as they say at the West. Every morning I hope to wake up like them, in the fear of God and the love of money."

"You may as well stop," said Harry, coloring a little. "Malbone, you used to be my ideal man, in my boyhood, but—"

"I am glad we have got beyond that," interrupted the other, cheerily. "I am only an idler in the land. Meanwhile, I have my little interests, — read, write, sketch —"

"Flirt?" put in Hal, with growing displeasure.

"Not now," said Phil, patting his shoulder, with imperturbable good-nature. "Our beloved has cured me of that. He who has won the pearl dives no more."

"Do not let us speak of Hope," said Harry. "Everything that you have been asserting Hope's daily life disproves."

"That may be," answered Malbone, heartily. "But, Hal, I never flirted; I always despised it. It was always a *grande passion* with me, or what I took for such. I loved to be loved, I suppose; and there was always something new and fascinating to be explored in a human heart, that is, a woman's."

"Some new temple to profane?" asked Hal, severely.

"Never!" said Philip. "I never profaned it. If I deceived, I shared the deception, at least for a time; and, as for sensuality, I had none in me."

"Did you have nothing worse? Rousseau ends where Tom Jones begins."

"My temperament saved me," said Philip. "A woman is not a woman to me, without personal refinement."

"Just what Rousseau said," replied Harry.

"I act upon it," answered Malbone. "No one dislikes Blanche Ingleside and her *demi-monde* more than I."

"You ought not," was the retort. "You help to bring other girls to her level."

"Whom?" said Malbone, startled.

"Emilia."

"Emilia?" repeated the other, coloring crimson. "I, who have warned her against Blanche's society."

"And have left her no other resource," said Harry, coloring still more. "Malbone, you have gained (unconsciously of course) too much power over that girl, and the only effect of it is, to keep her in perpetual excitement, during which she seeks Blanche, as she would any other strong stimulant. Hope does not seem to have discovered this, but Kate has, and I have."

Hope came in, and Harry went out. The next day he came to Philip and apologized most warmly for his unjust and inconsiderate words. Malbone, always generous, bade him think no more about it, and Harry for that day reverted strongly to his first faith. "So noble, so high-toned," he said to Kate. Indeed, a man never appears more magnanimous than in forgiving a friend who has told him the truth.

IX.

DAINGEROUS WAYS.

It was true enough, what Harry had said. Philip Malbone's was that perilous Rousseau-like temperament, neither sincere enough for safety, nor false enough to alarm; the winning tenderness that thrills and softens at the mere neighborhood of a woman, and fascinates by its reality those whom no hypocrisy can deceive. It was a nature half amiable, half voluptuous, that disarmed others, seeming itself unarmed. He was never wholly ennobled by passion, for it never touched him deeply enough; and, on the other hand, he was not hardened by the habitual attitude of passion, for he was never really insincere. Sometimes it seemed as if nothing stood between him and utter profligacy but a little indolence, a little kindness, and a good deal of caution.

"There seems no such thing as scri-

ous repentance in me," he had once said to Kate, two years before, when she had upbraided him with some desperate flirtation which had looked as if he would carry it as far as gentlemen did under King Charles II. "How does remorse begin?"

"Where you are beginning," said Kate.

"I do not perceive that," he answered. "My conscience seems, after all, to be only a form of good-nature. I like to be stirred by emotion, I suppose, and I like to study character. But I can always stop when it is evident that I shall cause pain to somebody. Is there any other motive?"

"In other words," said she, "you apply the match, and then turn your back on the burning house."

Philip colored. "How unjust you are! Of course, we all like to play with fire, but I always put it out before it can spread. Do you think I have no feeling?"

Kate stopped there, I suppose. Even she always stopped soon, if she undertook to interfere with Malbone. This charming Alcibiades always convinced them, after the wrestling was over, that he had not been thrown.

The only exception to this was in the case of Aunt Jane. If she had anything in common with Philip, — and there was a certain element of ingenuous unconsciousness in which they were not so far unlike, — it only placed them in the more complete antagonism. Perhaps if two beings were in absolutely no respect alike, they never could meet even for purposes of hostility; there must be some common ground from which the aversion may proceed. Moreover, in this case Aunt Jane utterly disbelieved in Malbone because she had reason to disbelieve in his father, and the better she knew the son the more she disliked the father retrospectively.

Philip was apt to be very heedless of such aversions, — indeed, he had few to heed, — but it was apparent that Aunt Jane was the only person with whom he was not quite at ease. Still, the solicitude did not trouble him very

much, for he instinctively knew that it was not his particular actions which vexed her, so much as his very temperament and atmosphere, — things not to be changed. So he usually went his way; and if he sometimes felt one of her sharp retorts, could laugh it off that day and sleep it off before the next morning.

For you may be sure that Philip was very little troubled by inconvenient memories. He never had to affect forgetfulness of anything. The past slid from him so easily, he forgot even to try to forget. He liked to quote from Emerson, "What have I to do with repentance?" "What have my yesterday's errors," he would say, "to do with the life of to-day?"

"Everything," interrupted Aunt Jane, "for you will repeat them to-day, if you can."

"Not at all," persisted he, accepting as conversation what she meant as a stab. "I may, indeed, commit greater errors," — here she grimly nodded, as if she had no doubt of it, — "but never just the same. To-day must take thought for itself."

"I wish it would," she said, gently, and then went on with her own thoughts while he was silent. Presently she broke out again in her impulsive way.

"Depend upon it," she said, "there is very little direct retribution in this world."

Phil looked up, quite pleased at her indorsing one of his favorite views. She looked, as she always did, indignant at having said anything to please him.

"Yes," said she, "it is the indirect retribution that crushes. I've seen enough of that, God knows. Kate, give me my thimble."

Malbone had that smooth elasticity of surface which made even Aunt Jane's strong fingers slip from him as they might from a fish, or from the soft gelatinous stem of the water-target. Even in this case he only laughed good-naturedly, and went out, whistling like a mocking-bird, to call the children round him.

Toward the more wayward and impulsive Emilia the good lady was far

more merciful. With all Aunt Jane's formidable keenness, she was a little apt to be disarmed by youth and beauty, and had no very stern retributions except for those past middle age. Emilia especially charmed her while she repelled. There was no getting beyond a certain point with this strange girl, any more than with Philip; but her depths tantalized, while his apparent shallows were only vexatious. Emilia was usually sweet, winning, cordial, and seemed ready to glide into one's heart as softly as she glided into the room; she liked to please, and found it very easy. Yet she left the impression that this smooth and delicate loveliness went but an inch beyond the surface, like the soft thin foam that enamels yonder tract of ocean, belongs to it, is a part of it, yet is, after all, but a bequest of tempests, and covers only a dark abyss of crossing currents and desolate tangles of rootless kelp. Everybody was drawn to her, yet not a soul took any comfort in her. Her very voice had in it a despairing sweetness, that seemed far in advance of her actual history; it was an anticipated *Miserere*, a perpetual dirge, where nothing had yet gone down. So Aunt Jane, who was wont to be perfectly decisive in her treatment of every human being, was fluctuating and inconsistent with Emilia. She could not help being fascinated by the motherless child, and yet scorned herself for even the doubting love she gave.

"Only think, auntie," said Kate, "how you kissed Emilia, yesterday!"

"Of course I did," she remorsefully owned. "I have kissed her a great many times too often. I never will kiss her again. There is nothing but sorrow to be found in loving her, and her heart is no larger than her feet. To-day she was not even pretty! If it were not for her voice, I think I should never wish to see her again."

But when that soft, pleading voice came once more, and Emilia asked perhaps for luncheon, in tones fit for Ophelia, Aunt Jane instantly yielded. One might as well have tried to enforce

indignation against the Babes in the Wood.

This perpetual mute appeal was further strengthened by a peculiar physical habit in Emilia, which first alarmed the household, but soon ceased to inspire terror. She fainted very easily, and had attacks at long intervals akin to faintness, and lasting for several hours. The physicians pronounced them cataleptic in their nature, saying that they brought no danger, and that she would certainly outgrow them. They were sometimes produced by fatigue, sometimes by excitement, but they brought no agitation with them, nor any development of abnormal powers. They simply wrapped her in a profound repose, from which no effort could rouse her, till the trance passed by. Her eyes gradually closed, her voice died away, and all movement ceased, save that her eyelids sometimes trembled without opening, and sweet evanescent expressions chased each other across her face, — the shadows of thoughts unseen. For a time she seemed to distinguish the touch of different persons by preference or pain; but soon even this sign of recognition vanished, and the household could only wait and watch, while she sank into deeper and yet deeper repose.

There was something inexpressibly sweet, appealing, and touching in this impenetrable slumber, when it was at its deepest. She looked so young, so delicate, so lovely; it was as if she had entered into a shrine, and some sacred curtain had been dropped, to shield her from all the cares and perplexities of life. She lived, she moved, she breathed, she spoke, and yet all the storms of life could but beat against her powerless, as the waves beat on the shore. Safe in this beautiful semblance of death, — her pulse a little accelerated, her rich color only softened, her eyelids drooping, her exquisite mouth curved into the sweetness it had lacked in waking, — she lay unconscious and supreme, the temporary monarch of the household, entranced upon her throne. A few hours having passed, she suddenly

waked, and was a self-willed, passionate girl once more. When she spoke, it was with a voice wholly natural; she had no recollection of what had happened, and no curiosity to learn.

X.

REMONSTRANCES.

It had been a lovely summer day, with a tinge of autumnal coolness toward nightfall, ending in what Aunt Jane called a "quince-jelly sunset." Kate and Emilia sat upon the Blue Rocks, earnestly talking.

"Promise, Emilia!" said Kate.

Emilia said nothing.

"Remember," continued Kate, "he is Hope's betrothed. Promise, promise, promise!"

Emilia looked into Kate's face and saw it flushed with a generous eagerness, that called forth an answering look in her. She tried to speak, and the words died into silence. There was a pause, while each watched the other.

When one soul is grappling with another for life, such silence may last an instant too long; and Kate soon felt her grasp slipping. Momentarily the spell relaxed. Other thoughts swelled up, and Emilia's eyes began to wander; delicious memories stole in, of walks through blossoming paths with Malbone, — of lingering steps, half-stifled words and sentences left unfinished; — then, alas! of passionate caresses, — other blossoming paths that only showed the way to sin, but had never quite led her there, she fancied. There was so much to tell, more than could ever be told to Kate, infinitely more than could ever be explained or justified. Moment by moment, farther and farther strayed the wandering thoughts, and when the poor child looked in Kate's face again, the mist between them seemed to have grown wide and dense, as if neither eyes nor words nor hands could ever meet again. When she spoke it was to say something evasive and unimportant, and her voice was as one from the grave.

In truth, Philip had given Emilia his heart to play with at Neuchâtel, that he might beguile her from an attachment they all regretted. The device succeeded. The toy once in her hand, the passionate girl had kept it, had clung to him with all her might; he could not shake her off. Nor was this the worst, for to his dismay he found himself responding to her love with a self-abandonment of ardor for which all former loves had been but a cool preparation. He had not intended this; it seemed hardly his fault: his intentions had been good, or at least not bad. This piquant and wonderful fruit of nature, this girlish soul, he had merely touched it and it was his. Its mere fragrance was intoxicating. Good God! what should he do with it?

No clear answer coming, he had drifted on with that terrible facility for which years of self-indulged emotion had prepared him. Each step, while it was intended to be the last, only made some other last step needful.

He had begun wrong, for he had concealed his engagement, fancying that he could secure a stronger influence over this young girl without the knowledge. He had come to her simply as a friend of her Transatlantic kindred; and she, who was always rather indifferent to them, asked no questions, nor made the discovery till too late. Then, indeed, she had burst upon him with an impetuous despair that had alarmed him. He feared not that she would do herself any violence, for she had a childish dread of death, but that she would show some desperate animosity toward Hope, whenever they should meet. After a long struggle, he had touched, not her sense of justice, for she had none, but her love for him; he had aroused her tenderness and her pride. Without his actual assurance, she yet believed that he would release himself in some way from his betrothal, and love only her.

Malbone had fortunately great control over Emilia when near her, and could thus keep the sight of this stormy passion from the pure and unconscious Hope. But a new distress opened be-

fore him, from the time when he again touched Hope's hand. The close intercourse of the voyage had given him for the time almost a surfeit of the hot-house atmosphere of Emilia's love. The first contact of Hope's cool, smooth fingers, the soft light of her clear eyes, the breezy grace of her motions, the rose-odors that clung around her, brought back all his early passion. Apart from this voluptuousness of the heart into which he had fallen, Malbone's was a simple and unspoiled nature; he had no vices, and had always won popularity too easily to be obliged to stoop for it; so all that was noblest in him paid allegiance to Hope. From the moment they again met, his wayward heart reverted to her. He had been in a dream, he said to himself; he would conquer it and be only hers; he would go away with her into the forests and green fields she loved, or he would share in the life of usefulness for which she yearned. But then, what was he to do with this little waif from the heart's tropics, — once tampered with, in an hour of mad dalliance, and now adhering inseparably to his life? Supposing him ready to separate from her, could she be detached from him?

Kate's anxieties, when she at last hinted them to Malbone, only sent him further into reverie. "How is it," he asked himself, "that when I only sought to love and be loved, I have thus entangled myself in the fate of others? How is one's heart to be governed? Is there any such governing? Mlle. Clairon complained that, so soon as she became seriously attached to any one, she was sure to meet somebody else whom she liked better. Have human hearts," he said, "or, at least, has my heart, no more stability than this?"

It did not help the matter when Emilia went to stay awhile with Mrs. Meredith. The event came about in this way. Hope and Kate had been to a dinner-party, and were as usual reciting their experiences to Aunt Jane.

"Was it pleasant?" said that sympathetic lady.

"It was one of those dreadfully dark dining-rooms," said Hope, seating herself at the open window.

"Why do they make them look so like tombs?" said Kate.

"Because," said her aunt, "most Americans pass from them to the tomb, after eating such indigestible things. There is a wish for a gentle transition."

"Aunt Jane," said Hope, "Mrs. Meredith asks to have a little visit from Emilia. Do you think she had better go?"

"Mrs. Meredith?" asked Aunt Jane. "Is that woman alive yet?"

"Why, auntie!" said Kate. "We were talking about her only a week ago."

"Perhaps so," conceded Aunt Jane, reluctantly. "But it seems to me she has great length of days!"

"How very improperly you are talking, dear!" said Kate. "She is not more than forty, and you are —"

"Fifty-four," interrupted the other.

"Then she has not seen nearly so many days as you."

"But they are such long days! That is what I must have meant. One of her days is as long as three of mine. She is so tiresome!"

"She does not tire you very often," said Kate.

"She comes once a year," said Aunt Jane. "And then it is not to see me. She comes out of respect to the memory of my great-aunt, with whom Talleyrand fell in love, when he was in America, before Mrs. Meredith was born. Yes, Emilia may as well go."

So Emilia went. To provide her with companionship, Mrs. Meredith kindly had Blanche Ingleside to stay there also. Blanche stayed at different houses a good deal. To do her justice, she was very good company, when put upon her best behavior, and beyond the reach of her demure mamma. She was always in spirits, often good-natured, and kept everything in lively motion, you may be sure. She found it not unpleasant, in rich houses, to escape some of those little domestic parsimonies which the world saw not in her own;

and to secure this felicity she could sometimes lay great restraints upon herself, for as much as twenty-four hours. She seemed a little out of place, certainly, amid the precise proprieties of Mrs. Meredith's establishment. But Blanche and her mother still held their place in society, and it was nothing to Mrs. Meredith who came to her doors, but only from what other doors they came.

She would have liked to see all "the best houses" connected by secret gal-

leries or underground passages, of which she and a few others should hold the keys. A guest properly presented could then go the rounds of all unerringly, leaving his card at each, while improper acquaintances in vain howled for admission at the outer wall. For the rest, her ideal of social happiness was a series of perfectly ordered entertainments, at each of which there should be precisely the same guests, the same topics, the same supper, and the same ennui.

A THRUSH IN A GILDED CAGE.

WAS this the singer I had heard so long,
 But never till this evening, face to face?
 And were they his, those tones so unlike song,—
 Those words conventional and commonplace?

Those echoes of the usual social chat
 That filled with noise, confused the crowded hall,—
 That smiling face, black coat, and white cravat,—
 Those fashionable manners,—was this all?

He glanced at freedmen, operas, politics,
 And other common topics of the day;
 But not one brilliant image did he mix
 With all the prosy things he had to say.

At least I hoped that one I long had known,
 In the inspired books that built his fame,
 Would breathe some word, some sympathetic tone,
 Fresh from the ideal region whence he came.

And so I leave the well-dressed, buzzing crowd,
 And vent my spleen alone here by my fire,
 Mourning the fading of my golden cloud,
 The disappointment of my life's desire.

Simple enthusiast! why do you require
 A budding rose for every thorny stalk?
 Why must we poets always bear the lyre,
 And sing when fashion forces us to talk?

Only at moments comes the Muse's light:
 Alone, like shy wood-thrushes, warble we.
 Catch us in traps like this dull crowd to-night,
 We are but plain, brown-feathered birds,—you see!

THE SMALL ARABS OF NEW YORK.

TRAVERSE New York City in all its great business thoroughfares, its fashionable promenades, its parks, its by-lanes, its back-alleys, its outlets, and along by its great water-fronts, and everywhere you will find certain figures in the same foreground with yourself,—the figures of small, ragged, shoeless boys and girls. By twos and threes they go, mostly, in the more opulent quarters of the city. In the foul purlieus they swarm. Mackerelville—a pet name by which a certain quarter of the eastern district of the city is fondly known to its residents and to the police—teems with them. On the reeking wharves they settle thickly, as the local caterpillars do on the city trees when leaves are green. Sparse are the locusts of Algeria compared with these small Arabs of the streets, who, as they have no tents to fold, do not “silently steal away,” but, on the contrary, illustrate their comings and goings with every variety of noise producible by the combined efforts of small human lips and small human lungs.

These juvenile wanderers of the boisterous, headlong city may be generalized into two classes,—those who have parents living and those who have none. The fact of father and mother is one always communicated by the small street Arab to his questioner with some degree of pride. To the inquiry as to whether he resorts to the Boys’ Lodging-House for his nightly repose, the shoeblack of ten or twelve will often reply: “No, *sir*!—‘not for Joseph!’—I have a father and mother, and I takes my winks at home.” Nor do the quality and occupation of father and mother seem to be taken so much into account by him as the fact. Frequently I am told by street boys that their fathers and mothers are rag-pickers, their dwelling a deep cellar—and probably a very damp one—in some crowded rookery of the cruel city. In many

cases they are grimly reserved with regard to the callings and abodes of their parents, either from uncertainty on the subject or concealment sternly enjoined. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the possession of a father and mother is always an advantage to the urchin of the gutters. Inherited qualities ripen into poisonous fruit under the evil eye of the transmitter, and small is the hope of escape for the children of living ruffians and thieves.

Thousands of the street children of New York, however, have neither parents nor any regular places of abode to which they can resort at night. In summer they are careless and happy, for clothing is of no consideration then; and in some recess behind the open door of a tenement-house, on the grassless spaces of some city park, or amid the rubbish of a demolished building, they can roll themselves away, and sleep the sleep of the wild ranger of the gutters, to whom repletion will bring no nightmares, though his dreams may be of pumpkin-pies and other ambrosial viands of the remote possible. But in the inclement nights of winter the sufferings of the homeless little street Arabs are unspeakably severe. Then they huddle themselves together in doorways, at the risk of being spurned forth by some drunken lodger into the pelting sleet, or trodden upon by the late and reckless comers to and fro. The great iron boilers that stand out in front of the machine-shops, in some quarters of the city, often afford lodgings for the night to these shivering little sprouts of humanity. Others may be seen emerging at early morning from the weather-beaten stalls that cling to the foot of some drowsy old market-building. To-day it is Indian summer. The sun shines genially through the warm November haze, and here, in a desolate park of the eastern district of the city many groups of small street children

are seen at play. They are as cheerful as crickets, and as shrill. Several of the nights just passed away have been bitterly cold, and we have had ice on the pools in the bleak mornings. Many of the children, as I am informed by a policeman, have passed these bitter nights in such places as I have just mentioned; but they have forgotten all their cares now in the glad sunshine, and it is quite likely that not one of them gives a thought as to how or where he is to lay down his unkempt head to-night. Here is one who is a wonder to contemplate, and he may be taken as a fair specimen of his kind. He professes ignorance with regard to his age, but is adroit at catching copper coins that are jerked to him from a distance of two or three yards. Probably he is seven years old, but he is stunted and dwarfish for his age. As for clothes, — well, the newly emerged chicken, with some pieces of the egg-shell sticking to it, is about as dressy as that small Arab. A boiler was his bed last night. It has been his bed every night since the hard weather set in, and cold comfort must an iron boiler be when off the boil. He has a brother some years older than himself, and this brother does something for his living, and has a coat, — a real coat with sleeves and a tail, and possibly a button or two with which to loop it close, — and he shares it with the smaller shred of adversity, as they huddle themselves together with other boys in the metal cylinder.

Many an incident that would have furnished a good subject for the pencil of Leech, who had a wonderful eye for street-boy life, may be noted by one who explores observantly the byways of New York. Lately, when passing through a quiet street in one of the suburbs, I saw a small boy sprawling, face downward, on a grating that closed over a deep area or cellar. Suddenly he raised himself half up, his face beaming with intense excitement, and screamed at the top of his voice: "Run, Johnny! — run, Maggie! — run, Tommy! — run! run! — I see a penny down at

the bottom of this here hole!" And a number of small ragamuffins came quickly to his call, and, throwing themselves upon the grating, gave shrill utterance to their sense of delight at the splendid but unattainable treasure of which they had a glimpse in the depths below. Another time, crossing a piece of waste ground, I was much amused at the address with which a half-naked boy baffled a policeman who wanted to capture him, by dodging round and into a pool of stagnant water, which he managed to keep between himself and the officer, until the latter gave up the pursuit, and moved disconcertedly away. The Bowery theatres have great attractions for the boot-blacks and other industrial Arabs of the streets, who can afford to pay a few cents for admission to them now and then. Here many of them acquire the tragic rant and scowl, which they exaggerate to a ludicrous extent; and it is quite common to see a couple of boot-blacks enacting a deadly combat on the sidewalk, with pieces of lath for swords, and their professional brush-boxes for shields. Some of these young aspirants to histrionic art are capital mimics, hitting off the peculiarities of their favorite actors with much success.

A few years ago, while the volunteer fire-companies were yet in existence, the great ambition of the New York street boy was to accompany the "machine" as it rattled over the pavement when an alarm of fire was given. He used to take part in the business of the occasion, tugging at the ropes of the vehicles with great energy; and the more wet and smirched he got in the performance of his tremendous feats of agility and valor, the better he was pleased. To be a fireman, in flaming red shirt and shiny black pantaloons, was to him the acme of human bliss. Under the new system of fire-service, he is debarred from any direct participation in the working of the engines; but he none the less makes himself officious in the tumult, dodging in and out of the crowd with the celerity of a prairie-dog, and quite regardless of the

kicks and cuffs bestowed on him by the excited citizens against whom he runs in his reckless course.

Processions of all kinds are a source of great gratification to the street boy; and, where no procession is intended, he will improvise one by notifying a number of his companions that some celebrated or notorious character is in the street, and so making up a crowd to follow that person, at a distance respectful or otherwise, as the case may warrant. Yesterday a great rabble of street boys and girls was to be seen following in the wake of a gigantic prize-fighter, whom the myrmidons of the law were escorting to his proper place, — in the city prison. To-day there is a long procession of carriages in the thoroughfares, got up by a quack doctor to advertise and advance his particular swindle. Here the small Arabs are out in great force, and they not only crowd alongside of the charlatan's *cortège*, but several of the biggest among them have obtained admission to the carriages in the capacity of volunteer standard-bearers to the Cagliostro of the occasion. But it is when a circus procession winds through the city that the street boys and girls are to be seen in full effervescence. Then the sidewalks, doorsteps, railings, and all accessible points from which a view of the show is to be had, are alive with them. Each small ragamuffin thinks, as he gazes at the gorgeous spectacle, how he would like to be a circus-rider, in silk and spangles all brilliantly arrayed, and careering proudly along upon a piebald steed. But the lion-tamer is the chief attraction in the pageant, as he stands on the top of the triumphal car in statuesque *pose*, one hand resting on the massive head of the "real live lion," the other pressing with experienced grace the salient angle of his flexible hip-joint. Without any reference to posters or other advertisements, one can generally tell when there is a circus-show in the city, by the operations of the street boys, whose aptitude for tumbling and other acrobatic feats then becomes developed to

a remarkable extent. At such times the boot-black will approach you by a series of hand-springs, and the diminutive urchin who whines at you for a penny will probably take his departure, when you have given him one, in the similitude of a flying wheel decked out with many-colored rags.

And with all these roamers of the city, the street games have their regular seasons, and the order in which they succeed each other is observed with a strictness bordering on severity. When the March winds whistle round corners and drive whirls of sharp dust into the faces of blinking passengers, then every ragged urchin of the streets who can command a scrap of paper and a couple of yards of string, rushes madly along the highways and byways, "flying his kite." The game is *in* now, and he would lose caste with his associates should he fail to make a show of some kind at it, however feeble. When marbles are in season, — and that seems to be all the year round, except in very wet or very cold weather, — the sidewalks in many parts of the city are obstructed by groups of ragged boys, all deeply intent upon the artistic performances of some barefooted champion of the chalked ring. Peg-top does not appear to be very popular among them, partly on account of the large amount of capital required for the first investment, and partly because the game is one involving injury to bare feet. Boys and girls who have a turn for mechanics will sometimes contrive what they call pin-wheels, — bits of stick crossed, tipped with little squares of paper, and then attached to another stick with a large pin, so that they will whirl round when carried swiftly against a breeze. These the skilled young artificers dispose of to less gifted boys and girls for so many pins apiece. Then, when they have accumulated a large stock of pins, they sell them to the petty shopkeepers of the byways, whose "show-windows" display such necessities and luxuries of life as tallow-candles, spools of thread, sticks of clouded candy, and bars of yellow soap.

From such small beginnings great things have frequently resulted. It is within the knowledge of the present writer, that more than one successful proprietor of a sidewalk table for the sale of tumble-and-squeak mannikins, and other ingenious devices for diverting the mind of the infant of the period, can trace his fortune to the simple but fascinating pin-wheel, and the financial operations connected with its manufacture and sale. Far before all these diversions, though, are the reckless gambols resulting from base-ball, now recognized as the great national game. Since this game has laid hold of the popular mind, — and surely Young America may be said to have it “on the brain” now, — the street boy seems to have devoted all his energies to throwing everything he can handle at everybody he can reach. If a boy has been sent forth by his parents to buy a few apples at the corner grocery, he conveys the fruit to its destination in a series of pitches and catches diagonally executed with the aid of other boys of his kind. In his eyes, everything portable is a base-ball; and it but too often goes to the eyes of the passers to and fro, who suffer from the dangerous practice of throwing things at random in the streets. Everywhere on the sidewalks, everywhere in the alleys and courts, the boy may be seen engaged in the winsome game called “tip-cat,” which is the nearest approach that he, with his limited resources, can make to the great national game. Entirely reckless with regard to the eyes and other features of an aggrieved public, he tips feately from the ground the odious, conical chunk of wood from which the pastime derives its name, and then strikes it wildly away from him in any direction whatever. Boys carrying parcels, boys carrying bottles, boys to whom small puppy-dogs have been intrusted for asphyxiation in some adjacent cesspool, — all, all, without exception, keep tossing up and catching their burdens, as they go, until the thing has become a flagrant nuisance to the public, and a plague.

Of the occupations to which the street boys of New York most naturally incline, those of the boot-black and the newsboy seem to be chiefly in favor. The boot-blacks are a very peculiar class, constituting a distinct tribe of street Arabs in themselves. Merely nominal, and often suggestive less of civilization than of secluded jungles and M. du Chaillu’s Fan-cannibal, whose full dress consisted of a stovepipe hat, is the clothing that hangs about many of these boys. It has generally lost all semblance of whatever it might originally have been. In many cases the article intended to represent trousers does duty for shirt and jacket and all, and is hitched up and fastened about the neck with a piece of string. This process cheats the legs out, of what might fairly be considered their due, and they have consequently become scorched and baked by the sun to the color of bricks. As for the hats and caps affected by this particular tribe of small Arabs, they are utterly past comprehension, nor would their analysis be unattended by disagreeable consequences. The mystery that envelopes them were better unsolved. Yesterday I witnessed a squabble between several of these ubiquitous wanderers in the middle of a very dirty street. The smallest of the group — and an amazingly small creature he was to be out on a world so wide — got pitched, face downwards, into a filthy puddle, and was a piteous object as he gathered himself up and limped crying away. One of his companions followed him, and, taking off his own head-gear, wiped away with it the mud from the face of the weeping urchin, having done which, he unostentatiously replaced the article upon the matted head which it might have protected, but certainly did not adorn. Most of the boot-blacks have shoes; while stockings, though exceptional among them, are not rigorously excluded from their working wardrobe. These are luxuries, however, which the bigger boys only enjoy, most of the smaller ones going barefooted all the summer,

and being scantily provided with clothing. Sometimes, on Sundays, the bigger ones may be seen polishing each other's shoes, and this service is performed absolutely on the reciprocal principle, and free of charge. Observe yonder two boys, one of them with his whole-cloth Sunday trousers on, the other veneered as to his legs with partial pantaloons, the original material of which is past detection amid the patches innumerable with which it has been supplemented. The first boy, as he kneels down to clean a customer's boots, places a folded newspaper between his knees and the ground. The other would probably take no such precaution, even had he trousers worth the saving. One cannot help thinking that there may be a possible millionaire in number one, while number two may never have a pair of knees, perhaps, between which and the dirt the interposition of an old newspaper would be worth while.

More typical of the small Arabs of New York than the boot-blacks are, however, are the boys and girls who run through the city and suburbs with daily papers for sale. The scene at some of the publication offices, during the distribution of papers, is a very curious and lively one. Most of the children who crowd the sidewalk, or jostle each other in the doorway, eager for their turns to come, are very small, and in summer time but few of them have shoes and stockings. Hats are absolutely exceptional, and the boys have their hair cropped very close. Remarkably loud-voiced for their size are these peripatetic promulgators of the news, and "rashly importunate" also; for should you stop a moment near a newspaper office when they are emerging from it, a dozen of them will assail you at once, vociferating the name of the paper in shrill chorus, and demanding that you buy a copy of it from each. Then they scurry off in various directions through the streets, and soon their shrill cries are to be heard in every quarter of the city. The boys will jump into the street cars, run

along from rear to front, dropping a newspaper on the lap of each passenger, and then returning dash into the street again, having generally managed to dispose of several copies by this manoeuvre. Numbers of them cross over to the suburban cities by the ferry-boats; and the stillness of Brooklyn Heights and the Teutonic serenity of Hoboken are alike startled by the piercing cries of small news-venders from the lairs and dust-holes of New York.

Among the girls, however small they may be, that precocious sharpness which is so often imparted to childhood by pinching poverty is very observable. Here is a fair-haired child of ten or eleven, with a very large plaid shawl, which, as a shower begins to fall, she wraps cleverly and artistically round her head and face. Her talk and gestures are those of a woman, as she objurgates in shrill tones another child much smaller than herself. The latter is an absurdly small creature to be engaged in the newspaper trade. She goes barefooted, like many of the others, but she has a quantity of thick, glossy brown hair, some tresses of which she has taken up with shreds of purple ribbon, picked out, probably, from an ash-barrel or dust-box. In vituperation she is quite a match for the bigger girl, to whose disparagements she retorts with a volubility and power of invective that would reflect credit on a market-woman of matured experience. In the sale of newspapers the girls are not so successful as the boys. Instances are on record of newsboys having gained as much as ten or twelve dollars in as many hours by the sale of papers and extras when some important news had come in. They commonly make from fifty cents to two dollars a day, each. The girls waste a good deal of their time in gossiping and scolding among themselves; and this, added to their not having the activity and endurance or the boys, prevents them from ever doing much in the news business. They are not often seen engaged in it, except when they are very small. When the

wet, muddy days of winter set in, numbers of the girls make a few precarious pennies by sweeping crossings. From time to time this occupation, which is only a form of mendicancy, and exposes the children to serious accidents from passing vehicles besides, is interfered with by police regulations, but it seems always to start into activity again. Where the demolition of buildings is in progress, — and a more common than pleasing feature of New York City that same process is, — crowds of boys and girls are to be seen collecting fuel from the rubbish. They carry old baskets with them, into which they pack all the bits of broken lath and wood that they can lay hands on. He would be a hard-hearted builder — or unbuilder, rather — who would debar them from this privilege, and they are never molested. Sometimes they may be seen making their way along the streets, so laden with their burdens on their backs that they look like baskets that have been stealing wood, and are running away with it on little brown, bare legs. Again a team of them may be seen drawing a small wooden car set upon low wheels, and piled high with chips, shavings, and all such dry remnants as will burn easily and help to make the pot boil. Sifting cinders gives occupation to numbers of the girls, groups of whom may always be seen thus occupied in the vacant lots and bits of waste ground of the city. Fuel is the principal object here; though the small Cinderellas are likewise instigated to their toil by possible chances of silver spoons or other stray articles of value. At night many small girls are to be seen about the entrances of the hotels and theatres with bouquets for sale; and this, too, is but a pretext for begging, the bunches of flowers offered by them being generally withered and valueless. Others hawk matches and such like small wares; and we lately noticed a girl of about eleven who had been investing her capital in penny ballads, and was engaged at early morning in pinning a tremendous row of them to the railing in front of a church.

The smallest and raggedest specimens of New York's nomadic children are often to be met with in the most fashionable parts of the city. On a warm summer's day they may be seen even within the perfumed precincts of Fifth Avenue, chasing, perchance, the misguided butterflies that have fluttered over from their native meadows or suburban gardens and plunged recklessly into the dissipations and dangers of city life. Or a group of them will follow in the wake of an ice-wagon, watching it until a delivery of ice has been made at some house, when they will have a scramble for the few fragments dropped from the cart, which they suck with as much apparent relish as though all ice were ice-cream. In the autumn, when the small Arabs have obtained a few pence one way or another, a very favorite luxury with them is a slice of watermelon, which they can buy for a cent or two at some corner stall. The newsboys, especially, are much addicted to this juicy fruit, — a fact of which vendors frequently avail themselves, by setting out their tables just in front of some newspaper office to which the boys resort.

Some of the larger street boys and girls, when they have made a few dollars, set up stands in the Bowery and elsewhere, for the preparation and sale of roasted chestnuts, or of certain doughy cakes. Here, for instance, placed on the outer edge of the sidewalk, is a little apparatus of sheet-iron, mounted upon a wooden tripod, and heated with charcoal. The proprietor of the concern is a wholesome-looking youth of about fifteen, with a face much resembling, both in color and expression, a chromo-lithographed strawberry. He is baking — or rather frying — a very greasy cake of some kind, and he is watched with interest the while by several boys of different sizes, who stand in front of him. A couple of them are boot-blacks, and they are all patched and ragged to a marvellous extent. The smallest and raggedest of them is a cripple, hunchbacked, and with one of his legs twisted up, and

he moves with great difficulty, leaning upon a little crutch, which he does not seem likely to outgrow. Hunger lurks in that little, pale, pinched face, and the bleared eyes are fixed wistfully upon the cake that is tossed so adroitly in the pan by the youth with the strawberry face. A five-cent piece dropped into the dirty little hand of the cripple causes him to look up in blank astonishment at the donor. One of the boot-blacks reminds him that he might say "Thank yer," and another boy recommends him to "spend a penny on cake and put the balance in the savings bank." And this bit of advice was given, not in banter, but seriously, for nearly all of the industrious boys, and those who do not gamble, deposit their savings in banks until they have accumulated money enough to set them up in business. The besetting vice with all the boys who make any money, though, is gaming. Everywhere in New York City small establishments may be observed, on the window-blinds of which the word "Exchange" is painted in glaring letters. These are known as "policy-shops,"—places in which gambling is carried on through the medium of lottery-tickets,—and it is in such dens as these that boys who cannot resist the inclination to gamble dissipate most of their earnings. Many of them are adepts, too, at various games played with cards and dice; while others, who have not yet acquired so much proficiency in the art of play, content themselves with tossing coppers in the streets.

Besides the occupations already mentioned, the sale of various articles of small value gives employment to many of these boys. They may be seen everywhere hawking silk neckties of gaudy colors. Some of them perambulate the Bowery and other parts of the city with cheap cigars for sale. In electioneering times a favorite speculation with them is the trade in badges, by which they sometimes realize considerable amounts of money. When Fashion ruled that her fair votaries should adopt the ephemeral folly called

the "Grecian Bend," numbers of boys ran through the streets with cheap illustrations of it in photograph and *silhouette*. Any active employment, in the pursuit of which they must run, and fight, and swarm everywhere, and jostle everybody, seems to take their fancy most, and so it is that the muscular element of the city is always kept fully supplied with recruits.

New York is by no means unprovided with asylums and reformatory institutions for the small Arabs by whom it is so ubiquitously pervaded, but they are as yet far from sufficient to meet fully the objects for which they have been so laudably planned. A "Children's Aid Society" has been in existence for a number of years, and from this excellent institution numbers of boys and girls are sent annually to the West, where so many fields of healthful labor are open for them. Out of this grew the "Newsboys' Lodging-House," in the large dormitories of which some two hundred boys find comfortable lodgings every night. Each boy, when he comes in at night, hands fifteen cents to the superintendent, and for this he is entitled to supper and sleeping accommodation, and to his breakfast next morning. In addition to this, he is provided with a bath, and with all the necessary appliances for maintaining cleanliness of person. The institution also comprises a "Newsboys' Bank," which consists of a table with a drawer divided into compartments, each of which has in its lid a slit, through which depositors drop their pennies into the compartments numbered for them respectively. At the expiration of two months the bank is opened; and many of the depositors are both surprised and encouraged when they see how their savings have accumulated. Most of them make necessary purchases with some of this money, and deposit the rest of it in city savings banks.

Other asylums besides those just mentioned are also provided by New York charity for the juvenile waifs and strays of the city. At the "Five Points

House of Industry," for example, nearly two thirds of all received into the institution are children; and on the islands in New York Harbor many small rambles of the streets find a home in the various institutions established there. Yet there does not appear to be any diminution in the hosts of ragged children that abound in all quarters of the city.

Stroll any fine afternoon along Fifth Avenue, or on the footpaths near the drives in Central Park, and, amid the splendid equipages that flash by persons conversant with New York society could point out to you several owned by wealthy merchants, who once were small Arabs of the

streets and now are millionnaires. Yon successful speculator once hawked strings of cheap neckties about the lower part of the city. There goes one 'behind a dashing team, who has his grand mansion in town, and his country-house besides, with a park to it, and a porter's lodge, and his servants in livery all with tremendous buttons constellated, and pictures in his gallery, and everything else attainable that can make life pleasant. He is in the early prime of life yet; and once he was a small Arab of New York, to the discords innumerable of which city he contributed his puny yell, as he ran barefooted through the streets with newspapers for sale.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

V.

KNOWLEDGE AND PRUDENCE MUST
BE THE STRENGTH OF WOMANHOOD
SUFFRAGE.

IN a preceding number of this series I surmised that co-operative housekeeping would so accustom women to act together, and so bring them into direct relations with the eager and powerful world of men, that they would find it necessary, for their protection and advancement, to maintain representative assemblies of their own sex, who could fulfil in the state the same persuasive office that every woman does now in the family for herself and her daughters,—plead for the feminine interests and happiness against the involuntary but engrossing selfishness of men. I have said that the feminine vote could express, by its very nature, opinion only, not power, and therefore that its real strength (as well as, in my judgment, its glory) would be in its coming before the world simply in its true character of the Collective Wo-

man's Voice. For then, perhaps, while men were ruling the nations, this still, small voice might often be heard instructing them how; but were its soft tones, its delicate accents, to be mingled with their fierce shouts in war or their hoarse political cries in peace, surely they would be utterly lost. There is no weakness so fatally weak as pretension. If men not only voted us the vote,—if they voted every vote of ours to count five of theirs,—what would it avail us if some day they voted to take it away again? So I am against this making of treaties and defining of rights between the all-powerful and the all-weak. Like the international relation between the United States and the Indians, it could only be a sham and a mockery, a political lie, and therefore containing the seeds of political disease and death. Let us have some self-respect. We have not tried yet to influence the world as women; why, then, should we demand to do it as men? Should the former fail, it will

be time then for the latter. But the fundamental difference between the sexes is not that men have "rights" and women have none. It is that men are organized among themselves while women are not, and the very fact that we are begging them for rights shows that they are not rights at all, but favors. Therefore I would rather take my stand on that which, as they have not given, so they could hardly take away,—on the solidarity of our sex,—on the moral weight of a *united womanhood*.

And, in truth, is there not brute force enough in the world already? Why should we aspire to be the governing power of society instead of its ameliorating influence? Too long has that poor, obstinate traveller, Humanity, been blown upon by the gusts of arrogant authority from this quarter and from that. Let us try, rather, what the sweet sunshine of truth can do with him. Smiling, let us hold up a mirror before his passion-ploughed and tear-stained face, instead of clamoring for a seat among the rulers whose one idea is to lash him into the image of his Creator,—for so shall we make him much more anxious to fashion himself after the Divine beauty.

Some such gentle and gracious attitude as this, it seems to me, would better befit women in regard to public affairs, than that actual taking sides and fighting in the battles of the political arena, to which the exercise of manhood suffrage would compel us. Should we ever assume it, however, we should never lose sight of the fact that our feminine legislatures, having no material force to back them, and pretending to no authority, must rest all their hopes of respect and influence upon the excellence of their suggestions. Their functions in the world will be mainly those of advice and criticism,—two things that men hate so mortally from women, that, unless the advice be wise, and the criticism temperate, we may be sure that they will not listen to us; or if, heeding us, we persuade them into a mistake, that their

contempt will be something terrific.* Before committing themselves, therefore, our legislatures will need on many topics all the enlightenment they can gain. Wisdom does not come by instinct to women any more than to men. It grows by knowledge and experience, and in order that the sex may possess it, may understand what it is about when it attempts to influence the law-making power, the co-operative housekeepers would do well to encourage the few among them who are fitted for such pursuits to devote their attention to the principles and problems of jurisprudence, and of the other studies whose objects are the regulation and happiness of humanity.—The Council-Hall should be the centre of our palace, but communicating with it must be the Courts of Law and the Bureaus of Charity, of Medicine, and of Education.

LAW.

It may seem the last outrage of strong-minded-femaleism to suggest that women should study and practise law; since, though there have been stray members of the sex in almost every other masculine profession, no one of them has yet invaded, or asked to invade, this. But, to say nothing of the daughter of the Italian professor who was so learned in the law that she used to lecture to her father's students for him, and so beautiful that she had to sit behind a screen lest they should ponder her face more than her instruction, still, every little while, one hears of some woman whose determination, acuteness, and technical knowledge have

* The late petition of some New York women in the case of Hester Vaughan, so coldly received by the governor of Pennsylvania, so severely commented upon by the press, is a case in point of how well-weighed any public request by women should be, in order to have effect. Such hasty and ill-judged acts will not be frequent, however, when those who *really represent the sex* shall deliberate for it. Enthusiasts, acting from their own impulses, are very different from the well-informed and responsible matrons, who, I hope, will one day speak for their fellows, when their general or individual interests require it. The part womanhood will probably play in public affairs should be judged, not by a sporadic mistake like this, but by the long, steady, faithful, yet unobtrusive work of the women of the Sanitary Commission.

brought her off first-best in some legal battle, even against the most desperate odds. Such a case is that of the celebrated Mrs. Gaines, now in such honorable possession of her immense property; and if women without a regular legal training can so well help themselves, it is probable that they could with that training help each other. I have known the daughters of lawyers who seemed to me fitted for nothing but the law themselves, and as every co-operative housekeeping association must have a lawyer to keep it from getting into trouble, I think, though no doubt every one will laugh at the suggestion, that its members might do worse than employ one of their own sex in that capacity.* When, too, women prepare measures for recommendation to the State legislatures or to Congress, they might present as sorry a figure as the legislators do, unless some of them understood the subject enough to judge of the actual working of old statutes, and of the probable working of new ones. Who will instruct women in the law, however, I cannot guess, for if it has been such a struggle for a few of them to gain a medical education, when the care of the sick is so naturally a feminine occupation, what would it be in the case of this profession, — the immemorial prerogative of men?†

CHARITY.

Justice has so much to learn from mercy, that, next to a knowledge of the law, women have most need of large illumination on the subject of charity and reform. Our generosity is now so thoughtless and unsystematic, our sympathy so shallow, sentimental, and even silly, that it is to be feared much of it is no better than thrown away. But co-operative housekeeping could change

* I understand it to be now not uncommon in large firms for one of the partners either to be a lawyer, or to study law as a necessary part of the preparation for a business career; and this, not only in order to save the expense of lawyer's fees to the company, but also because great sums are often lost for want of due legal knowledge beforehand.

† Since writing the above, I see by the papers that a young lady has just been admitted as a student into the Law School of Washington College, St. Louis.

all this by organizing in every society a charitable department, and giving it in charge to that woman of the association (and there is always one such in every circle) who takes more interest in the poor, and knows more about them, than any other person. Then, instead of each housekeeper's giving foolishly away at the door, or to her servants, subscribing at haphazard to this wise or that wasted charity, she could send all she had to bestow of food or clothing or money to the general Almoner. Women of like sympathies with herself would naturally cluster about her (if our churches were rightly organized, they would be the deaconesses of every parish), until in every community there would be a compact working body, ready to suggest and carry out the best methods for the relief and reform of all the poor and degraded of the neighborhood. If they found their means and powers inadequate for their designs, they could lay the case before the town-meeting, when, perhaps, it would occur to the tax-payers that, after all, the cheapest and most efficient overseers of the poor might be found among Christian ladies! Is it not likely that the sexes together could devise a better plan for the relief of lowly misery than the almshouse system, — so cold, so hard, so distasteful to the poor as it is, and therefore so inadequate to the work it undertakes?

HEALTH.

After what I have already said about the responsibilities of women in regard to the study and practice of medicine, it follows that I should hope to see a great stimulus given to it by co-operative housekeeping; for then, if any woman possessed a peculiar gift for it, the association could take care of the bulk of her domestic concerns for her until she had received a regular medical training, and was qualified to be put in charge of the health department. Should she, out of respect to the resident physicians, decline to practise medicine, still she will have a noble function in the prevention of disease

and physical deterioration, and in the assisting of physical development. She will keep a strict eye on everything that goes out of the kitchen and clothing-house, to see that nothing injurious to health, either in food or clothing, be ignorantly adopted by the community, and that whatever is necessary to bodily well-being and beauty be in constant use in every family. Defective teeth, thin hair, pale cheeks, flat and narrow chests, spindling legs and arms, boniness and wrinkles instead of roundness and dimples, — all this melancholy physical deficiency that haunts society and makes home unhappy, exists because we do not know how to live physically; because we are ignorant what elements should preponderate in food and drink, in order to counteract the effects of our dry and stimulating climate; because we do not make our own and our children's muscular development in gymnasium and in the open air a solemn duty, or care what hours we keep, and what injurious customs we follow. The judicious head of the health department will, however, gradually change all this; and when the new generation grows up she will point with pride to the blooming Hebes and Junos all about as the just results of her enlightened physical teaching. Even before the children are born, she will watch over the expectant mothers, that the formation of the new human beings may go on with every favorable concurrence; and I suppose that in this connection a mass of phenomena is waiting to be studied by acute and experienced doctresses, of which the medical world little dreams. Another function of the co-operative doctress would be the training of her staff of nurses. It is in sickness, indeed, that perhaps co-operative housekeeping would shine the brightest. Some of these nurses will, no doubt, be ladies who love the work for its own sake, and it would be well if each congregation represented in the association could have one or two of such Nursing Sisters, as they might be called, trained and ready to their pastor's need. The

pillow of many a poor sufferer is stuffed with thorns, as she reflects on the dirt and waste that may be running riot down stairs in her absence, or on the discomfort that may be added to the anxieties of the husband whom she loves. In co-operation, however, neither sickness nor health would make any difference in the clock-like workings of the great domestic machine. The Sisters would be trained not only in nursing, but in family management and the care of children, so that in case no relative of a sick mother could be called upon, her little ones would still be attended to. And I really think one angelic office of the co-operative kitchen would be the preparation of food for the sick. What exquisite delicacies would be sent in to tempt the fainting appetite! What wines and cordials would there be within the reach of all! and when the patient grew better, how easy to give her the needed daily ride in the carriage that would be kept by the association especially for its invalids!

EDUCATION.

A kindred and indeed necessarily associate spirit with the heads of the charitable and health departments will be the president of the co-operative boards of education. This lady will probably be chosen for her luminous mind and extensive reading,* and all the women teachers within the circle of the association, and all who have been teachers, will sit on the board with her. Their duty will be to discuss text-books, the methods of study, the systems and requirements of schools, public and private, and to make known their conclusions to the mothers of the association. Then, at last, will our whole bloodless, heartless, soulless public-school system be brought before the bar of intelligent womanhood, and the sense or nonsense, the kindness or cruelty, of the regulations of the present school committees criticised by those whom God made the natural

* I would say "thorough scholarship," but that as yet we have so very few scholars among us.

guardians and teachers of children. I can understand the ignoring of women by men in almost everything else, but how it is possible that they have not seen the absolute necessity of placing them on school committees, I cannot conceive.* The consequence is a routine so dry, mechanical, and one-sided, that it has got either to be wholly reformed or given up; for better no national education at all, than one which disposes us to be only a race of cheating traders. The feminine board of education will also have to decide the scarcely less important question of how much longer girls are to be kept out of the universities, and, in case they ought to be admitted, in what manner and by what means the sex had best attempt to bring it about. For myself, I think that the offer by women of half a million of dollars to either Harvard, Yale, Michigan, or Cornell, as the price of our admission, should precede all appeal, argument, or protest in the matter. I cannot echo the lofty tone of those who claim that women have a "right" to a university education, and that men have no "right" to keep them out of it. I really hope I shall live to see the day when the confusion of the American mind on the subject of "right"—one of the many baleful gifts of false France—is cleared up. How any one can have a right to a thing that he or she has never possessed, I cannot imagine. I can maintain that a woman has a natural right to her life or her honor, because these are her original possessions from her Maker. So, too, a native-born, white American citizen has a right to vote, because it is an inheritance from his father, upon which he legally enters when he is twenty-one years of age. But no other person has a "natural right" to the American manhood suffrage, nor any right at all, until he acquire it by purchase, gift, or conquest from the supreme American authority. It is the same with education.

* Since writing the above I have heard that in Worcester, Mass., a lady was to be appointed a member of the School Committee. The world moves.

The whole realm of knowledge has been reclaimed and cultivated by men alone; it is they who have founded and sustained the great institutions of learning. Certainly, then, they, and not we, have a "right" to say who shall enter them, and if we wish to reap intellectually where we have not sown, why should we not be willing to pay for the privilege what indeed would be but a trifling sum, compared with all that men have expended in the gigantic labor? I would as soon think of demanding as a "right" that the miner, who with toil and struggle had hewn out the golden ore while I stood nerveless by, should halve it with me, as of claiming a right of entrance into the universities for women; nay, sooner, by as much as wisdom is more precious than gold. Compared with education the vote is a trifle indeed, as many of us realize full well in our minds cramped and limited on every side by ignorance of the things we would so gladly have known, had we been permitted "to go to college." But still we were deprived of a liberal education as much by the supineness of our own sex as by the illiberality of the other. Had women at large possessed any generous love of, or faith in, knowledge for its own sake, the rich among them might long ago have founded professorships and scholarships in the universities for the culture of the sex. As for the "female seminary," and every development and outgrowth of it, I abhor it. To begin with, where can professors be obtained for it? for there are no college-bred women, and men of the first rank will not accept the chairs in a "female college." Even could they be found, however, the intellectual results of such an institution would be as unsatisfactory as are the present moral and æsthetical results of those composed exclusively of men. The highest development and prosperity of humanity in any direction cannot consist with the divorce of the sexes. In truth, it almost makes one laugh to see Harvard, for example, congratulating herself that she is now a "University,"

when the curriculum of her studies is wanting in only about half of the circle of the arts and sciences, and when also she shuts out the best minds of half the human race. No university proper has ever yet existed or can exist, until every department of human knowledge is represented in it, and until mind is free to come there for culture as mind simply, and not as mind *plus* a particular sex. But to this noble end, since women would reap half the benefit, I would have women contribute to the utmost of their power. The Rochdale Pioneers always devote two per cent of their profits to education, and their example should be imitated by co-operative housekeepers, for so not only schools and colleges could be enriched, but individual cases of great talent stimulated and developed.*

When these various important educational questions are considered by the mothers of the community, we may hope that at last the most important of them all, — their fearful responsibility in regard to the morals of society, — may be brought home to them also, so that they will realize how much of the ruin of their own sex now wrought and handed on continually from one set of young men to another is due to their own neglect of duty. It is too often the case that parents train their boys in every virtue save those of chastity and honor to the other sex. I have said that a great agent in reforming society would be the possibility and encouragement of early marriage, and the demand of a higher morality from men than young girls now venture to make. But this is only the last half of the work. The first half must come from education, from early discipline. Mothers must teach their young sons to control their selfish impulses, not only as regards theft, violence, lying, deceit,

* But let us not wait for co-operative housekeeping, which may never have an existence, before attempting to enlarge the education of women. What rich woman will give ten thousand dollars toward half a million to be tendered to Harvard University, in case she will admit women to her examinations and degrees, and furnish tutors to prepare them? Who will give five hundred, one hundred, fifty, or even ten dollars to it?

drinking, the seeds of all of which can often be detected even in little children, but also in regard to that passion which, the most universal and now the most ungoverned of them all, causes more shame, misery, disease, and unspeakable agony, than all the rest of them put together. It seems almost incredible that, with the history of her own sex before her, with the crimes of society all about her, any mother can fail to fortify her son against temptation, or forbear to teach him to respect that womanhood of which she is to him the most sacred representative. So it is, however; and of all the sins of omission accumulating for judgment against women, surely there is none comparable to this!

Finally, when all the women who crave, and who are worthy of, a liberal education have received it, teaching will not, as now, be limited to those who are obliged to follow it for a living whether they have capacity for it or not. Co-operative housekeeping would develop the principle of "natural selection" in this as in so many other feminine avocations. The woman who had the talent for it would undertake it, whether married or single, rich or poor, since, if she could teach better than she could superintend cooking or sewing, her fellow-housekeepers would find it for their highest interests even to entreat her to instruct their children. And what a great thing it would be for the manners and ambition of the young, could they feel that their teachers were always the social equals and honored friends of their parents! The present disadvantage of the profession in this respect is immense.

THE PRESS.

If co-operation, as I suppose, should give to women an organized interest in legislation, in charity, in medicine, in education, they will, of course, need journals wherein they can read news of each other. Then do not forget, O housekeepers, to provide among the stately apartments of your edifice a modest sanctum for your editress. For

if among your number you count a restless spirit with an irresistible desire to inaugurate all possible and impossible reforms, from dusting the great organ in the Boston Music Hall (and O how dusty it is!) to sweeping the cobwebs off the sky, be sure that she will try to give you an excellent newspaper, with a perfectly independent platform, with all the latest items you ought to know about, with all the good old principles, and all the new ideas, with no fear or favor shown to anybody nor any anonymous editorials, but with a decent respect "for the powers that be," and a loyal recognition of truth and faithfulness wherever they be found.*

THE ARTS.

But our palace must be beautiful as well as ample, and to make it so we must send also from their housewifery all the gifted feminine artists we have, that they may carve the slender pillar and fling the graceful arch, paint the rich ceilings and inlay the mosaic borders; while the music swells and falls, and the poetesses from their airy towers survey the wide world like the watching sister in the nursery tale, and tell of all the new hopes that appear on the horizon.

PAINTING.

In co-operative housekeeping we shall all save so much money, and earn so much money, that we shall feel comparatively rich, and will raise our eyes to delights of which now we do not dream. Among others, we shall all want paintings on our walls and frescos on our ceilings; then we must not let our feminine artists waste themselves on sewing, but persuade them to beautify our homes for us. Such artistic talent as is now buried in housekeeping!

* Lest any should take fright at what has just been said, and suppose that co-operative housekeeping would end by making all women doctors, lawyers, etc., I will quiet their fears by saying that by the census of 1850, out of nearly six millions of male citizens, only about two hundred thousand were engaged in professional or other pursuits requiring education. At the very worst, therefore, not more than the same proportion of women would be called to forsake the traditional occupations of their sex.

Shall I ever forget my schoolmate, the tall and robust Jocunda? — bubbling well of laughter and fun and good-nature, — who never had a bit of paper in her hand that it was not presently broad with caricature or tender and graceful with the sweetest little flower-thoughts of babies and fairies and angels and all imaginable ethereal feminine things. But she is married! Women may never produce a Raphael, — but it is quite enough for me to look through the exquisite illustrations of "The Story without an End," by the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, an English lady, to know that women cannot be spared from the world of art, — for these designs are *sui generis*, — I think no man would have imagined them. Art associations among our women, painting and sketching clubs, proper notice and encouragement given to girlish talent, would eventually produce a feminine School of Art in America, as they have already done in England, — but another instance among several which ought to humiliate us, of how much American women talk, and how much English women *do*. Whether it is that they have indeed more genius, or that so many of their gentlewomen are obliged to support themselves, or that so many of them being unmarried, they are forced into self-development for want of occupation, I know not; but certain it is, that while the mass of English women strike Americans as tame and conventional, most of the best work of the feminine world for the last twenty years has been done by them.

SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE.

For sculpture American girls seem to have an odd, independent sort of instinct, though they have not shown any strictly independent thought in it yet, that I know of. But this is inevitable. All feminine attempts in any new direction will at first be servile, if not weak, copies of the masculine models. But when women have fairly learned to use their wings, they will shape their flight for themselves, discover their own truths, draw their own conclusions, conceive

their own ideals, — a proposition which I consider proven by the history of the English feminine novel, which, beginning with the gross masculine imitations of Mrs. Aphara Behn, after a progressive development of two hundred years is now apparently culminating in the magnificent achievements of George Eliot, — a writer so extraordinary that she sits alone, while there is only one, perchance unattainable, height to which any future woman may ever soar above her.

But if American girls are trying sculpture, no woman of us all, I believe, has attempted architecture, which is strange; for little girls often find the greatest amusement in making ground-plans on the slate, and ladies frequently suggest the whole idea of their houses to the architect, and sometimes complain bitterly of the mistakes of the builders in carrying it out. So, whether they would ever aspire to cathedrals or not, I am sure women would succeed in planning the loveliest and completest of homes. Houses without any kitchens and "back-yards" in them! How fascinating! Think how much more beautiful city architecture will now be! The houses, instead of being built round a square, could be set in the middle of it, with only an alley-way for ventilation, and grasses, trees, and flowers all about the outside. Every tenth block would contain the kitchen and laundry and clothing-house; and for these domestic purposes the Oriental style could be adopted, of interior court-yards with fountains and grass, secluded from the street. Should not this also be the plan for all the public-school buildings?

HORTICULTURE.

With their unlimited passion for flowers, and their universal success in cultivating them, why is it that women never have any floral societies? How ugly our streets and roadsides are, too, without a hundredth part of the trees that ought to be planted there! and alas, how expensive fruit is! It is said that the English ladies are many

of them great florists and botanists, and also practical farmers, so that they understand thoroughly the management of their estates and gardens. Should co-operative housekeeping have that effect upon farming which I have before indicated, I trust American women will begin to imitate their English cousins in these respects. Are we never to begin to prepare the earth for the coming of the Lord? To think that one small sect of semi-Christians only, — the Shakers, — out of all the millions of Christendom, should cherish this beautiful hope, and put a part of their religion into every tree they plant and every field they sow! When, indeed, is the wilderness going to blossom as the rose? At least, let us set our feminine civilization in the midst of grass and flowers, of vines and trees, so that even every humble home may be adorned, and every table spread with "*all* the gracious words that proceed out of the mouth of God."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Music is an angel from heaven which should dwell in every household. Then the best amateurs of the association must devise how to get and keep her there, — must observe the musical talent in the young, and have it properly trained by means of thorough teachers, choral societies, amateur concerts and operas in every community. I cannot express what exquisite musical capacity I have known remain undeveloped through the ignorance or indifference of parents, — what players, what singers, lost! And, on the other hand, I suppose no estimate can be made of the money sunk in trying to teach music to those who cannot learn it; for it is one of the most complicated and difficult of arts, and not one parent in twenty-five knows whether her children are succeeding in it or not. The true plan would be to give each child in the community a certain amount of careful elementary instruction, after which it should be examined by a competent musical committee, who could inform the parents of the probabilities

of the case, and thus save them either from ignorantly flinging away a jewel, or from trying to make one out of a pebble.* Finally, when all other women are earning their living, I trust it will no longer be considered derogatory for a "lady" to sing or play for money. If God creates an exceptional voice for the joy of multitudes, what is to be said of the conventionality that confines the magnificent tones to the limits of a fashionable drawing-room? I knew a glorious song-bird, that, from the farthest heights of the musical empyrean, might have ravished a listening world. She floods her gilded cage with melody; but does it fill her yearning heart? Still she is but a slave where she might have been a queen.

A great gift for acting stands in the same category with a great voice. Both should be used for the delight of mankind, and for the benefit of its possessor. I never see the refined and brilliant performance in private theatricals of these young ladies and gentlemen who rehearse together only a few weeks, and play together only a few times, without thinking what a pity it is that the stage is not a pure and honorable calling, and the dramatic talent not yet recognized as one implanted by the Creator to be developed for his glory and for human happiness as much as any other. I believe Brigham Young's theory and practice on this point the true one; and, humiliating as it may be to learn anything from a Mormon, yet, since Christianity cannot keep people away from the theatre, had it not better go there itself? Would the guilty intriguer be represented, the coarse joke applauded, the immodest dance tolerated, if good and noble men and women organized

the stage and "catered for the public," — if ladies and gentlemen of honorable position and spotless name brought acting up to their own level of respectability as a profession, and, as an art, carried it far beyond into regions where it has never yet soared? At all events, I believe, with Mrs. Stowe, that the experiment is worth trying. A true civilization should overlook none of the marked tendencies of humanity; and should women ever form associations among themselves for the higher culture of other æsthetic branches, I hope they will by no means leave out the drama.

SOCIETY.

And what shall be the golden roof, the crown of our new civilization? Surely, a splendid society, presided over by ladies famous for their beauty, their wit, or their tact, where every graceful element of human achievement may have free play, and every kindly impulse of human feeling full encouragement, because none "look on their own things, but all look also on the things of others." I confess I fear it is not to exist on this side of the New Jerusalem. For a perfect society is one wherein every person composing it is fitly placed; whereas in such a world of inequalities in wealth, in attractiveness, in pride, in culture, it is difficult to get more than half a dozen persons together who feel precisely on the same footing.

Still, it is to be hoped that not then the women whose husbands have the most money, but the wise and stately matrons who are at the head of the co-operative kitchen, of the sewing-house, of the charitable and other departments, will be in some sort the acknowledged social leaders; for so we might eventually have what the women of rank give to society abroad, — a recognized standard of fine manners to which young people would be expected to conform. Thus American society would be taken out of the hands of the few brainless and generally intensely selfish young men who, with their chosen belles, "lead the

* For the sake of giving honor where honor is due, I will say that, with the beautiful natural voices of our country, it will be a shame if we do not ere long produce a supreme *prima donna*; for we have now among us one of the great singing-teachers of the world, — Madam Emma Seiler, a German, who has achieved an exhaustive study of the human voice, and completed the most perfect theory of the vocal art ever attempted. She is at present giving private lessons in Philadelphia. But her only true position is at the head of a vocal conservatory for the education of artists and teachers; and I hope the musical world will soon combine to place her there.

German," and the intolerable rudeness and crudeness of our contemporary boy and girl *régime* would be abolished.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE FEMININE CIVILIZATION.

The plan of our palace is complete. There is a place in it for every feminine power, and scope for every feminine aspiration. "But is there to be no hallowed shrine within our walls?" some deep, religious heart may ask; "no solemn sanctuary wherein we alone may gather together to worship God?" Alas! even had we such a chapel, in this age of many religions, to which of them all should we confide it? or how could we make ourselves priestesses where the Lord himself made none, and his apostles absolutely forbade them? Let men alone bear the responsibility of further divisions in the Church of Christ. If they are so anxious about the forms and reforms of Christianity that they have altogether lost sight of its spirit, let us not fall into the same error.

Nevertheless, though I would not organize women's congregations, lest evils that we know not of should grow out of them, yet I would have such women as feel themselves called to it distinctly recognized by the Christian Church as trained and trusted and commissioned servants, to whom she committed, first, the educating of the young,—not weekly, as in the mere makeshift (so thoroughly do I know its deficiencies that I had almost said the mere humbug) of the modern Sunday school,—but daily, in the precepts and practice of religion; second, the ministering to the poor and the sick; third, and most difficult of all, the comforting of the afflicted and the troubled, and the reformation of the guilty; and these women, as I have before indicated, would hold rank among the most valued officers of all co-operative associations! I myself am an Episcopalian, and cannot wonder enough that, when deaconesses were an integral part of the organization of that pure primitive Church which the Anglican Communion and her Ameri-

can daughter pretend to take for their model, our clergy and bishops are so content to ignore the value of the patient and devoted labors of Christian women, and to withhold official recognition from them. I do not think it necessary, in order to be a deaconess, that a woman should come out and be separate from her home and kindred, any more than that a man should do so in order to be eligible to the priesthood or the episcopate. If a married woman wishes to be a deaconess, and is of suitable age and qualifications, she ought to be ordained as one by the bishop, that she may be a recognized assistant of her pastor wherever she goes. Only, in order to be sure that none but women of the right tact and temper were consecrated, I would have her credentials signed by twelve matrons of the congregation. I give it as my experience, that, though I have been more or less engaged in church work all my life long, it has been always at a conscious disadvantage. Nothing gives any one any *right* to interest one's self in this, that, or the other, and if one chooses to do so, it is at the cost of being thought officious, forward, or overbearing, or of being obliged to play the complacent, see things go all wrong, yet still say nothing. What is true of the Episcopal Church I suppose to be true of all Protestant churches. The priests of them all more or less, in true masculine fashion, ignore half the human race, while the conventual system of the Romish Church is worse still;—though the Roman Sisters of Charity, were it not for their enforced celibacy and general want of breadth and culture, not to say ignorance, would perfectly represent one of the noblest types of deaconess.

But whether men ever give the few among us official recognition or not, the great fact for us to remember is this: that, in whichever of the countless chapels of the universal cathedral we worship, the majority of us are knit and covenanted together in the fellowship of the body and blood of Christ.

Most women are "members" of some church. Publicly, therefore, we have taken Jesus for our Head. Call him GOD or man, still we are ranged under his leadership, and if we strive to be faithful followers, or, deeper still, true members of his mystical body, our work must grow up with his inspiration. Not one corner of our civilization, then, simply should be set aside for a sanctuary, but the whole of it should be the yearning irrepressible, the upgrowth and outgrowth of our devotion to his Glad-Tidings preached for the renewing of this blind and diseased and suffering human congregation, into an image of the glorious hierarchies of Heaven. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Millions of Christian women make this petition every day, but how many of us exert a single intelligent energy to bring it about? Who of us understands "give us this day our daily bread" to mean "give it to us whether we strive for it or not"? Not one: and so, perhaps, we may pray unnumbered ages in this stupid and sluggish spirit for Christ's kingdom to come; but it never will come until, with all our feminine powers and all our mighty love, we do our share toward hastening it.

"Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it." The wretched history of so many masculine nationalities that go stubbornly along in their own way shows but too well how lost! Yet, even granting that strong men could do without the Gospel, weak women cannot. Jesus was our first, as he is still our best and truest, Friend. In the depths of the unutterable degradation to which paganism had reduced the sex, he alone saw what was in us, and raised us up. If in anything at all we are better or happier than the women of heathen nations, we owe it all to him; and whatever remains to be accomplished of our elevation must come through devotion to his teaching. I believe that, except as *Christians*, "bearing all things" with each other, "believing all things" possible to each other, "hoping all things" for each other, "enduring all

things" from each other,—and all for our Master's glory,—women can do nothing. For we care very little for ourselves or for each other; nearly all we attempt is for some outside object,—for some child, or some man, or some God. Were men, for instance, to tell us to undertake this reform, we should accomplish it quickly and gladly enough. I think they will tell us no such thing; but, in view of all the interests that depend on it, can we not believe that HE who loves us, and whom we love beyond men, asks us to do it for his sake and for humanity's sake? It may not be an easy task, and to succeed in it we shall need our intensest energy, and more than all our present self-command. But what we lack ourselves I believe to exist in the Gospel in all its plenitude. By beginning and continuing perfectly in the spirit of Christ, the Heavenly Powers themselves must be our builders. We need only strive to be living stones in the hand of the Divine Architect. Then all "our walls will be salvation, and all our gates praise," and we shall need "no temple therein, for the Lamb will be its temple."

MAN AND WOMAN FACE TO FACE.

There is a wonderful land called The Future, and somewhere in that land stands the structure of the feminine civilization,—its golden domes glittering in the sunshine,—its airy pinnacles springing into the ether,—bright contrast to the vast, time-worn towers and sombre splendors of its frowning brother. Silently and swiftly it rose, in fewer years than that was centuries in building, for the secrets and results that men by little and little so painfully wrought out for themselves were ready to our requirement; and now the perfume of its gardens streams over the sea, its music vibrates round the land, troops of lovely children play over its grassy lawns, and an exquisite girlhood clusters within its deep, sculptured porches. Is it an opposing citadel, or a true *home*, created by love, whither every man may come to find refreshing, peace, and joy? Beautiful

it stands, but, against the crowded canon of the grim masculine battlements, as defenceless as the child's bubble that an instant rests upon the sword. Will they ever open upon its crystal walls? nay, will they even dare to thunder against each other as they have done through so many bloody generations? The roar alone would shatter its delicate pillars and fairy arches, and bury their builders in the fall. — The builders? yes, the women builders, the beloved, the wives and mothers of men. See them winding in endless procession from their council-hall, more "terrible" in their suppliancy than "an army with banners," and bearing a petition to the nations as they are about to rush forth to their wild work of war and wasting. What says the petition? Only this: WAR MURDERS YOU, AND RUINS US.

The solemn sentence speaks too much for them not to deliberate over it, and at last they recognize that, be what loss or gain it may to men, to women war never is nor can be anything but incalculable ill. I tell the women of this generation that they may take sides, as pleases the passion of their unthinking sympathy, with this or that masculine war, but there is no war, especially no great or long-continued or expensive war, that does not grind a stratum of the feminine community to powder, and, by just so much, lower all the rest; and that not alone the women of the country which happens to be the scene of the contest, — *their* miseries and degradation are too fearful for contemplation, — but the women of the unscathed, of the winning side. Ruskin spoke even deeper than he meant, when he said that on the breaking out of a war all the women should go into black. They *should* go into mourning, yea, into sackcloth and ashes, for into worse than this must the war, before it ends, bring many a now innocent wife and maiden.

The separating of the hitherto jumbled interests and responsibilities of the two sexes would make these truths so apparent, that one great result of feminine co-operation and consultation

would be the abandoning the national system of warfare, which is as senseless, as wasteful, and more wicked than the private wars of the old feudal barons which kept the world back for six hundred years. For they were ignorant, but we say "we see," therefore we "have no cloak for our sin." An international court where the disputes of nations could be adjusted, and an international police of married soldiers to enforce its decisions, are the only agencies whereby the extravagance and demoralization of war can be prevented, and the problem of the application of brute force in government solved for the world at large, as law and courts of justice and constables have solved it for the world's separate communities.

TWO FINAL CONSIDERATIONS.

At the close of these papers I would say to the women who may have been so kind as to read them, that I place little stress on the particular plan they propose. Co-operative Housekeeping may be wholly practicable or wholly visionary. But two things women must do somehow, as the conditions not only of the future happiness, progress, and elevation of their sex, but of its bare respectability and morality.

1st. They *must* earn their own living.

2d. They *must* be organized among themselves.

To accomplish these imperative results in the quickest and easiest way has alone been my object in trying to stimulate them to throw themselves, as it were, upon their own resources; that is, combine together on the capital furnished them by men for their domestic expenditures, on such a system as to bring a part, at least, of the retail trade into their hands, and so gain the independent and responsible handling of money, with all its incalculable stimulus to invention, enterprise, and independence of thought.

One question is, Is such a feminine development possible? for to many the dream will seem as extravagant as an opium vision. I answer, to those who know that to the faint beginnings of

trade among the squalid serfs of the Dark Ages Europe owes her powerful middle class, her commerce, her manufactures, her constitutional liberties, her greatest geniuses, — ourselves, her mighty offspring, — my imaginings concerning the future unfolding of womanhood will seem reasonable enough. Close-shut bud that it has remained amid the national storms of ages, who can tell, indeed, what forms and colors it will assume when at length the Sun of Righteousness pours down upon it unintercepted his gracious beams!

The other question is, Whether, in case such a feminine development be possible, it is desirable? This every man and woman must decide for themselves. It depends upon a single consideration. If manhood is commensurate with humanity, and womanhood is only an accident, a temporary provision of physical nature for the perpetuation of the race, then it is probable that nothing worth while *would* follow from organizing the world of women. This of course is, and always has been, the prevailing sentiment, otherwise there is no adequate explanation of the contempt men always express for possible feminine achievement and the distrust that, in consequence, women themselves have hitherto felt of it.

“‘They hunt old trails,’ said Cyril, ‘very well; But when did women ever yet invent?’”

This is the whole thing in a sentence. Because women do not originate, their practical and mental power is esteemed worthless. And yet the great mystery of Nature might teach us a very different lesson. Granted that all the vitalizing mental power of the race resides with men: the analogy from the physical world seems to show that the results may be barren enough without true feminine co-workers to complete what they can only begin. Therefore I, for one, cheerfully surrender to them the point of originality; I may know nothing in the whole realm of thought or invention that they have not started. But I also know nothing that they have perfected. Their learn-

ing, arts, and sciences are all one-sided; their churches inadequate; their governments and societies at once incomplete and rotting into dilapidation and decay. One after another their melancholy civilizations rise, return upon themselves, and are not. To judge what men alone can avail for humanity, it is quite enough to read an article in a recent number of the North British Review called “The Social Sores of Britain.” With all their genius and all their energy, *that* festering community is the best that the greatest masculine race the world ever saw can show, after trying a thousand years! while the rapid downward rush of American politics and morals is filling every thoughtful mind with terror.

Observing all these disorders and shortcomings in the masculine administration of affairs, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there is a missing element somewhere; and as there is no element in humanity beside the two, that it must be the feminine element. I think, then, that women may very gently say to their brethren, without the least disrespect or self-conceit:

“Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Adam. We will not meddle with your concerns, but, if you please, we will just help you by attending to our own, which you have, indeed, most kindly tried to manage for us, but have simply got into the worst confusion. We deny, altogether, being ‘the lesser man,’ and are tired of the rôle of little brother. We are not an accident of nature, we are a necessity of Eternity. Our souls stamp the sex upon our bodies, not our bodies upon our souls. Feminine these are, and feminine they will remain forever. Why, then, are we to wait for Heaven before we begin our proper development? Do you think that giving a young girl, for a time, the diet and exercise of a prize-fighter would turn her into a man? It would only help to make her a physically strong and perfect woman. So, too, the feminine mind and heart cannot be made masculine by any abundance of education, freedom, and responsibility,

but will round, through their means, into curves of beauty and harmony, expressive of force and health indeed, but from these very qualities only the more enchanting. It is not womanhood you get, O men, by the conventional repressing process, but childhood; and thus it is that to this day there is no true marriage of the sexes on the earth, but a lonely and cruel lord stalks through the neglected and unfinished apartments of his ever-widening palace, while she who should be his friend, his love, his wife, drudges with his menials in the basement, or feebly amuses him in the drawing-room,—always a subject, generally a servant, too often a sycophant and a slave.”

What is the matter with men, that they do not wish us to be noble, that they are not noble toward us? It is that they have no faith in the absoluteness of our sex. The “feminine,” the “beautiful” in us constitutes our highest value to them. And seeing our modes of life so different from their own, they imagine that the secret of the charm is in this, and they cannot bear any suggestion of change. Then we ourselves must be softly brave against their prejudices and distrust; must insist that women can very easily combine the beautiful and the useful, the real and the ideal; must show them that, not so much the pursuit itself, but the manner of it, is feminine or unfeminine; must take care, above all, while we try to advance, that we do not throw aside, as some in the van too rashly have, the graces, the harmonies, and the reserves of gentle, traditional, adorable womanhood.

CONCLUSION.

“Old things are passed away. Behold, all things have become new!” How profound are the words, and how women hate them! The feminine sphere that for ages stood so immovable beneath our feet, the mighty mechanical powers are rolling, rolling away from under us. In great part it is already gone, and sewing-machines, washing-machines, machines for every

smallest office, are taking from us the little that is left of the old manual labor by which we once fed and clothed the world, and whose shadow we yet cling to so desperately. Crowding us together on the fast-lessening area, it would seem as though men were determined that women should have no longer a serious interest or an earnest occupation in the universe. But, in truth, a wider, freer, sunnier orb, that they themselves have created for us, is moving beside us, though all unseen by our timid and reluctant eyes. Their mills and factories by thousands heap up food and clothing for the world, but unless it is distributed it is useless. At a ruinous expense both to them and to us they accomplish it; but by planning our lives as I have indicated, we can assume this useful and profitable office, and thus become again what in the beginning we were created, helps, *meet* for men in their new circumstances, and be in reality, what now we are only in name, “Ladies,”—that is “Loaf-givers,” almoners of their bounty, not only to our own families, but to all the needy, the destitute, the wretched of the whole race.

The leap is wide, and it must be taken together, but it is our best chance of uniting the grand and true old feminine functions of house-ordering, of food-preparing, and of clothes-providing, with the noble modern elements of taste and culture and freedom.

“Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let HER OWN WORKS praise her in the gates.”

O, when upon the immortal warp, stamped with the simple and majestic figure of the Virtuous Woman, shall we moderns weave in with glowing thread the still more resplendent feminine ideal, that all the knowledge and advantages of this happier age should teach us?

When indeed?

“Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.”

LITTLE CAPTAIN TROTT.

IT has become fashionable to write sketches of the lives of really existing worthies, who are at present acting their parts with more or less success on the stage of this mortal life. Among them all there is none who, as we think, exerts a more perceptible influence, makes more commotion, more confusion, more comfort, more perplexity, more laughing, and more crying than our sprightly, ingenious, omnipresent, ever-active little friend, Captain Trott.

His title indicates that he is in a position of responsibility and command. Nobody would infer this, from his short body, his dumpy little hands, and his square, padding little feet, his curly head, his ivory-fine complexion, and his rather singular modes of treating the English language; yet, should the question be put at this moment by the electric telegraph, to the million families of our land, "Who governs and rules you?" the reply would come back, as with the voice of many waters, "Little Trott." Little Trott has more influence at this hour in these United States than General Grant himself!

In giving a sketch of his personal appearance, we are embarrassed by the remembrance of the overweening admiration he always contrives to excite in the breasts of the feminine part of creation. A million women, we do believe, at this very hour, if we should draw his picture, would be ready to tear our eyes out for the injustice done him. *That* the picture of our little Trott, forsooth? What is the woman thinking of? She does not know, she never can know, she had no senses to perceive, half how beautiful he is! So say all the mothers; and the grandmothers double-say it, and are ready to shoot you if you doubt it; and the aunties and sisters reiterate it; and even the papas—who, as heads of the women and lords of

creation, are supposed to take more sensible and impartial views of matters and things—go hook and line, bob and sinker into the general current. The papas are, if anything, even sillier and more beside themselves with admiration than the mammas. Trott is, in their eyes, a miracle of nature. They gaze at him with round eyes of wonder; they are really ashamed of themselves for their inebriate state of admiration, and endeavor to draw over it a veil of reticent gravity; but it leaks out of every cranny, and oozes out of every pore, that the man is, as our negro friends say, "done gone over" in admiration of little Trott. His administration, therefore, is a highly popular one, and we run some risk in instituting anything like a criticism upon it. There is, of course, as in all popular governments, an *opposition party*, composed principally of older brothers and sisters, crabbed old bachelors, and serious-minded maiden ladies, who feel it their duty, with varying success, to keep up a protest against Trott's proceedings, and to call on his besotted admirers to be on their guard against his wiles, and even go so far as to prophesy that, if not well looked after, he may one day ruin the country. Under these circumstances, it is a delicate matter to deliver our opinion of Trott, but we shall endeavor to do it with impartial justice. We shall speak our honest opinion of his accomplishments, his virtues, and his vices, be the consequences what they may.

And first we think that nobody can refuse to Captain Trott the award of industry and energy.

He is energy itself. He believes in early rising, and, like all others who practise this severe virtue, is of opinion that it is a sin for anybody to sleep after he is awake. Therefore he commences to whistle and crow, and pick open the eyes of papa and mamma with

his fat fingers, long before "Aurora crimson the east," as the poet says. For those hapless sinners who love the dear iniquity of morning naps Trott has no more mercy than a modern reformer; and, like a modern reformer, he makes no exceptions for circumstances. If *he* is wide-awake and refreshed, it makes no difference to him that mamma was up half a dozen times the night before to warm his milk and perform other handmaid offices for his lordship; or that papa was late at his office, and did not get asleep till twelve o'clock. Up they must get; laziness is not to be indulged; morning naps are an abomination to his soul; and he wants his breakfast at the quickest conceivable moment, that he may enter on the duty of the day.

This duty may be briefly defined as the process of cultivating the heavenly virtue of patience in the mind of his mother and of the family and the community generally. He commences the serious avocations of the day after a shower of kisses, adorned by fleeting dimples and sparkling glances. While mamma is hastily dressing, he slyly upsets the wash-pitcher on the carpet, and sits a pleased spectator of the instant running and fussing which is the result. If there is a box of charcoal tooth-powder within reach, he now contrives to force that open and scatter its contents over his nightgown and the carpet, thus still further increasing the confusion. If he is scolded, he immediately falls on his mother's neck, and smothers her with sooty kisses. While taking his bath, he insists on sucking the sponge, and splashing the water all over his mother's neat morning-wrapper. If this process is stopped, he shows the strength of his lungs in violent protests, which so alarm the poor woman for the character of the family, that she is forced to compromise with him by letting him have a bright pincushion, or her darling gold watch, or some other generally forbidden object, to console him. This, of course, he splashes into the water forthwith, and fights her if she attempts to take it away; for Trott is a genuine

Red Republican in the doctrine of his own right to have his own way. Then he follows her up through the day, knowing exactly when and where to put himself in her way, in fulfilment of his important mission of perfecting her in patience. If she be going up stairs with baby in her arms, Trott catches her about the knees, or hangs on to her gown behind, with most persistent affection.

In the kitchen, if she be superintending verdant Erin in the preparation of some mysterious dish, Trott must be there, and Trott must help. With infinite fussing and tiptoe efforts, he pulls over on his head a pan of syrup, — and the consequences of this movement all our female friends see without words.

Is there company to dinner, and no dessert, and stupid Biddy utterly unable to compass the difficulties of a boiled custard, then mamma is to the fore, and Trott also. Just at the critical moment, — the moment of projection, — a loud scream from Trott announces that he has fallen head-first into the rain-water butt! The custard is spoiled, but the precious darling Trott is saved, and wiped up, and comes out, fresh and glowing, to proclaim to his delighted admirers that he still lives.

Thus much on Trott's energy and industry, but who shall describe the boundless *versatility* of his genius? Versatility is Trott's forte. In one single day he will bring to pass a greater variety of operations than are even thought of in Congress, — much as they may do there, — and he is so persevering and industrious about it!

He has been known, while mamma is busy over some bit of fine work at her sewing-machine, to pad into the pantry and contrive machinery for escalading the flour-barrel, which has enabled him at last to plump himself fairly into the soft, downy interior, which he can now throw up over his head in chuckling transport, powdering his curls till he looks like a cherub upon a Louis Quatorze china teacup. Taken out, while his mother is looking for fresh clothes in the drawer, he hastens to plump his

head into the washbowl, to clean it. He besets pussy, who runs at the very sight of him. He has often tried to perform surgical operations on her eyes with mamma's scissors; but pussy, having no soul to save, has no interest in being made perfect through suffering, and therefore gives him a wide berth. Nevertheless, Trott sometimes catches her asleep, and once put her head downward into a large stone water-jar, before she had really got enough awake to comprehend the situation. Her tail, convulsively waving as a signal of distress, alone called attention to the case, and deprived her of the honor of an obituary notice. But, mind you, had pussy died, what mamma and grandma and auntie would not have taken Trott's part against all the pussies in the world? "Poor little fellow! he must do something"; and "After all, the cat was n't much of a mouser; served her right; and *wasn't* it cunning of him?" And, my dear friend, if Trott some day, when you are snoozing after dinner, should take a fancy to serve you as Jael did Sisera, your fate would scarcely excite any other comment. The "poor dear little fellow" would still be the hero of the house, and you the sinner, who had no business to put yourself in his way. This last sentence was interpolated here by my crabbed bachelor uncle, Mr. Herod Killchild, who cannot, of course, be considered as dispassionate authority. In fact, an open feud rages between Uncle Herod and Trott; and he only holds his position in the family circle, because the women-folks are quick-witted enough to perceive that, after all, he is in his heart as silly about Trott as any of them. He has more than once been detected watching the little captain's antics over the top of his newspaper, and slyly snickering to himself as he followed his operations, while at the same moment his mouth was ostensibly full of cursing and bitterness. Once, when Trott was very, very sick indeed, Uncle Herod lost his rest nights,—he declared it was only indigestion; his eyes watered,—he declared that it was only a severe cold.

But all these symptoms marvellously disappeared when Trott, as his manner is, suddenly got well and came out good as new, and tenfold more busy and noisy than ever. Then Uncle Herod remarked dryly that "he *had* hoped to be rid of that torment," and mamma laughed. Who minds Uncle Herod? We have spoken of Trott's industry, energy, and versatility; we must speak also of his perseverance.

This is undeniably a great virtue, as all my readers who have ever written in old-fashioned copy-books will remember. Trott's persistence and determination to carry his points and have his own way are traits that must excite the respect of the beholder.

When he has a point to carry, it must be a wise mamma, and a still wiser papa, that can withstand him, for his ways and wiles are past finding out. He tries all means and measures,—kissing, cajoling, coaxing; and, these proving ineffectual, storming, crying, threatening, fighting fate with both of his chubby fists, and squaring off at the powers that be with a valor worthy of a soldier.

There are the best hopes of the little captain, if he keeps up equal courage and vigor, some future day, when he shall lead the armies of the Republic.

If, however, Trott is routed, as sometimes occurs, it is to be said to his credit that he displays great magnanimity. He will come up and kiss and be friends, after a severe skirmish with papa, and own himself beaten in the handsomest manner.

But, like a true, cunning politician, when beaten, he does not give up. There is many a reserved wile under his mat of curls yet, and he still meditates some future victory; and, sooth to say, after a running fire of some weeks. Trott often carries his point, and establishes his right to take certain household liberties, in spite of the protest of the whole family republic.

"Well, what can you do with him? we can't be fighting him always," are the usual terms which announce the surrender.

And did not our Congress do about the same thing with President Johnson? The fact is, when you've got a chief magistrate, you can't fight him all the time, and Trott is the chief magistrate of the family state.

The opposition party in the government, consisting always of people who never had or are like to have Trotts of their own to take care of, are always largely blaming those who submit to him. They insist upon it that minute rules should be made, and Trott made to understand what is meant by the reign of law.

Law? We would like to see the code that could compass and forbid Trott's unheard-of inventions. He always surprises you by doing just the thing you never could have conceived of, and through it all his intentions are so excellent! He sees mamma rubbing her head with hair-oil, and forthwith dips his hand in a varnish-pot and rubs his own mat of curls. He sees Biddy squeeze bluing into the rinsing-water, and, watching his opportunity, throws the bluing-bag into the soup-kettle. You have oil paints put away in a deep recess in the closet. Of course he goes straight to them, squeezes all the tubes together, and makes a pigment with which he anoints his face and hands, and the carpet, giving an entirely new view of a work of art. "Who would have thought, now, that he could have?" &c., is the usual refrain after these occurrences.

The maxim that "silence is golden" does not apply to Trott. Much as his noise may make mamma's head ache, it is nothing to the fearful apprehensions excited by his silence. If Trott is still ten minutes, or even five, look out for a catastrophe. He may be tasting bug-poison, or clawing the canary-bird out of the cage, or practising writing on papa's last Art Union, or eating a whole box of pills, or picking mamma's calla bud, or, taken with a sudden fit of household usefulness, be washing the front of the bureau drawer with a ten-dollar bill which he has picked out of it!

Sleep is usually considered a gracious

state for Trott, but he has too intense a sense of his responsibility to lose much time in this way, especially if mamma is to have company to dinner, or has any very perplexing and trying bit of household work to do. Under these circumstances Trott never can sleep. He is intensely interested; he cannot let her go a moment.

There have been as many books written as there are stars in the skies concerning the vexed question of Trott's government, and concerning the constitutional limits of his rights and those of the older and bigger world.

And still that subject seems to be involved in mystery. Some few points only are clear,—Trott must *not* be allowed to make a bonfire of the paternal mansion, or stick the scissors in his mother's eyes, or cut his own throat with his father's razor. Short of this "the constitutional limits," as we say, are very undefined. And if you undertake to restrict him much, you will have all the fathers and mothers in the land on your back, who with one voice insist that, though Trott may have his faults, like all things human, yet he is a jolly little fellow, and they prefer, on the whole, to let him do just about as he does do, and don't want any advice on that subject.

Of course, his administration bears hard on the minority, and it is sometimes a question whether anybody else in the house has any rights which Trott is bound to respect. So much the worse for the minority. We should like to know what they are going to do about it?

There is one comfort in this view of the subject. All the wonderful men of the world have been Trotts in their day; have badgered and tormented their mammas till they trained them up into a meetness for Heaven, and then have come, in their turn, to be governed by other Trotts,—for in this kingdom the king never dies, or, rather, to put it in a modern form, in this republic there is always a president.

Well, after all, our hearts are very soft toward the little deluding Captain. The very thought that the house might some

day be without his mischief and merriment, and the patter of his little stubbed feet, causes us a hard lump in our throats at once. No noise of misrule and merriment, however deafening, where Trott reigns triumphant, can be so dreadful as the silence in the house where he once has been, but is to be no more.

"The mother in the sunshine sits
Beside the cottage wall,
And, slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall.
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may knit on."

When we think of those short little mounds in Greenwood and Mount Auburn, we go in for patient submission

to Trott with all his faults, rather than the dismalness of being without him. His hold is on our heart-strings, and reign over us he must.

We are reminded, too, how, years and years ago, the Dearest, Wisest, and Greatest that ever lived on earth took little Trott on his knee, and said, "Whosoever shall receive one of such children, in my name, receiveth me"; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Trott was doubtless as full of motion and mischief in those days as in these; but the Divine eyes saw through it all, into that great mystery making little Trott the father of whatever is great and good in the future.

A NEW CHAPTER OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

IN a series of articles, of which this is the first, we propose to state and unfold what we regard as an argument for the truth of Christianity, which is not only original, but also specially adapted to the present time. For as, in a great battle, when the current of the heady fight has raged around some fiercely contested point, the tide often shifts to another part of the field, so it is in the war of opinions. The controversies which to former generations were matters of life and death are to us often questions of supreme indifference.

Is Christianity a supernatural or a natural religion? Is it a religion attested to be from God by miracles? This has been the great question in evidences for the last century. The truth and divine origin of Christianity have been made to depend on its supernatural character, and to stand or fall with a certain view of miracles. And then in order to maintain the reality of miracles, it became necessary to prove the infallibility of the record; and so we were taught that, to believe in Jesus Christ, we must first believe in the genuineness and authenticity of the whole

New Testament. "All the theology of England," says Mr. Pattison,* "was devoted to proving the Christian religion credible, in this manner." "The apostles," said Dr. Johnson, "were being tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery." This was the work of the school of Lardner, Paley, and Whately.

But the real question between Christians and unbelievers in Christianity is, not whether our religion is or is not supernatural; not whether Christ's miracles were or not violations of law; nor whether the New Testament, as it stands, is the work of inspired men. The main question, back of all these, is different, and not dependent on the views we may happen to take of the universality of law. It is this. Is Christianity, as taught by Jesus, intended by God to be the religion of the human race? Is it only one among natural religions? is it to be superseded in its turn by others, or is it the one religion which is to unite all mankind? "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" this is

* Essays and Reviews, Article VI.

the question which we ask of Jesus of Nazareth, and the answer to which makes the real problem of apologetic theology.

Now the defenders of Christianity have been so occupied with their special disputes about miracles, about naturalism and supernaturalism, and about the inspiration and infallibility of the apostles, that they have left uncultivated a wide field of inquiry, which we may designate by the name of *Comparative Theology*. Its work is to compare Christianity with other religions, in order to see how it stands related to them, and wherein they differ and agree. Such is the province of this new science. What we propose to do is to show by this comparison that Christianity possesses all the aptitudes which fit it to be the religion of the human race.

This method of establishing Christianity differs from the traditional argument in this: that, while the last undertakes to *prove* Christianity to be true, this *shows* it to be true. For if we can make it appear, by a fair survey of the principal religions of the world, that, while they are ethnic or local, Christianity is catholic or universal; that, while they are defective, possessing some truths and wanting others, Christianity possesses all; and that, while they are stationary, Christianity is progressive; it will not then be necessary to discuss in what sense it is a supernatural religion. Such a survey will show that it is adapted to the nature of man. But when we see adaptation we naturally infer design. If Christianity appears, after a full comparison with other religions, to be the one and only religion which is perfectly adapted to man, it will be impossible to doubt that it was designed by God to be the religion of our race; that it is the providential religion sent by God to man, its truth God's truth, its way the way to God and to Heaven.

But in conducting this proof it is necessary to avoid an error into which most of the apologists of the last century fell, in speaking of the heathen or

ethnic* religions. In order to show the need of Christianity, they thought it necessary to disparage all other religions. Accordingly, they have insisted that, while the Jewish and Christian religions were revealed, all other religions were invented; that, while these were from God, those were the work of man; that, while in the true religions there was nothing false, in the false religions there was nothing true. If any trace of truth was to be found in Polytheism, it was so mixed with error as to be practically only evil. As the doctrines of heathen religions were corrupt, so their worship was only a debasing superstition. Their influence was to make men worse, not better; their tendency was to produce sensuality, cruelty, and universal degradation. They did not proceed, in any sense, from God; they were not even the work of good men, but rather of deliberate imposition and priestcraft. A supernatural religion had become necessary in order to counteract the fatal consequences of these debased and debasing superstitions. This is the view of the great natural religions of the world which was taken by such writers as Leland, Whitby, and Warburton in the last century. Even liberal thinkers, like James Foster and John Locke, declare that, at the coming of Christ, mankind had fallen into utter darkness, and that vice and superstition filled the world. Infidel no less than Christian writers took the same disparaging view of natural religions. They considered them, in their source, the work of fraud; in their essence, corrupt superstitions; in their doctrines, wholly false; in their moral tendency, absolutely injurious; and in their result, degenerating more and more into greater evil.†

Such extravagant views naturally produced a reaction. It was felt to be disparaging to human nature to suppose that almost the whole human race should consent to be fed on error. Such a belief is a denial of God's

* By *ethnic* religions we mean the religions of races or nations.

† See *Christian Examiner*, March, 1857, Art. II.

providence, as regards nine tenths of mankind. Accordingly it has become more usual of late to rehabilitate heathenism, and to place it on the same level with Christianity, if not above it. The *Vedas* are talked about as though they were somewhat superior to the Old Testament, and Confucius is quoted as an authority quite equal to St. Paul or St. John. An ignorant admiration of the sacred books of the Buddhists and Brahmins has succeeded to the former ignorant and sweeping condemnation of them. What is now needed is a fair and candid examination and comparison of these systems from reliable sources. Until within a few years this was impossible. It is only within the last twenty-five years that the sacred books of the East have become accessible to European scholars. The *savans* of France, Germany, and England are even now fully occupied in giving us the special results of their examinations, and the time may scarcely have come for a full comparison of these results. But comparative science will also enter this field. Analysis must always precede synthesis; but until synthesis arrives, the work of analysis is of little avail. Therefore, as studies in special philology have prepared the way for comparative philology; as partial geography has been succeeded by comparative geography; and comparative anatomy has followed special anatomy; so must the science of comparative theology follow examinations in special religions. And it is our purpose, in this and successive papers, to furnish such fruits of the comparison of ethnic and catholic religions as shall, while doing justice to the former, help us better to understand the permanent value of Christianity to the human race.

The first point which we think will be established by such a survey is this:—

I. *Most of the religions of the world are ethnic religions, or the religions of races. Christianity alone is a catholic religion.*

By ethnic religions we mean those

religions, each of which has always been confined within the boundaries of a particular race or family of mankind, and has never made proselytes or converts, except accidentally, outside of it. By catholic religions we mean those which have shown the desire and power of passing over these limits, and becoming the religion of a considerable number of persons belonging to different races.

Now we are met at once with the striking and obvious fact that most of the religions of the world are evidently religions limited in some way to particular races or nations. They are, as we have said, *ethnic*. We use this Greek word rather than its Latin equivalent *gentile*, because *gentile*, though meaning literally “of, or belonging to, a race,” has acquired a special sense from its New Testament use as meaning all who are not Jews. The word “ethnic” remains pure from any such secondary or acquired meaning, and signifies simply *that which belongs to a race*.

The science of ethnology is a modern one, and is still in the process of formation. Some of its conclusions, however, may be considered as established. It has forever set aside Blumenbach’s old division of mankind into the Caucasian and four other varieties, and has given us, instead, a division of the largest part of mankind into Indo-European, Semitic, and Turanian families, leaving a considerable penumbra outside as yet unclassified.

That mankind is so divided into races of men it would seem hardly possible to deny. It is proved by physiology, by psychology, by glossology, and by civil history. Physiology shows us anatomical differences between races. There are as marked and real differences between the skull of a Hindoo and that of a Chinaman as between the skulls of an Englishman and a negro. There is not as great a difference, perhaps, but it is as real and as constant. Then the characters of races remain distinct, the same traits reappearing after many centuries exactly as at first. We find the

same difference of character between the Jews and Arabs, who are merely different families of the same Semitic race, as existed between their ancestors Jacob and Esau, as described in the Book of Genesis. Jacob and the Jews are prudent, loving trade, money-making, tenacious of their ideas, living in cities; Esau and the Arabs, careless, wild, hating cities, loving the desert.

A similar example of the maintaining of a moral type is found in the characteristic differences between the Germans and Kelts, two families of the same Indo-European race. Take an Irishman and a German, working side by side on the Mississippi, and they present the same characteristic differences as the Germans and Kelts described by Tacitus and Cæsar. The German loves liberty, the Kelt equality; the one hates the tyrant, the other the aristocrat; the one is a serious thinker, the other a quick and vivid thinker; the one is a Protestant in religion, the other a Catholic. Ammianus Marcellinus, living in Gaul in the fourth century, describes the Kelts thus (see whether it does not apply to the race now).

"The Gauls," says he, "are mostly tall of stature,* fair and red-haired, and horrible from the fierceness of their eyes, fond of strife, and haughtily insolent. A whole band of strangers would not endure one of them, aided in his brawl by his powerful and blue-eyed wife, especially when with swollen neck and gnashing teeth, poisoning her huge white arms, she begins, joining kicks to blows, to put forth her fists like stones from a catapult. Most of their voices are terrific and threatening, as well when they are quiet as when they are angry. All ages are thought fit for war. They are a nation very fond of wine, and invent many drinks resembling it, and some of the poorer sort wander about with their senses quite blunted by continual intoxication."

Now we find that each race, beside its special moral qualities, seems also to have special religious qualities, which

* In this respect the type has changed.

cause it to tend toward some one kind of religion more than to another kind. These religions are the flower of the race; they come forth from it as its best aroma. Thus we see that Brahmanism is confined to that section or race of the great Aryan family which has occupied India for more than thirty centuries. It belongs to the Hindoos, to the people taking its name from the Indus, by the tributaries of which stream it entered India from the north-west. It has never attempted to extend itself as a faith beyond that particular variety of mankind. Perhaps one hundred and fifty millions of men accept it as their faith. It has been held by this race as their religion during a period immense in the history of mankind. Its sacred books are certainly more than three thousand years old. But during all this time it has never communicated itself to any race of men outside of the peninsula of India. It is thus seen to be a strictly ethnic religion, showing neither the tendency nor the desire to become the religion of mankind.

The same thing may be said of the religion of Confucius. It belongs to China and the Chinese. It suits their taste and genius. They have had it as their state religion for some twenty-three hundred years, and it rules the opinions of the rulers of opinion among three hundred millions of men. But out of China Confucius is only a name.

So, too, of the system of Zoroaster. It was for a long period the religion of an Aryan tribe who became the ruling people among mankind. The Persians extended themselves through Western Asia, and conquered many nations, but they never communicated their religion. It was strictly a national or ethnic religion, belonging only to the Iranians and their descendants, the Parsees.

In like manner it may be said that the religion of Egypt, of Greece, of Scandinavia, of the Jews, of Islam, and of Buddhism, are ethnic religions. Those of Egypt and Scandinavia are strictly so. It is said, to be sure, that the Greeks borrowed the names of

their gods from Egypt, but the gods themselves were entirely different ones. It is also true that the gods of the Romans were borrowed from the Greeks, but their life was left behind. They merely repeated by rote the Greek mythology, having no power to invent one for themselves. But the Greek religion they never received. For instead of its fair humanities, the Roman gods were only servants of the state,—a higher kind of consuls, tribunes, and lictors. The real Olympus of Rome was the Senate Chamber on the Capitoline Hill. Judaism also was in reality an ethnic religion, though it aimed at catholicity and expected it, and made proselytes. But it could not tolerate unessentials, and so failed of becoming catholic. The Jewish religion, until it had Christianity to help it, was never able to do more than make a few proselytes here and there. Christianity, while preaching the doctrines of Jesus and the New Testament, has been able to carry also the weight of the Old Testament, and to give a certain catholicity to Judaism. The religion of Mohammed has been catholic, in that it has become the religion of very different races,—the Arabs, Turks, and Persians, belonging to the three great varieties of the human family. But then Mohammedanism has never sought to make *converts*, but only *subjects*; it has not asked for belief, but merely for submission. Consequently Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Vambery tell us, that, in Arabia, Egypt, and Turkistan, there are multitudes who are outwardly Mohammedan, but who in their private belief reject Mohammed, and are really Pagans. But, no doubt, there is a catholic tendency both in Judaism and Mohammedanism; and this comes from the great doctrine which they hold in common with Christianity,—the *unity of God*. Faith in that is the basis of all expectation of a universal religion, and the wish and the power to convert others come from that doctrine of the Divine unity.

But Christianity teaches the unity of God, not merely as a supremacy of pow-

er and will, but us a Supremacy of love and wisdom; it teaches God as Father, and not merely as King; so it seeks not merely to make proselytes and subjects, but to make converts. Hence Christianity, beginning as a Semitic religion, among the Jews, went across the Greek Archipelago and converted the Hellenic and the Latin races; afterward the Goths, Lombards, Franks, Vandals; later still, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Meantime, its Nestorian missionaries, pushing east, made converts in Armenia, Persia, India, and China. In later days it has converted negroes, Indians, and the people of the Pacific Islands. Something, indeed, stopped its progress after its first triumphant successes during seven or eight centuries. At the tenth century it reached its term. Modern missions, whether those of Jesuits or Protestants, have not converted whole nations and races, but only individuals here and there. The reason of this check, probably, is, that Christians have repeated the mistakes of the Jews and Mohammedans. They have sought to make proselytes to an outward system of worship and ritual, or to make subjects to a *dogma*; but not to make converts to an idea and a life. When the Christian missionaries shall go and say to the Hindoos or the Buddhists: "You are already on your way toward God,—your religion came from him, and was inspired by his Spirit; only now he sends you something more and higher by his Son; who does not come to destroy but to fulfil, not to take away any good thing you have, but to add to it something better," then we shall see the process of conversion, checked in the ninth and tenth centuries, reinaugurated.

Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, all teaching the strict unity of God, have all aimed at becoming universal. Judaism failed because it sought proselytes instead of making converts. Islam, the religion of Mohammed (in reality a Judaizing Christian sect), failed because it sought to make subjects rather than converts. Its conquests over a variety of races were extensive, but not deep.

To-day it holds in its embrace at least four very distinct races, — the Arabs, a Semitic race, the Persians, an Indo-European race, the Negroes, and the Turks or Iranians. But, correctly viewed, Islam is only a heretical Christian sect, and so all this must be credited to the interest of Christianity. Islam is a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord"; Mohammed is a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. It does for the nations just what Judaism did, that is, it teaches the Divine unity. Esau has taken the place of Jacob in the economy of Providence. When the Jews rejected Christ they ceased from their providential work, and their cousins, the Arabs, took their place. The conquests of Islam, therefore, ought to be regarded as the preliminary conquests of Christianity.

There is still another system which has shown some tendencies toward catholicity. This is Buddhism, which has extended itself over the whole of the eastern half of Asia. But though it includes a variety of nationalities, it is doubtful if it includes any variety of races. All the Buddhists appear to belong to the great Mongol family. And although this system originated among the Aryan race in India, it has entirely let go its hold of that family and transferred itself wholly to the Mongols.

But Christianity, from the first, showed itself capable of taking possession of the convictions of the most different races of mankind. Now, as on the day of Pentecost, many races hear the apostles speak in their own tongues, in which they were born, — Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judæa, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians. The miracle of tongues was a type of the effect of the truth in penetrating the mind and heart of different nationalities. The Jewish Christians, indeed, tried to repeat in Christianity their old mistake which had prevented Judaism from becoming universal.

They wished to insist that no one should become a Christian unless he became a Jew at the same time. If they had succeeded in this, they would have effectually kept the Gospel of Christ from becoming a catholic religion. But the Apostle Paul was raised up for the emergency, and he prevented this suicidal course. Consequently Christianity passed at once into Europe, and became the religion of Greeks and Romans as well as Jews. Paul struck off from it its Jewish shell, told them that as Christians they had nothing to do with the Jewish law, or with Jewish Passovers, Sabbaths, or ceremonies. As Christians they were only to know Christ, and they were not to know him according to the flesh, that is, not as a Jew. So Christianity became at once a catholic religion, consisting wholly in the diffusion of great truths and a divine life. It overflowed the nationalities of Greece and Rome, of North Africa, of Persia and Western Asia, at the very beginning. It conquered the Gothic and German conquerors of the Roman Empire. Under Arian missionaries, it converted Goths, Vandals, Lombards. Under Nestorian missionaries, it penetrated as far east as China, and made converts there. In like manner the Gospel spread over the whole of North Africa, whence it was afterwards expelled by the power of Islam. It has shown itself, therefore, capable of adapting itself to every variety of the human race.

II. *The ethnic religions are one-sided, each containing a truth of its own, but each being defective, wanting some corresponding truth. Christianity, or the catholic religion, is complete on every side.*

Brahmanism, for example, is complete on the side of spirit, defective on that of matter; full as regards the infinite, empty of the finite; recognizing eternity but not time, God but not nature. It is a vast system of spiritual pantheism, in which there is no reality but God, all else being Maya, or illu-

sion. The Hindoo mind is singularly pious, but also singularly immoral. It has no history, for history belongs to time. No one knows when its sacred books were written, when its civilization began, what caused its progress, what its decline. Gentle, devout, abstract, it is capable at once of the loftiest thoughts and the basest actions. It combines the most ascetic self-denials and abstraction from life, with the most voluptuous self-indulgence. The key to the whole system of Hindoo thought and life is in this original tendency to see God, not man; eternity, not time; the infinite, not the finite.

Buddhism, which was a revolt from *Brahmanism*, has exactly the opposite truths and the opposite defects. Where Brahmanism is strong, it is weak; where Brahmanism is weak, it is strong. It recognizes man, not God; the soul, not the all; the finite, not the infinite; morality, not piety. Its only God, Buddha, is a man who has passed on through innumerable transmigrations, till, by means of exemplary virtues, he has reached the lordship of the universe. Its heaven, Nirwana, is indeed the world of infinite bliss; but, incapable of cognizing the infinite, it calls it nothing. Heaven, being the inconceivable infinite, is equivalent to pure negation. Nature, to the Buddhist, instead of being the delusive shadow of God, as the Brahman views it, is envisaged as a nexus of laws, which reward and punish impartially both obedience and disobedience.

The system of Confucius has many merits, especially in its influence on society. The most conservative of all systems, and also the most prosaic, its essential virtue is reverence for all that is. It is not perplexed by any fear or hope of change; the thing which has been is that which shall be; and the very idea of progress is eliminated from the thought of China. Safety, repose, peace, these are its blessings. Probably merely physical comfort, earthly *bien-être*, was never carried further than in the Celestial Empire. That

virtue so much exploded in Western civilization, of respect for parents, remains in full force in China. The emperor is honored as the father of his people; ancestors are worshipped in every family; and the best reward offered for a good action is a patent of nobility, which does not reach forward to one's children, but backward to one's parents. This is the bright side of Chinese life; the dark side is the fearful ennui, the moral death, which falls on a people among whom there are no such things as hope, expectation, or the sense of progress. Hence the habit of suicide among this people, indicating their small hold on life. In every Chinese drama there are two or three suicides. A soldier will commit suicide rather than go into battle. If you displease a Chinaman, he will resent the offence by killing himself on your doorstep, hoping thus to give you some inconvenience. Such are the merits and such the defects of the system of Confucius.

The doctrine of Zoroaster and of the Zend-Avesta is far nobler. Its central thought is that each man is a soldier, bound to battle for good against evil. The world, at the present time, is the scene of a great warfare between the hosts of light and those of darkness. Every man who thinks purely, speaks purely, and acts purely, is a servant of Ormuzd, the king of light, and thereby helps on his course. The result of this doctrine was that wonderful Persian empire, which astonished the world for centuries by its brilliant successes, and the virtue and intelligence of the Parsees of the present time, the only representatives in the world of that venerable religion. The one thing lacking to the system is unity. It lives in perpetual conflict. Its virtues are all the virtues of a soldier. Its defects and merits are both the polar opposites of those of China. If the everlasting peace of China tends to moral stagnation and death, the perpetual struggle and conflict of Persia tends to exhaustion. The Persian Empire rushed through a short career of flame to its tomb;

the Chinese Empire vegetates, unchanged, through a myriad of years.

If Brahmanism and Buddhism occupy the opposite poles of the same axis of thought,—if the system of Confucius stands opposed, on another axis, to that of Zoroaster,—we find a third development of like polar antagonisms in the systems of ancient Egypt and Greece. Egypt stands for Nature; Greece for Man. Inscrutable as is the mystery of that Sphinx of the Nile, the old religion of Egypt, we can yet trace some phases of its secret. Its reverence for organization appears in the practice of embalming. The bodies of men and of animals seemed to it to be divine. Even vegetable organization had something sacred in it: "O holy nation," said the Roman satirist, "whose gods grow in gardens!" That plastic force of nature which appears in organic life and growth made up, in various forms, the Egyptian Pantheon. The life-force of nature became divided into the three groups of gods, the highest of which represented its largest generalizations. Kneph, Neith, Sevech, Pascht, are symbols, according to Lepsius, of the World-Spirit, the World-Matter, Space and Time. Each circle of the gods shows us some working of the mysterious powers of nature, and of its occult laws. But when we come to Greece, these personified laws turn into men. Everything in the Greek Pantheon is human. All human tendencies appear transfigured into glowing forms of light on Mount Olympus. The gods of Egypt are powers and laws; those of Greece are persons.

The opposite tendencies of these antagonist forms of piety appear in the development of Egyptian and Hellenic life. The gods of Egypt were mysteries too far removed from the popular apprehension to be objects of worship; and so religion in Egypt became priest-craft. In Greece, on the other hand, the gods were too familiar, too near to the people, to be worshipped with any real reverence. Partaking in all human faults and vices, it must sooner or

later come to pass, that familiarity would breed contempt. And as the religion of Egypt perished from being kept away from the people, as an esoteric system in the hands of priests; that of Greece, in which there was no priesthood as an order, came to an end because the gods ceased to be objects of respect at all.

We see, from these examples, how each of the great ethnic religions tends to a disproportionate and excessive, because one-sided, statement of some divine truth or law. The question then emerges at this point: "Is Christianity also one-sided, or does it contain in itself *all* these truths?" Is it *teres atque rotundus*, so as to be able to meet every natural religion with a kindred truth, and thus to supply the defects of each from its own fulness? If it can be shown to possess this amplitude, it at once is placed by itself in an order of its own. It is not to be classified with the other religions, since it does not share their one family fault. In every other instance we can touch with our finger the weak place, the empty side. Is there any such weak side in Christianity? It is the office of comparative theology to answer.

The positive side of Brahmanism we saw to be its sense of spiritual realities. That is also fully present in Christianity. Not merely does this appear in such New Testament texts as these: "God is spirit," "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life": not only does the New Testament just graze and escape Pantheism in such passages as "From whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things," "Who is above all, and through all, and in us all," "In him we live and move, and have our being," but the whole history of Christianity, is the record of a spiritualism almost too excessive. It has appeared in the worship of the Church, the hymns of the Church, the tendencies to asceticism, the depreciation of earth and man. Christianity, therefore, fully meets Brahmanism on its positive side, while it

fulfils its negations, as we shall see hereafter, by adding as full a recognition of man and nature.

The positive side of Buddhism is its cognition of the human soul and the natural laws of the universe. Now, if we look into the New Testament and into the history of the Church, we find this element also fully expressed. It appears in all the parables and teachings of Jesus, in which man is represented as a responsible agent, rewarded or punished according to the exact measure of his works; receiving the government of ten or five cities according to his stewardship. And when we look into the practical working of Christianity we find almost an exaggerated stress laid on the duty of saving one's soul. This exaggerated estimate is chiefly seen in the monastic system of the Roman Church, and in the Calvinistic sects of Protestantism. It also comes to light again, curiously enough, in such books as Combe's "Constitution of Man," the theory of which is exactly the same as that of the Buddhists, namely, that the aim of life is a prudential virtue, consisting in wise obedience to the natural laws of the universe. Both systems substitute prudence for Providence as the arbiter of human destiny. But, apart from these special tendencies in Christianity, it cannot be doubted that all Christian experience recognizes the positive truth of Buddhism in regarding the human soul as a substantial, finite, but progressive monad, not to be absorbed, as in Brahmanism, in the abyss of absolute being.

The positive side of the system of Confucius is the organization of the state on the basis of the family. The government of the emperor is paternal government, the obedience of the subject is filial obedience. Now, though Jesus did not for the first time call God "the Father," he first brought men into a truly filial relation to God. The Roman Church is organized on the family idea. The word "Pope" means the "Father"; he is the father of the whole Church. Every

bishop and every priest is also the father of a smaller family, and all those born into the Church are its children, as all born into a family are born sons and daughters of the family. In Protestantism, also, society is composed of families as the body is made up of cells. Only in China, and in Christendom, is family life thus sacred and worshipful. In some patriarchal systems, polygamy annuls the wife and the mother; in others the father is a despot, and the children slaves; in other systems, the crushing authority of the state destroys the independence of the household. Christianity alone accepts with China the religion of family life with all its conservative elements, while it fulfils it with the larger hope of the kingdom of heaven and brotherhood of mankind.

This idea of the kingdom of heaven, so central in Christianity, is also the essential motive in the religion of Zoroaster. As, in the Zend-Avesta, every man is a soldier, fighting for light or for darkness, and neutrality is impossible; so, in the Gospel, light and good stand opposed to darkness and evil as perpetual foes. A certain current of dualism runs through the Christian Scriptures and the teaching of the Church. God and Satan, heaven and hell, are the only alternatives. Every one must choose between them. In the current theology, this dualism has been so emphasized as even to exceed that of the Zend-Avesta. The doctrine of everlasting punishment and an everlasting hell has always been the orthodox doctrine in Christianity, while the Zend-Avesta teaches universal restoration, and the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Nevertheless, practically, in consequence of the greater richness and fulness of Christianity, this tendency to dualism has been neutralized by its monotheism, and evil kept subordinate; while, in the Zend religion, the evil principle assumed such proportions as to make it the formidable rival of good in the mind of the worshipper. Here, as before, we may say that Christianity is able to do justice

to all the truth involved in the doctrine of evil, avoiding any superficial optimism, and recognizing the fact that all true life must partake of the nature of a battle.

The positive side of Egyptian religion we saw to be a recognition of the divine element in nature, of that plastic, mysterious life which embodies itself in all organisms. Of this view we find little explicitly in the New Testament. But that the principles of Christianity contain it, implicitly, in an undeveloped form, appears, (1.) Because Christian monotheism differs from Jewish and Mohammedan monotheism, in recognizing God "*in all things*" as well as God "*above all things*." (2.) Because Christian art and literature differ from classic art and literature in the *romantic* element, which is exactly the sense of this mysterious life in nature. The classic artist is a *ποιητής*, a maker; the romantic artist is a troubadour, a finder. The one does his work in giving form to a dead material; the other, by seeking for its hidden life. (3.) Because modern science is *invention*, i. e. finding. It recognizes mysteries in nature which are to be searched into, and this search becomes a serious religious interest with all truly scientific men. It appears to such men a profanity to doubt or question the revelations of nature, and they believe in its infallible inspiration quite as much as the dogmatist believes in the infallible inspiration of Scripture, or the churchman in the infallible inspiration of the Church. We may, therefore, say, that the essential truth in the Egyptian system has been taken up into our modern Christian life.

And how is it, lastly, with that opposite pole of religious thought which blossomed out in "the fair humanities of old religion" in the wonderful Hellenic mind? The gods of Greece were men. They were not abstract ideas, concealing natural powers and laws. They were open as sunshine, bright as noon, a fair company of men and women, idealized and gracious, just a little way off, a little way up. It was human-

ity projected upon the skies, divine creatures of more than mortal beauty, but thrilling with human life and human sympathies. Has Christianity anything to offer in the place of this charming system of human gods and goddesses?

We answer that the fundamental doctrine of Christianity is the incarnation, the word made flesh. It is God revealed in man. Under some doctrinal type, this has always been believed. The common Trinitarian doctrine states it in a crude and illogical form. Yet somehow the man Christ Jesus has always been seen to be the best revelation of God. But unless there were some human element in the Deity, he could not reveal himself so in a human life. The doctrine of the incarnation, therefore, repeats the Mosaic statement that "man was made in the image of God." Jewish and Mohammedan monotheism separate God entirely from the world. Philosophic monotheism, in our day, separates God from man, by teaching that there is nothing in common between the two by which God can be mediated, and so makes him wholly incomprehensible. Christianity gives us Emmanuel, God with us, equally removed from the stern despotic omnipotence of the Semitic monotheism, and the finite and imperfect humanities of Olympus. We see God in Christ, as full of sympathy with man, God "in us all"; and yet we see him in nature, providence, history, as "above all" and "through all." The Roman Catholic Church has, perhaps, humanized religion too far. For every god and goddess of Greece she has given us, on some immortal canvas, an archangel or a saint, to be adored and loved. Instead of Apollo and the Python, we have Guido's St. Michael and the Dragon; in place of the light, airy Mercury, she provides a St. Sebastian; instead of the "untouched" Diana, some heavenly Agnes or Cecilia. The Catholic heaven is peopled, all the way up, with beautiful human forms; and on the upper throne we have holiness and tenderness incar-

nate in the queen of heaven and her divine Son. All the Greek humanities are thus fulfilled in the ample faith of Christendom.

By such a critical survey as we have thus sketched in mere outline, it will be seen that each of the great ethnic religions is full on one side, but empty on the other, while Christianity is full all round. Christianity is adapted to take their place, not because they are false, but because they are true as far as they go. They "know in part and prophecy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

III. *We find, finally, that while the ethnic religions are all arrested, come to an end, or degenerate, Christianity appears capable of a progressive development.*

The religions of Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have come to an end; having shared the fate of the national civilization of which each was a part. The religions of China, Islam, Buddha, and Judæa have all been arrested, and remain unchanged and seemingly unchangeable. Like great vessels anchored in a stream, the current of time flows past them, and each year they are further behind the spirit of the age, and less in harmony with its demands. Christianity alone, of all human religions, possesses the power of keeping abreast with the advancing civilization of the world. As the child's soul grows with his body, so that when he becomes a man, it is a man's soul, and not a child's, so the Gospel of Jesus continues the soul of all human culture. It continually drops its old forms and takes new ones. It passed out of its Jewish body under the guidance of Paul. In a speculative age it unfolded into creeds and systems. In a worshipping age it developed ceremonies and a ritual. When the fall of Rome left Europe without unity or centre, it gave it an organization and order through the Papacy. When the Papacy became a tyranny, and the Renaissance called for free thought, it suddenly

put forth Protestantism, as the tree by the water-side sends forth its shoots in due season. Protestantism, free as air, opens out into the various sects, each taking hold of some human need; Lutheranism, Calvinism, Methodism, Swedenborgianism, or Rationalism. Christianity blossoms out into modern science, literature, art; children, who indeed often forget their mother, and are ignorant of their source, but which are still fed from her breasts and partake of her life. Christianity, the spirit of faith, hope, and love, is the deep fountain of modern civilization. Its inventions are for the many, not for the few. Its science is not hoarded, but diffused. It elevates the masses, who everywhere else have been trampled down. The friend of the people, it tends to free schools, a free press, a free government, the abolition of slavery, war, vice, and the melioration of society. We cannot, indeed, here *prove* that Christianity is the cause of these features peculiar to modern life. But we find it everywhere associated with them; and, so we can say that it only, of all the religions of mankind, has been capable of accompanying man in his progress from evil to good, from good to better.

The argument then, so far, stands thus:—

1. All the great religions of the world, except Christianity and Mohammedanism, are ethnic religions, or religions limited to a single nation or race. Christianity alone (including Mohammedanism and Judaism, which are its temporary and local forms), is the religion of all races.

2. Every ethnic religion has its positive and negative side. Its positive side is that which holds some vital truth; its negative side is the absence of some other essential truth. Every such religion is true and providential, but each limited and imperfect.

3. Christianity alone is a *πλήρωμα*, or a fulness of truth, not coming to destroy but to fulfil the previous religions; but being capable of replacing them by teaching all the truth they have taught,

and supplying that which they have omitted.

4. Christianity, being not a system but a life, not a creed or a form, but a spirit, is able to meet all the changing wants of an advancing civilization by new developments and adaptations,

constantly feeding the life of man at its roots by fresh supplies of faith in God and faith in man.

In our next paper we shall describe Brahmanism, according to the latest investigations of that system.

CONSUMPTION IN AMERICA.

III.

Can Consumption be crushed out of the World?

WE now pass to the more difficult part of our subject, namely, to the attempt to answer the question, How shall we destroy the disease? how, if possible, expunge it from the earth? At present this question can be answered but very imperfectly.

We are met at the outset by some most excellent men, the ultra sceptics and quietists, so to speak, of the day, with the curt reply, "You will never drive consumption from mankind." All disease is "according to God's providence." "It is in the order of nature, and as such it cannot be abolished." Man lives and breathes a certain length of time on this earth, and it is sure that in good time he will meet death, probably by disease. "As for consumption, it has many causes, and exists equally in every part of the globe where man lives." "In fact, one can hardly call it a disease, but it is often only the culmination and conclusion of all other diseases." "It is the agency by which God gives the final *coup de grâce* to all the various diseases to which we poor mortals are subject."

In all these assertions, not always supported by the strongest proofs, we admit a certain amount of truth. We grant that, before man existed, his precursors, the fossil monsters, probably had diseases, and doubtless in their

various Titanic fights, and by accidents in flood and field, limbs were broken or internal organs became diseased, while nature either cured or killed the patient. Perhaps, too, some of the antediluvian mammoths died of consumption. Who knows or ever can know the exact truth, one way or another? And shall we take a *suspicion* drawn from prehistoric ages, or even actual present facts, as our rule of judgment in reference to the future?

Granted, if you please, that consumption is universally spread now; although this assertion is by no means true, if any reliance can be put in human testimony. Granted that for centuries back it has annually cut down its myriads of victims in certain wide districts of the earth's surface. Granted all this, is that any reason for saying that we shall *never* see change in these respects? Certainly, at this era of the world, during which has been given the greatest boon ever vouchsafed to suffering man, namely, the complete knowledge of the fact that by ether we can *virtually annihilate* pain, shall we doubt of the possibility of still further relieving human woe in the future time? Who among us, whether in or out of the medical profession, twenty-five years since would not have ridiculed the idea that a man, by any means then known, could, with ease to himself, allow the surgeon's knife to play for hours among the most delicate of his nerves, or that he would

willingly submit to have an inflamed tooth wrenched from its socket, and all the while not only to be totally incapable of suffering, but, perhaps, be lapped in Elysian dreams? As the world has been *forced* to believe this, and now gladly accepts what it formerly would have deemed an absurd proposition, so do we now have high hopes that we are on the point of being able to cope with and to crush out this destroyer of our race, consumption. By looking at and studying minutely, as pathologists all over the world are now doing, the various hidden causes of consumption, and by thus adding all of us to the common stock of knowledge upon the subject, some future experimenter on nature's laws, some coming Morton, born at a fortunate epoch for discovery in his special line of work, will, like him, tell to his successors the method of annihilating consumption, as that great benefactor of the human race has revealed the remarkable powers of ether; or if, perchance, we may not wholly eradicate consumption, we may at least render it comparatively harmless, as he has enabled us virtually to annihilate suffering.

But what can we do *now* towards checking consumption? Let us look at the question under the following heads:—

What shall man do, first, as a law-maker; second, as a philanthropist; third, as a capitalist; fourth, as a parent?

First. It is a well-settled axiom that it is the duty of our law-makers to take some action in regard to the health of the people of the Commonwealth. This is granted by every one. The laws, wise or unwise, already existing on our statute-books on the subject of public health fully prove this. We contend that this power should be applied to the *prevention* of consumption, and that the question of deciding where villages and towns should be built, or, if built, what should be done to make them healthy, comes legitimately before the legislature. It is better, and, moreover, in the end it is much cheaper, to

prepare for and prevent evils, than to wait till they have grown to huge dimensions, which by their very bulk may present almost insuperable obstacles to a radical cure of them. It would have been far better, years ago, to provide for the thorough drainage of London, than to wait till now to remove its sweltering mass of filth. Hecatombs of human victims have fallen upon the altar of folly in this respect, but only recently has Parliament taken proper note of the difficulty, and under the guidance of more enlightened views of the demands of public hygiene is London now endeavoring, at a vast expense, to purify itself.

New York and Boston and other cities in this country are suffering this year, as they have been in the past, for want of a proper regulation in reference to the increase of consumption.

As it is surely the duty of every Commonwealth to provide that nothing be done detrimental to the well-being of her citizens, so it is a self-evident proposition that she has a right to interfere and prevent villages and towns from being founded by ignorance or purely selfish interest, on spots tending to cause consumption; and it is equally the duty of town authorities to attend to unwholesome localities within their respective limits. The same principle of law which gives to towns in England and to the Metropolitan Board of Health of New York the right to shut up cellars and other residences which lack the proper hygienic influences, ought to demand of the State some legislation on this matter of soil moisture. We know a village situated on a wide, level plain, through which a sluggish river barely creeps along its winding course towards the sea. The whole earth on which the houses are built is literally reeking with water. This village has sprung up, mushroom-like, on each side of a railroad that runs directly through it. Already its situation is affecting the health of the inhabitants, yet no active general measures, we believe, have ever been taken to drain the town.

The State should have had the power to declare that the site was an improper one for human habitation, or it should have been thoroughly sub-drained before a single house was built upon it.

Not a few towns in the country are thus fosterers of consumption, owing to the fact that they have within their borders some of the causes of the disease which have been alluded to in the preceding papers, but which are removable if we only persistently and firmly carry out plans for such removal. There are also houses now standing and still occupied that are destined to become the early graves of families springing up in them. They are, and will continue to be, as they have been in the past, pestilential foci whence will radiate this dire disease throughout the Commonwealth. Yet some men still doubt whether the public has a right by legislative act to interfere with the private rights of their owners. Upon all these points the legislature, we contend, has not only a right to exercise, but a correspondingly high duty to perform. It should take some action, and prevent, as far as practicable, by wise and impartial laws, the continuance of such really public nuisances. A State Board of Health should be established, which should investigate and have some voice in determining the proper sites of new towns, and of their appropriate drainage, even when apparently the sites are well chosen. Into older and badly drained towns, and in particular localities in otherwise healthy towns, the legislature should, by its proper agents, enter and abate any nuisances, especially those tending to spread such a disease as consumption.

For the sake of the poor man, who is now often obliged to hire a miserably placed house or get no roof to cover him, such a board should have the right to say to the capitalist, "We will shut up your house, if you do not make it healthy. You have no more right to build upon a swamp or over a pond and offer it as a dwelling-place for citizens, than you have to put any other well-known nuisance at the doorstep of your tenant."

Second. We would urge upon every lover of his race to examine with candor the various causes of consumption enumerated above, and perchance others not enumerated, and, having done so, endeavor by action and counsel to induce his neighbors and the community to act in accordance with the truth in this matter, so far, at least, as it is now or may be hereafter imperfectly enunciated. Surely there can be no nobler object to occupy the minds of the philanthropists than that of procuring healthy homes for the masses of our people. And if ulterior fame be sought for, one may be well satisfied with memories similar to those that cluster around the names of George Peabody, Lord Herbert, Southwood Smith, and Florence Nightingale of England, and Parent Duchatelet of France, for their unselfish devotion to the great cause of public health.

Third. The capitalist in the erection of tenant buildings is morally bound to recognize any well-established hygienic laws. If he do neglect them, he deserves the stern rebuke of the whole community in which he lives. If need be, the terrors of the law should be visited upon him, provided, after due warning from constituted authorities, those who are obliged to hire of him are compelled by his criminal neglect to live in unhealthy situations. We believe that eventually self-interest on the part of the capitalist will induce him to select proper sites for his future village or house-lots. For if hereafter a village or a house should gain an evil reputation, owing to its improper situation, the property will of course depreciate in value or become wholly worthless, as it surely should, provided it is placed so badly that there is no remedy possible.

Such will and ought to be the result in regard to not a few houses in New England at the present time.

Fourth. It is the duty, as of course it should be the pleasure, of every parent to look sharply to the situation of the homestead in which he hopes to educate the powers of body and mind

of the children that are beginning to spring up around him. Let him understand, that, as he would avoid giving poison to his children in their daily food, so he should see to it that the air they breathe into their lungs, and which bathes night and day the delicate texture of their skins, is dry and pure, and uncontaminated by deadly emanations from surrounding soil. Let him avoid a wet soil as a spot for building, whether that place be on the hillside or in the valley. Or if it be already chosen and the homestead built, let a thorough under-drainage be made all around the house and to a considerable distance from it. Many may think that a hillside residence alone is sufficient. Far from it. One of our correspondents told us that, till he knew of our investigations, he could not understand why consumption entered almost every dwelling scattered over one of the hills in his own town, while it rarely was found in those upon a hill similarly situated with respect to sunlight, points of the compass, &c., and similarly wooded. There was, however, one very striking difference which he had always noticed between them, namely, that one had a dry, porous soil; upon which it was necessary to dig deep for wells, while on the other water was reached a foot or two below the surface. The earth was, in fact, so full of water that whenever, in accordance with ancient superstition, the graves of those who had died were opened in order to procure certain relics for the benefit of some living but invalided relative, the coffins were always found full of water, although buried in very shallow graves. My correspondent had never associated the idea of moist soil with the unusual prevalence of phthisis in the place. It might be asked, What was to be done in such a condition of things? A village is built; houses and families have been for years gathered there. Are the inhabitants to forsake their homes? By no means. Doubtless it is a misfortune that the spot should have been so occupied; but the English investiga-

tions already alluded to point to the remedy. The whole soil on which the town has been built must be thoroughly sub-drained by the joint co-operation of all the dwellers upon it; otherwise it will continue to be, in future as in the past, the destroyer of the children that are born upon it. Supposing that a proper homestead has been procured, the parents must still further be careful that in every respect, from birth to adult life, no deleterious influences should be allowed to exert themselves upon the young family. On the contrary, their efforts should be constantly directed towards obtaining all means possible for keeping up the standard of perfect health in each and all of its inmates. Especially is this care needed in those families in which hereditary consumption exists, and in which young children are peculiarly apt to become martyrs to the disease.

In conclusion, let us briefly review what has been previously given in detail, and indicate the methods which, if carefully followed, would, in our opinion, tend eventually to check certainly the ravages of consumption, and possibly, after a number of generations, to extirpate it wholly.

Build your houses in the country, in preference to any place near the seacoast. In the country choose a slope rather than a plain to build upon, and where the sun can have full access to it, if possible, all the day. Be sure (if need be, by effectual sub-drainage) that the soil is thoroughly permeable to water. Let no moisture from the soil, from any source, be permitted to distil its pernicious influences upon the future dwelling or its inmates. Let the rooms be large, of substantial breadth rather than height, and so pierced by windows that the air may have a bounteous and free entrance and exit. Let fireplaces be built in every room and chamber, — fireplaces made for real use, not kept for show, and not closed with iron plates which are to be pierced for airtight stoves. Eschew all furnace heat, except for warming the entries and corridors.

Outside of the house let there be ample space for air and sunlight. One or two trees may be permitted to grow near the house, but not to overshadow it, for nothing but evil comes from too much shade, either of trees or climbing vines. Both of these may very materially prevent the warm rays of the sun from reaching and bathing the exterior, or from penetrating the interior of the house, which they should be allowed to do freely, even in the depths of summer. Nothing so deadens the atmosphere as the too constant closure of the windows, blinds, and curtains, whereby light and heat as well as fresh air are excluded. Every morning let the windows be opened widely, so as to drive off the remains of foul air that has necessarily accumulated from the sleepers during the previous night. Every night let a part of the windows be left open, and if possible at the top and bottom, so that during sleep there may be still a plenty of fresh, unbreathed air for the children and adults to use. Of course the amount of space thus opened will vary with the season; but often, even during our Northern winters, especially in a furnace-heated house, a small aperture, at least, may thus be left. Two or three extra blankets only will be needed for any coldness thus caused.

As to the value of fresh air, alike for the healthy and the invalid, there seems to exist great doubt in this community. Even the healthy have no real faith in its efficacy as a means of giving health. Invalids, almost without exception, we have to educate to that faith. They have so many doubts about the weather. It is too cold, too hot, too windy, or too blustering. It is cloudy, or an east wind prevails. These and a hundred other trivial deviations from perfect weather are noted, and the unfortunate invalid quietly stays within doors day after day to avoid them. Nothing is more pernicious, no behavior more unwise. Both invalids and healthy persons ought to eschew all such views as arrant folly. "Whenever in doubt," we say to our patients, "about going out,

always go out. If a violent storm is raging, to which no one would willingly expose himself, then keep to the house, but the moment it ceases, seize the occasion for exercise out of doors." "It would be better," said the late John Ware, "for everybody, sick and well, to face every storm, than to be fearful, as we now usually are, of even a trace of foul weather."

Having thus provided a dry, well-aired homestead, which during day and night shall give a healthy atmosphere to the family, let the parent be careful that *simple* but nutritious food be given. The food in most of our country towns, as we regret to have been obliged to say, is commonly most inappropriate, and far from simple in its cookery and its extraordinary compounds. For the very youngest child Nature provides its sweetest and best nourishment from the mother's breast. For several months, if that mother be healthy, and really enjoy as some mothers do the almost divine mission thus given to them, nothing more is needed or wished for by the child. If a mother's milk cannot be procured, then the diluted milk of the cow or goat may be used, into which may be grated, after a few months, a little biscuit or stale bread, or something similar. When about eight months or a year old, a child, especially one in feeble health, or one born of parents either feeble or having tubercular tendencies, may suck a little meat, beef or mutton, lamb or fowl, and even *small quantities very finely chopped up* may be swallowed. As it grows older a few vegetables may be added. But in all this let there still be simplicity and not too great variety of food. We believe that in England a better course is pursued in this respect than is followed generally in this country. There, children even beyond the age of puberty are confined to the simpler diet here recommended. All unnecessary stimulants and condiments are avoided, and it would be fortunate for us all if American parents would copy these wiser rules of our "mother country."

On approaching adult life, if simple

habits have been inculcated, they will naturally be followed even in the additions to the amount and variety of food which come with advancing years and self-guidance. Wine or similar stimulants are never needed in this country save as medicine, and usually for this purpose only after adult life. Before that period, however, they may be necessary for use among the dyspeptic and debilitated, who, either from originally bad constitutions or previous self-indulgence, or inattention to hygienic laws, may have so impoverished their powers of life that they need the extra stimulus in order to preserve life or to make it comparatively comfortable. The current of such lives runs sluggishly, instead of flowing luxuriant and free as it does in perfect health.

But parents have not done their whole duty in thus providing a healthy home and proper food for their children. They must prevent, before it be too late, the waste of their lives in extravagance of *over-action* or of *inaction*. Neither too much nor too little of physical or intellectual work must be permitted. The tendency is in this country to over-action in everything. We have few lazzaroni here. The climate, the genius of our republican institutions, the all-powerful stimulus of necessity in the grand struggle for existence, — ambition, competition, and emulation, — all tend to force us to over-action. It begins with the sports and studies of childhood; it drives us of adult life with railroad speed on our daily routine of business; and it hurries many to a premature decay of mental or bodily power, and often to an early death by consumption or other diseases. Too deep and continuous study, or too long and constant physical labor, cramps and injures the body, while not giving true wisdom to the soul. No child should be allowed to be at school more than four or five hours a day, and even during these he should have several recesses and intermissions. The remainder of the twenty-four hours should be given partly to sleep and partly to healthful out-of-door work or sport, or to *home* educa-

tion, the last of which is much neglected in this country, owing to our overweening confidence in the common schools of the land.

This tendency to *over-action*, even in an excellent direction, is seen, at the present time, in the extravagances to which athletic sports, such as rowing and base-ball, are now carried. To a certain degree they have become pernicious both morally and physically. Betting and gambling are their too frequent accompaniments. And certainly, when a Milesian "trainer" is employed to *train* a party of young and refined college youths for a race with brother college-mates, almost exactly as would be done in case of a "mill" between two bulldog-like prize-fighters, the height of absurdity is reached in this direction. There is, however, not only absurdity, but radical evil, resulting often from such extravagance. Not a few of our youths will bear to their graves the effects of over-exertion in these games. Writers on surgery and diseases of the heart sustain this statement. We regret to feel compelled to make this protest against these admirable sports, for, notwithstanding these imperfections in their actual management, they have, as a whole, done infinite service to this community. The present number of athletic young men, compared with the many puny ones of the last generation, is, we think, very striking.

All we demand of the parent is that he should, as the viceroy of the Almighty, guide and guard the child from youthful extravagance on his own part; and save him from the forcing propensities of teachers, or from the *training* of others of his own age from undertaking any amount of intellectual or physical labor that is unsuited to his powers of endurance. Such over-labor in *any direction* will inevitably tend to disease, and often to death by consumption.

All this will require, on the part of the parent, not only the highest ideas of the real nobleness of his own position as the guide and guardian of the future man or woman, but likewise

a reverent regard for, and estimate of, the young being given to his charge. This regard will lead him, if need be, to a lifelong devotion on his own part for the attainment of the object in view, namely, the perfect physical, intellectual, and moral health of his child. Some may say that in these remarks we have supposed the circumstances of every parent is such that he *can* command all the necessary resources involved in the above statements. Such critics will reply: "Your rules are all very well for the rich, but how can the poor man act upon them?" We grant that while legislators and philanthropists and capitalists neglect their duties, and either pass by, or perhaps actually encroach upon, the rights of the poor man, the latter must necessarily suffer. But, even now, few parents are actually *obliged* to live and to bring up children in unhealthy situations, or to allow them to be ruined by over-work. If a proper abode cannot be found in a city, one can generally be found somewhere on the line of railroads, in which the family can live. Ere many years have passed, we hope and believe that every workingman will have his dwelling in the country. When the interests of capitalists and of the working classes effectually combine, the majority of our laborers will live at night out of the city proper, and thus avoid all the misery involved in the *rookeries* of large towns, where now the poor "most do congregate."

In truth, no nobler undertaking could be desired by any capitalist, who is sighing under the very abundance of his wealth, than the following: Let him purchase large tracts of unoccupied land, which now are to be found in every direction around our cities, and which could be easily made accessible by rail, and build on these territories numberless small but well-arranged cottages for an honest, hard-working tenantry to occupy. Let each house have its quota of land, and each homestead be open for sale to the occupant, who shall be allowed to pay for it in small instalments. Where is the

rich man or body of men who will be ready thus to combine a real blessing to the poor with ample returns to themselves? Is it not a fact that, notwithstanding all the miseries, and at times squalid poverty, of the laboring classes, from among them have sprung most of the noblest and best of our race? Long before the Blessed Babe lay in the manger at Bethlehem, and ever since that period, even in these latter days such men as Abraham Lincoln and Michael Faraday, have seemed to be illustrations of the existence of this almighty law. Is not this fact sufficient to stimulate the capitalist to look into the question of providing proper dwellings for the poor, not merely in order that all extra suffering from disease may be prevented, but also with the hope of thereby raising into a perfect manhood some who without this aid would die in early years?

Still more would we urge the plan traced above, because by it doubtless many might be brought out to the light and warmth of a better social existence, and thus become, in their turns, benefactors of the race.

What influence should the still mooted question of the contagiousness and non-contagiousness of the disease have upon us? We may safely feel that there is no degree of contagiousness in consumption like that which holds good of some other diseases, — like measles, small-pox, &c. But while granting this, we have no doubt that there is a certain number of cases in which consumption seems to have been communicated from one individual to another. Hence our duty is as follows: —

1st. Never allow any one to sleep in the same bed with a consumptive.

2d. If possible, let the attendant or friend sleep in an adjacent room, within easy call, rather than in the same room.

3d. Never let one sister (i.e. one with the same hereditary tendencies) sleep with another who is tuberculous.

4th. If possible, always have a paid

nurse to attend to the mere drudgery of the sick-room.

5th. As this will be often impossible, let the attendant be sure to go out not less than twice daily, and fill her lungs with pure air, or at least with air different from that of the sick-room.

On the subject of *clothing* no specific rules can be laid down that will meet all cases; but the following is what we deem simply prudent:—

Always strive to dress in such a manner as to feel perfectly comfortable,—neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer. Of course this necessitates very different dresses in these two periods of the year. A question often arises, Ought flannel to be used all the year round? That question is categorically and very decidedly answered in the affirmative by some. But even this article should be left to the decision of each individual. Some are made almost frantic by it in summer, while others seem to need it.

The spring in our New England climate is particularly trying in its changes from heat to cold; and if the above rule be followed, namely, of keeping one's self comfortable, it entails a frequent change of dress during even the short space of twenty-four hours.

In connection with clothing, and as, in fact, preceding it, we ought to allude to cleanliness of the skin. If possible, the skin ought to be daily washed all over either with warm or cool water.

What shall be done in case any great depressing passion seems threatening to bring on consumption?

The true way to meet such a case is as follows: While requiring absolute attention to self-evident hygienic rules, we should endeavor to induce the sufferer to seek relief from his or her own agony by becoming a ministering servant to the suffering of others. If the whole nature rebel against such a course, or if the man or woman lack those elements of character which fit one for such a mission, then oftentimes travel is the panacea under which life and health seem again to become new. Above all things, prevent by every

means in your power all brooding over past misfortune or sorrow. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and stimulate the unhappy invalid for the joys and the duties of the morrow; and, if this can be done, oftentimes consumption and all its kindred terrors will flee away.

Thrice blessed is the person who is obliged in mental affliction to *work* for the bare subsistence of himself or others.

How shall we meet the fact of the hereditary character of the disease?

Very delicate questions often will be suggested to the physician in reference to this part of our subject.

As illustration often convinces more than all else, we give the following as actual fact. More than thirty years ago, we were consulted by a young man, who frankly confessed that he believed he had disease of the lungs, and he asked us to say whether or not he could rightly be married to an excellent young person to whom he had been for years engaged. We found that his opinion was correct, that decided disease of one lung existed, but it was not at the time in an active state. We found, however, at the same time, that an adverse opinion on our part would forever shatter the hopes of two lovers who had been for years devoted to one another. There was not an argument save this local disease which we could bring against the idea of marriage. We will not attempt to indicate the reasoning whereby we came to the decision that we ought not, by any motion of our own, to prevent the union. Ten or twelve years of sweetest married life were the result, and then the husband died of lung disease. But exactly what the youth feared came to pass, namely, one of his children died in very earliest infancy, and the other at the age of twenty,—both of consumption. The latter was particularly interesting to us. He seemed to be in perfect health. On arrival at an age to commence business, all his antecedents and his hereditary tendencies were forgotten. Instead of avoiding all excitants to consumption, he was allowed to settle

on the borders of a lake in a large Western city, and there to become a clerk to a corporation doing an extensive business, by which he was very much confined to his desk and overworked. As we have seen in the previous paper, he should of all things have avoided just such a location and that employment, — he should have sought for an active out-of-door life, if possible, in some dry inland town. After he had been laboring at his desk, however, a comparatively short time, we were summoned only to find him past all relief. In a few months he died with rapid consumption.

In the above case we deemed ourselves justified in allowing the marriage to be consummated, because, as may be stated generally, we were not sure that the disease would progress, and there was a chance of the husband's getting well, and there was no certainty that children would be born. But there are cases every day arising in which it

seems almost madness for either party to think of marriage, — cases in which death seems foreshadowed with the certainty of almost absolute fate. In many of such, parents and physicians alike should protest.

Our articles have become so much longer than we intended when we commenced, that we forbear further allusion to other causes of consumption already mentioned. They have, perhaps, been sufficiently touched upon.

We conclude, as we began, in hope; and for a final statement lay down the following as our medical faith on this important question: When all men and women live in properly placed and rightly constructed houses, and at all times attend carefully to the hygienic laws of mind and body in themselves and their offspring, then will consumption, like many kindred evils, be wholly eradicated, or made comparatively harmless in its influence on the human race.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD ROLFE drove his chestnut mare over the red shale road which connected Emerald with Swatara, late one afternoon in September, chatting with his companion as he drove, in a way to make her merry.

She was a demure-looking young woman, but it was her dress that made her appear so. The daughter of the Mennonite bishop living in Swatara, she must, of course, conform to the customs of her people; but beneath the quaint apparel, the young man seated beside her in that light spring wagon, which was so well known on all the mountain roads, had discovered a rare intelligence, a rare sweetness, and a

dignity of character, which commanded his reverence and love.

He had been telling her one of the many "thrilling adventures" of which he was the hero, — for he had travelled far and wide on his business as a civil engineer, and had passed through a great variety of fortunes for so young a man, — when, as they approached the Emerald station, he checked his horse's pace, and said, "Delia, Father Trost is going on this train." And there he paused. She understood him, and did not answer. Then he sought to ascertain her thought another way; he leaned forward and looked at the lovely face concerning which he was often asking himself whether it would be more or less lovely when she had laid

aside that uncouth bonnet, and donned the head-gear worn by ladies of his rank and station among the world's people. She smiled when he caught her eye, but it was a serious, thoughtful, doubting smile. Had he the very purpose which his words now suggested, when he asked her if she would ride with him to the Emerald station that pleasant afternoon?

"No," he said, as if in answer to her questioning thought. "I will not urge it, dear, though I do not know when so good an opportunity will offer again. We could keep our own secret," he added, immediately, "until we chose to make it known. O my darling, we are not going to trifle always, are we, with our blessed destiny?" That was the way he would not urge it.

"You may drive on, Edward, and do as you think best. We shall do our duty by each other, at least."

"We shall have done our highest duty surely then. It is all quite clear to me."

"Well, perhaps; you ought to know! I do not see clearly. Is the train about to start?"

"In a moment."

An expression of grave and satisfied determination appeared on the young man's face as he answered this question, which was asked with such evident anxiety. He did not now consume time in seeking to make his companion see more clearly that the thing he had resolved upon was the thing to do. This was not a moment for expostulation or for argument, but for rapid driving. The train would leave Emerald in less than ten minutes. The chestnut mare understood her master's pleasure, and went on at a quick trot. They were making up the train at the station, and the locomotive was working backward and forward. Edward might have driven upon the track and the mare would not have flinched, but, instead, he drove into the shed back of the station, threw down the lines, helped Delia to alight, and said, "Go into the waiting-room, and I will find

him," and hurried away, while she walked quietly into the house. The behavior of each was perfectly natural, as any person must have acknowledged who had seen them at this moment. Edward Rolfe was always in a hurry, Delia Rose never.

When the engineer came into the waiting-room, she was there alone. He was accompanied by Father Trost, the burly Methodist, to whom Edward had already explained his wish.

"I don't know about this," Trost was saying, as they crossed the platform.

"Give us the benefit of the doubt, then," said Edward, gayly. "Here is your fee; you will find there are ten tens, but don't stop to count them now. We have really no time to lose. Bestow your blessing. Make us man and wife, according to the laws of God and the Commonwealth, and go your way rejoicing. The conductor will wait the train for you." Edward Rolfe thought he understood the man, and that the fee already in his hands would settle his doubts, even though he exclaimed when he saw who the young lady was in whose behalf his priestly service was requested.

He was right about it, but the old man felt himself drawn powerfully in two different directions when he saw the girl. His friendship for Bishop Rose would have dissuaded him from performing the ceremony which would unite his daughter with the man whom, according to the regulations of her sect, it was unlawful for her to wed, unless she intended to abandon openly the faith of which her father was so noted an expounder. But then, again, his dislike of the sect against which he had been preaching violently the year past prompted him to perform the ceremony, which would prove, when discovered or declared, the most effective blow the Mennonites had ever received. And then, besides, there was the eleventh-hour providence of that hundred-dollar fee!

"Father Trost," said Delia, "your last religious service in this region is

not one you could have expected to perform."

"I wish the train had started an hour ago," he answered; "but, young people, this is your business, not mine."

"Exactly, sir. And we consider ourselves very fortunate that we knew when the train would start, and who would be on board," said Edward, cheerfully.

"Come, then," said Father Trost, hurriedly, and of these two he made one.

"You may pray for us on your journey," said Edward; but the old man, in spite of the hint, lifted his hands, and besought for bridegroom and bride the blessing which rested on Isaac and Rebecca. Then, turning to Delia, he asked, "Do you mean to let your father know what you have done, Miss Dely?"

The bridegroom answered for her. "Not yet; just because Bishop Rose is the man he is, we could not speak to him. I do not mean to ask my wife to leave her people while her father lives."

"Then, young man, you might better have let this business alone."

"I will tell Adams that you are coming. Go that way," said Edward, cutting short the talk; and, pointing to the door which led into the bar-room, he himself passed out by that which opened directly on the piazza.

Delia, left alone, sat down. The next moment, however, she arose again and hurried out. Rolfe was talking with the conductor, but when he saw her looking for him, and evidently a little troubled, he went to her at once.

"Edward," she said, "should n't there be a—a certificate, or something? He is not coming back, you know. He should give us one."

"Certainly, dear; how stupid I was! I'll speak to him." The train was in rapid motion when the engineer leaped from the car to the platform.

"Don't ever one of you try a thing like that,—it's as much as your life is worth," said he, shaking his head at a

group of urchins who had watched his feat with admiration. Then he hurried into the room where Delia was.

"Too late!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had thought of it before. It was a careless trick. But he will send us one, Delia, as soon as he can. It will be all right. I have to speak to some of the men; can you wait here a few minutes? or have n't you some errand?"

Delia now recollected that there were some articles for domestic use which she had intended to purchase in Emerald; and, while Edward gave his orders and gained his information, she attended to these.

The daylight seemed to have been arrested in its departure, so brightly the moon shone on their return. They did not linger by the way. Edward did not need to be reminded that the bishop would be looking for Delia, and he let the mare take her own swift return-pace.

He was so satisfied with the day's success, that he hardly cared to talk about it. Once he broke out gayly: "There goes Delia Rolfe! Do you see her, young woman? The lady in the white bonnet with the white roses and green leaves. She wears a gay gown, and a white shawl embroidered with pretty flowers. She is going out of the grays by the gray road, gradually, I suppose. Ned Rolfe was always in luck."

"The woman is so fine that I don't know her," said Delia. "Perhaps I have never seen her, though."

"I really think you never have," said he. And then Delia silently reproached herself for the thrill of satisfaction his words had occasioned, knowing as she did that it was only by the Valley of Death that she could pass to the place where he beheld her so changed in exterior; for it had been decided by them, that, so long as her father lived, she should remain quietly among the Mennonites.

The bishop was in his garden, listening to the crickets and the katydids, when Delia opened the gate and passed

through, and stood there looking around her. Two hours ago only she went; and now she had come again, another and another's.

At first, when Edward had talked of marriage, she had said, with a secret grief she had resolved he never should suspect, that it could never be. She had seen that it could be. And there stood the obstacle which had seemed insurmountable. A loving old man! For, after all, the church, she found, was her father! And even he had not been able to stand in Edward's way. How wonderful his power was! Everybody felt it. It was said no other man could have pushed the Emerald road through; nothing could thwart him; oh, least of all her foolish heart, least of all could it stand between herself and him! Bishop Rose was an old man; in the moonlight he looked very old. It seemed to his daughter that there were a dozen furrows in the place of one since she saw him last two hours ago. As if she had been considering the probabilities of his lengthened life, and had found them against it, — which she had not, dear soul, — Delia felt condemned. She rejoiced when they went into the house, and she looked at him by steady candlelight to see that his blue eyes were bright with an almost youthful fire. Though her freedom could only come by his death, he must not die.

Edward joined them at the tea-table which Delia had quickly spread. He was a frequent and always a welcome guest in the house of the bishop.

"You missed an old friend by being away this afternoon, Delia," said her father, looking at Rolfe and smiling as he spoke. "Mr. Trost was here, or Father Trost as the people call him. I must return his compliment, for he called me bishop when he went away, and it was the first time that I remember hearing it from him. Maybe you saw him at the station, daughter?"

"Yes, we did. You parted good friends then, father, if he called you bishop, for he always said that you were none."

"Good friends, to be sure. O, Trost

meant well, and he was a hard worker. I never saw his equal for holding on."

"But I assure you, Bishop, he was no loss to Swatara. Nobody really loved him, and as for homage, which a preacher of the Gospel ought to be able to command —"

"I don't know," interrupted the old man, pained evidently by this criticism of the preacher who had not only made himself conspicuous as his rival in the neighborhood, but had taken great pride and pleasure in so doing, — "I don't know. I think it may be the zeal of the Lord's house that is eating him up."

"No, no," replied Edward, hastily, "it's your charity that is trying to cover up a multitude of sins. I know Trost; he is a hard, unforgiving, irascible, selfish man, and vain as a girl, — I beg your pardon, Miss Delia. For my part, I am heartily glad he has gone out to the Indians; but I doubt whether he will be able to win them over to his cause; he will be pretty sure to reveal anything but the beauty of holiness to them."

The bishop's Christian kindness was almost offended by these words, and Delia felt not a little pained that the man who had been associated with herself and Edward in the most important transaction of their lives should now be spoken of by him with so little respect. It almost seemed as if this feeling might even extend to that solemn covenant into which they had entered; that he would regard it as lightly.

Perhaps the bishop had felt relieved when he saw Trost going away from Swatara, but he said: "There was room for both of us here, and work enough to do. We will just keep in mind, daughter, that it was n't our people, but our doctrines, he fought so hard."

Delia could not hear this without thinking with sudden pain: "Have n't I given him warrant for the worst thing he ever said against us, that we don't stand to our rules and keep our vows? He has gone off victorious, and I have put a sword in his hand!"

"Whoever they send in his place,

they cannot send a worse man for us," she said. "Whatever happens, nobody can complain of your stewardship, father."

The old man smiled, and his daughter smiled with him; but this hour, which should have been the happiest of her life, was, in spite of her, the saddest. Rolfe perceived the truth, saw that she was saying to herself, "He trusts me and I have deceived him," and exerted himself so successfully for the general enlivenment, that her misgivings presently were quieted. Then she felt ashamed of her varying mood, for how contemptible it must have seemed to Edward!

"The fact is," she said to herself, "I married him because I loved him more than anything else. Can't I stand by that? Do I love him less than I did three hours ago, when I saw that the most important of all things was to please him?" From the moment when she sharply reminded herself of these facts, Edward saw no further evidence of doubt on Delia's part. She would honor herself in the act she had performed. "I consented to this because I did not fear to let my heart lead me. We cannot be parted now, at least," she seemed to say; and he who had quietly watched her as she passed through these moods thought, "Thank Heaven you see how it is. But I knew I could trust to your reason."

From this time forth he continued to come and go as he had come and gone during the past year, reckoning the house of the bishop as one of his homes, and paying his way with a liberal hand. His work on the main road was nearer to Swatara than the Emerald station, and a drive of three miles took him across the hills to his scene of action.

While at work on his charts he completed many a drawing under the bishop's roof; and he brought his books there one by one, until the old man saw his shelves filled with a literature to which he would otherwise have had no access. These books he valued, and his daughter loved them. They gave

to her the world from which Edward came, the world to which he would perhaps one day lead her. They had enriched her thoughts, and were not without their witness in her heart. The intelligence, the energy, and skill of the engineer had long made him an interesting study to the bishop, as well as a valued friend. He was his first point of contact with the great world; through him he felt the vast tides coming in and going out, ebbing and flowing; and through him he learned of the great enterprises by which the resources, power, and humanity of nations were discovered to each other.

So the weeks passed, the months. It was in the spring to which Delia had been looking forward with impatience, — for in the spring it would be easier for her to get away from home, and she had long promised herself a visit to a friend's house among the Ancaster hills, — in the spring that the man for whom she had endured anxieties as if they were joys, the gay, careless, happy fellow who secretly smiled at his good wife's occasional sighs as she thought of the poor Mennonite folk from whose company she, unsuspected, had separated herself, was taken out of the world as suddenly as by lightning's stroke.

When news of the appalling accident reached the bishop's house, Delia was alone. A child, the son of one of the miners, passing by, and seeing her on the doorstep, stopped and told her what he had heard at the Emerald station, from which he had just returned.

"When was it?" she asked, as she might have asked the time of any ordinary event.

"Day before yesterday."

After a moment the boy, perceiving that no more questions would be asked, ran on.

Delia went into the house. Hours passed. There she sat, waiting in silent, horrible uncertainty. The strength of her nature had never a better demonstration than in this. Her impulse was, of course, to leave the house, to fly

to Emerald, and see and learn for herself what had happened. But among these strangers who, if the rumor had grown in its transit and Edward still lived, would gather around her husband, could she stand as a silent spectator? How could she account to them from her presence there? Say to him that she had come in her father's stead, Mr. Rolfe's dear friend? Would not everybody discover in an instant that Rolfe was too much to *her*, if he was not all? And why might she not speak and say that he was all? If Edward himself could not declare it, she had no evidence. They had looked and looked in vain for the letter which Father Trost had promised. No; the one thing for her to do was to remain where she was. And yet! if he lived, if he could speak; if he could by signs even testify for her to that marriage before he passed out of the world, there might be time yet. But her father, but the church! Delia had not yet disposed of this afterthought when her father came home.

He had heard of the accident just after he had set out on his pastoral visits, and at once changed his course, going over to Emerald, and so to Laurel Station, arriving there in time to witness the funeral services, and to see the little company of mourning men start with the body for Philadelphia, where Edward's surviving sister lived.

The old man had come home to tell all this to his daughter, and to mourn with her.

The death of this young engineer, this enterprising man of business, so shocked the venerable bishop, he so deeply mourned his loss, that merely through sympathy his daughter might have fallen into a state of dejection from which she would find it difficult to rally. It seemed, indeed, impossible for either of them to accept the fact of Edward's death. So cheerful was he, so alive, so strong, it was monstrous to associate with him thoughts of helplessness and decay. He still lived, — he must come again! The reading he had begun must be continued; the work he

planned must be finished. Alas! death had decreed not so! He would return for no more pleasant chat or kindly service. He was gone forever.

Late in the spring Delia made a great effort to break away from the seemingly hopeless state of life into which she had fallen. She began to talk again about the projected visit to Ancaster, and the bishop, perceiving that she needed a change, urged her going. So they closed the house, and he went on his long summer circuit, preaching through all the region until the end of July, when he came back, and found that Delia had preceded him by a single day. A glance assured him that it had been to her a profitable journey. She had recovered something of her native cheerfulness, and seemed young again.

Certain experiences had befallen both father and daughter during this separation which made them in subsequent intercourse more tenderly regardful of each other. The filial heart of Delia seemed to have been enlarged. She deported herself as though she had but her father to live for. There was no other for whose coming she might watch and wait; no light elastic step; only that heavy tread which was growing slower from the uncertainties of age.

In his circuit Bishop Rose had met Friend Holcombe again, that godly young man who had, before he began his ministry, worked in the bishop's blacksmith's shop; for like Paul, the teachers among Mennonites labored to get their own living with their own hands. He had found Mr. Holcombe in a remote corner of his circuit, preaching and praying with an earnestness of which his earlier youth had given promise, and he had invited him to return to Swatara. Since the mines were becoming famous, the population increased fast, and he felt that there should be at this important point a younger man, a man of more activity and vigor, than himself. When he gave the invitation, he had every reason to hope that Mr. Holcombe would think well of it; for it

had been clear to the father's eyes when Friend was with him, that he had but one great human-pointing desire, and that was to marry Delia.

Mr. Holcombe came back to Swatara and entered upon the work designated by the bishop, with a singleness and sincerity of purpose which could not but insure marked success. Everything about the young preacher was attractive; by voice, manner, and teaching he won upon the people, and from Sunday to Sunday the benches of the meeting-house were filled with hearers, many of whom Father Tröst had counted as members of his flock. Still he did not get on rapidly with Delia Rose. She knew what her father's hope was; but she was looking for a letter, which still did not come. The expectation of it never left her. It took from her life all peace. There was not a day passed but she thought: "Who will open that letter? Who will read it first, and come to tell him that the worst foe of the church is of his own household?"

CHAPTER II.

ONE day Dr. Detwiler, who made as free as he pleased of every house in Swatara, coming in and going out a well-beloved physician, walked into her dairy, where she was busy with her cream-jars and her milk-pans, and her thoughts, and said: "Delia Rose, there is one thing for which you will not find it easy to get forgiveness. The greatest sin *you* can be guilty of is keeping Friend Holcombe doubting whether you are ever going to relent. You can't prevent his hoping that you finally will."

"What do you mean?" asked Delia, turning quietly toward the doctor, who had appealed to her in that abrupt way in behalf of another man. The doctor was an old friend to everybody, and freely used the privilege of speech, which he deemed he had earned in his summering and wintering with the country folk among the hills. He was in the country before Mr. Holcombe became a shining light, and people said that he might himself marry the bish-

op's daughter if he would only join the Mennonites. When anybody ventured to speak to him on the subject, he always answered that he was already married to Swatara for better or for worse.

He had come now prepared to answer in full Delia's question.

"You are giving I don't know how many years of unhappiness to the best man living, that's all. And I don't know as there's the woman on earth who has the right to do it."

"If he is the best man living, he is a great deal too good for me," said Delia. "I am saving him from his misery, if he did but know it."

"He is in no condition to appreciate your kindness, and never will be. It may be all true, but if you cannot make him see it, you had better stop trying. You are a sensible woman, Delia. I would n't have come here to say this, expressly for the man I love with my heart and my understanding, if I could see anything or anybody in the way. But I find there is n't, and I warn you against interfering with the Lord's designs; for if ever He intended two persons for each other, He took thought of Delia Rose and Friend Holcombe."

These words, spoken by such a man as the doctor, filled Delia with desperation. She saw her father's advocate, Mr. Holcombe's advocate, and the church's advocate in Detwiler, and gave him an answer that would have indicated despair to any one who could have suspected it: "If this should ever happen, you will have to take the consequences."

He answered as cheerily as if now quite assured that he had gained his cause, "Thank you, I will."

Then she asked: "Did Friend send you here to say this?"

"Not he."

And now, evidently, since she had gone so far as to ask this question, the doctor did not care whether his words displeased her or not. He had that high-handed way when he had determined that a certain course was desirable, and this marriage he decreed.

"I had only a minute to stop, and have stayed five," said he, looking at his watch. "I must go, but you will be married before the month is out." He wanted to provoke a smile, or at least some sort of emotion. This tranquillity of hers, considering Holcombe's state, was past endurance. He went out quickly as he spoke, but in a moment came back again.

"There are some persons who are born for higher ends than just to suit themselves," said he: "you are among these, Delia. I can see how well you would fill the place which is vacant, and always will be vacant unless you choose to fill it. Tell me, dear girl, is there anything in him which you positively dislike?"

She was still pondering that question when the doctor turned away and left her. "Haven't you said he is the best man living? Why should I dislike him?"

She was aware that the doctor was gone, but she said this aloud as if he were still within hearing.

It was not for the first time the doctor had said that she was wronging herself and the patient love that waited her relenting. But his words had never obtained such a hearing as they had that afternoon. If this marriage was ordained,—and had she not, since the day Friend Holcombe came back to Swatara and renewed the suit of his youth, trembled before him as in the presence of destiny?

"It would be better to die," she said, when the doctor had left her with that promise which had the sound of a threat in her ears. But she knew no messenger of death would come. Vain would have been her endeavor to make the doctor understand how she shrank from the duties which would make their demands upon her from the moment she should step from her present place, and stand before the people as the young preacher's wife. No one beside herself would be even surprised that she should take upon herself the duties pertaining to such station. People, indeed, expected her to do it;

it was the one desire of her father's heart that she should occupy the place held by her mother so honorably many and many a year. Surely her expectation of life was not so great that she could afford to disappoint all these, and, intrenched in her secret, live to the memory of the unclaimed, unclaiming dead!

One day Detwiler dropped in with the news that Father Trost had been murdered by the Indians among whom he was laboring. He had come across men more savage than himself, and had got the worst of it.

From that day there was a marked change in Delia; and yet the anxious expectation of her heart was not immediately dismissed. The cloud above her head did not at once break and disappear. There was still on the sky and in the air a presage of storm. That letter which Trost had promised might be wandering along the wide distance which stretched between the prairies and her home among the hills; and it was many a week yet, after the doctor had brought the intelligence which had given her almost a shock of joy, before she ceased to look with doubt on every mortal who approached her. But at last there came a day when this apprehension lost so much of its force that she listened to Friend Holcombe's suit, and for her father's sake, and for the sake of the church which sustained him in it, she encouraged it.

Thus it was that the bishop, before his departure from earth, deemed himself among the blest. In the presence of his deacons and his lifelong friends, he gave his daughter to Friend Holcombe, as a king might give away a kingdom. "Take her," he said, to the young preacher; "so good a daughter as my girl has been to me will make you the truest and best of wives." And the old man's happy tears mingled with those of his daughter, who beheld among the wedding guests Edward and Edward's child. And it was not on the face of the dead that she saw the frown and the contempt.

Indeed, so surrounded and so cheered

as Delia was by all these approving faces and voices, it would have been strange if she had not supposed that the Lord also would smile on her endeavor to retrieve the past. Judgment had fallen upon her when she sought out happiness in her own way; she must shut her eyes on the past, and forget her lost joy; not for her the world's ways, the world's pride, the world's successes; it was here, in Swatara, among her father's people, that her duties lay. Trost was dead; and the child born far away among the Ancaster hills should never sorrow for the loss she had never known.

CHAPTER III.

BUT sometimes on a midsummer afternoon a sound is heard which surprises everybody, — a warning of storm. The cloud must be looked for whence the warning issued. Everybody may not be glad to hear it. There is clover or grain cut, which the rain will not sweeten more thoroughly than the sun has done already; or a party of pleasure, about to set forth gay as youth, is subjected to the misery of a doubting mind.

The voice that asked, "Is it Dely Rose?" at the gate of the preacher's house, was not unlike such thunder, — as startling, and perhaps not more welcome.

No dweller in Swatara could have asked the question of the commanding figure that arose at the sound of the voice from behind the currant-bushes which lined the garden fence. Leaning over the gate the man had perceived the woman, and thereupon had spoken as kindly and as cheerily as it was possible for him to speak. His voice was remarkable, but kindliness and cheeriness were not among its natural tones.

Mistress Holcombe appeared instantly to recognize it. She cast a quick glance around her, — where loomed the cloud? Astonishment for a moment seemed to have mastered every other emotion. Then, for hospitality was the law of Friend Holcombe's house,

and the law of her life as well, she hastened from the garden path and stood on the gravel walk which led from the gate to the front door of the cottage.

"Is this Father Trost?" she asked, and at the same time she smiled and extended one hand, while with the other she lifted the latch.

He entered, saying: "I jest found you out, Miss Dely. Did ye know I had come back to Swatara to live?"

"We heard that the Indians had dealt so unkindly by you that you never could come back," she answered.

"I see, I see, everybody round here had me dead and buried," he said, with a note of exultation in his voice, He still lived!

"When did you come?" asked Delia.

"Last week, and been dreadful busy sence. I've bought a little place for my hum up there among you folks. Mary is with me, — you remember Mary?"

"Little Mary, your granddaughter? O yes."

"Anything but little Mary now; she's a woman grown. This does look natural. It always was a purty place. But you've been making a good many changes too." He withdrew his eyes from Delia and looked around on the red cottage, the blue hills, the garden, the flowers.

"O yes, changes everywhere," she answered, as if in her heart she had sighed and shuddered. "It is seventeen years since you went away, Father Trost; the bushes and vines have had time to grow. My hair was n't quite as gray when you went as it is now. You look as young as ever."

Father Trost, who wore a red wig which was fringed by obtrusive locks of his own gray hair, fixed his cold blue eyes on the flatterer, and seemed pleased by what she had said.

"You're young yourself yet, Miss Dely, to be talking about gray. It would take sharper eyes than mine are to see the signs of age about you. Your ma had n't a gray hair at sixty. But 'pears to me you favor t' other side

o' the house. Well, well, he's gone too since I went away. I was glad to hear you was living down here to the old place. You must have a good deal to tell me. Did you get the certificate?"

"No!" exclaimed Delia, looking around quickly, and going nearer to the old man. "You did not send it. Did you, Father Trost?"

"Did n't I, though! That 's like saying I broke my word," he answered roughly, and looking indignant. "I writ my letter, and I sent it, ma'am."

"It never came to us," said she, in the same low voice, which invited his to softer speech, — which expressed entreaty indeed, as well as apprehension.

"I sent it, though. I sent it to Relfe from Arkansas."

"How soon? Was it long, — weeks or months first, Father Trost?"

"Well, I was nigh on to four months getting out there, and that was one of the things I attended to firstly after I got there."

"It was too late!" If he had spoken truly, if he wrote the letter, and if they had received it, would all this have happened that had happened since? And did she now wish that all this had not happened, that the people did not know her as Friend Holcombe's wife, and that Rose did not call her "mother"?

"Why was it too late?" said he.

"Have you heard that I am the wife of the preacher, Friend Holcombe?" said she, quickly. "God took away the other, — your letter did not come, — you see how it was, — we said nothing about it. Only a little over four months and he was taken . . ."

"You mean to say it is your and my secret, Miss Dely!"

"Mine certainly," she said. "You remember it was to be made public when we pleased, but not while father lived." While Delia spoke she was steadily regarding the face of the old man. She did not like its expression. She feared that she had spoken unwisely and had angered him, — his violent

temper she remembered of old, — but she had not spoken unawares; she had seen in these few moments since he had, as it were, risen out of the grave, that she must show him that he had nothing to do with her past.

"Come in, let me show you my husband, Mr. Trost," she said, now speaking cheerfully and more kindly. "He happens to be at home to-day. He will remember your name, though he never saw you, perhaps. You left such a record behind you when you went away." While she spoke, Delia led the way to the house, and Father Trost followed her.

"You keep to your old style of wearing-apparel, Miss Dely," he said, in a not unfriendly way.

"We do not change our style, you know. We only grow old, and worse or better."

"You have Scriptur' for your fashion, and there 's a great economy in it," he said, with approval. But eyes that loved grace and beauty more would have looked with less admiration on the scant skirt, the short waist, the awkwardly shaped sleeves of the gown in which Mrs. Holcombe was attired.

They made slow progress through the "first room" of the cottage. At almost every step the old man paused, and leaned upon his stick, and looked around him. He recognized the venerable Dutch clock which adorned one corner, and Delia called his attention to the carpet on the floor. It was one of her mother's weaving. There was a book-shelf too, between the front door and the window, which he remembered hung in the same place in her father's time; he noticed that it contained a greater number of books than of old. He could have told her the title of every volume it contained eighteen years ago. The room, as well as the book-shelf, had undergone a few slight changes. The whitewashed walls were covered with a light and pretty paper. There was a vase containing flowers on the table, and an easy-chair near by, which looked less than a hundred years old. A modern, it was evident, presid-

ed over the home of the ancients, but a modern who was not a cold-blooded innovator. The atmosphere of the place had undergone a change, but not such a change as less than eighteen years must have made in a home belonging to "world's people."

They passed into the kitchen, and again there was halting, but only long enough for Father Trost to note the exceeding order and cleanliness of the domestic arrangements. He had an eye for these signs, and smiled in his way. It was there in the kitchen that Friend Holcombe and the old man met. Friend had come in from the back porch, drawn by the sound of a strange voice.

"Ah," he said, after a single searching glance, "nobody need tell me who this is"; and he gave his hand to Father Trost with a cordiality which proved that in warmth of heart, at least, he was worthy to succeed to the headship of this house. "I was going to tell you, Delia, that I heard to-day Mr. Trost had come back to live among us. Your name is not strange to me, sir, though I have never before met you face to face. You were doing a good work in Swatara when I came here the first time, that was high twenty years ago."

Anybody looking at Delia while her husband spoke could not have failed to see the satisfied pride with which she gazed at him.

Well had the man been named Friend by his mother, who in her heart consecrated him from his birth to the service of his fellows as a friend. All the way up from childhood he had borne the name, conscious that he must redeem the promise it gave to all created beings.

"So you're the man that's in Bishop Rose's place," said Father Trost. From his ministerial habit of addressing a multitude as if it were an individual, he seemed now to be speaking to Delia as much as to her husband, turning from the one to the other.

He could nowhere have found a man and woman in finer physical harmony than these before him. They were models of manly and womanly beauty.

A narrow, selfish, sordid life it was simply impossible that either of them should live; Nature had decreed otherwise. Friend Holcombe's character spoke out in his voice, frank, trustful, generous:—

"Not in the bishop's place, though I preach in the church and have married his daughter. Come into the porch, sir, and rest in the bishop's chair. Rosa,—I will show you our daughter, his grandchild, Father Trost. She has his name, you see."

A girl between eleven and twelve years of age came at this call across the porch and stood by her father. Her parentage was in her face. At her age Friend Holcombe's hair must have been of that golden brown; her forehead, which looked as if it had never been shadowed by a sorrow or marred by a passionate feeling, had the same beautiful shape as that of the man; her sweet blue eyes had an expression which had deepened in his to the great knowledge of a good man; her mouth bore out the testimony her eyes gave to the grace of a godly nature. She did not shrink back from the scrutiny which seemed harshly critical, rather than softly kind, but stepped forward and gave Father Trost her hand before he seemed to perceive that she was there as one of the family, and for something more than inspection.

Just then another girl came from the garden in the rear of the house, a girl taller and older than Rosa, possibly by half a dozen years. Her hands were full of crimson cardinal-flowers, and she had evidently just returned from a long walk; her shoes were soiled, and her face heated; how many miles she had walked with her sun-bonnet under her arm, no one of that group would have ventured to say. She was dressed in the same fashion as the mistress and the daughter of the house, but the attire did not befit her as well as it did either of them; one could hardly help feeling that she was conscious of its awkward unbecomingness. Her dark hair was put up in a knot at the back, but there were short front locks which had es-

caped, and were always escaping this folding, and falling around her forehead and behind her ears in short, wild curls. The face had a graver expression than is often seen, or than is pleasant to see, on the countenance of youth. It was not a fair face, but brown and stained by the exposure to which it had been subjected; freckle and tan abounded. But it was a fine face, the pure gray eyes kept always alive a fire which an emotion or a thought could set aglow; a face capable of expressing nobly a wide range of feeling. Edward Rolfe would have loved it; he would have seen a promise of his mother's beauty in his daughter's countenance, and in her form.

Father Trost was about to sit down, as he had been bidden, in the bishop's chair, when Mrs. Holcombe said, quite suddenly, "Edna, come here"; for the girl, seeing a stranger there, would have gone away again. She shook her head as if she would go in spite of the call; but Delia repeated, "Come, dear," in a way that few persons would have found themselves capable of disregarding. Edna obeyed.

"Our daughter Edna, Father Trost," said Mistress Holcombe, taking her hand, and thus quietly drawing the reluctant form towards her.

"What, another?" he said, and this time he extended his hand. Edna did not seem to see that he did so. She looked at the face before her and found it repulsive and ugly, there was not a feature or a line of it that she did not scan and judge. Old Annie Gell had talked with her from her childhood up as though she had been a woman grown, and she had sharp criticism at her tongue's end concerning the cold, hard eyes, the hanging cheeks, the red wig, the altogether tremendous person of the old man who affected her so disagreeably.

She had caught those words "daughter" and "another," spoken, the one so kindly and the other with unsympathetic surprise, by Mrs. Holcombe and the stranger, and the bitter thing she thought she forthwith said: "As

much a daughter as you are a friend, maybe. Because they were kind and took me in. Do you want Rosa, Mrs. Holcombe?"

Delia looked distressed, perhaps because of the girl's rude speech, perhaps because the "daughter" declined to acknowledge relationship, persisting in that formality of speech which showed her constant recognition of the mere externality of the relationship. But she answered, kindly, "No, dear, not just now. But do you want her?"

"There are plenty of blueberries up the creek."

"But you look so very tired, Edna."

"I am not tired"; and Edna looked at Delia as a child can look at the woman whose soul it can nearly vex to death, knowing partly her power, and capable of repenting, but first of testing fairly the patience and the love to which it intends to yield. "I brought these flowers for you"; saying this she laid the scarlet bloom on Delia's lap.

"You may go," said Delia, "but do not go far; perhaps our friend will stay to tea with us."

"Oh, then we might catch some trout!" exclaimed Rosa, springing from her seat, and looking up at the shelf where the lines were kept.

"That will take too long," said Edna, and her words decided the question. The girls went into the kitchen for pails, and did not return, but passed out by the front door.

"I hope that dreadful thing will be gone when we come back," said Edna, as they closed the gate behind them.

Rosa thought that he was very funny.

"Funny! His face looks as if it was cut out of red leather, with holes for his eyes to stick through; and did you ever see such hands!"

"Well, no matter, father seemed glad to see him," said Rosa, quickly, as if to reconcile Edna to the fact that the old man had come to her parents' house.

"He don't look as though he had any business there."

"But you know," said Rosa, "our house is n't like any other; we always take everybody in."

"O yes, I know," returned Edna, as if it were very painful knowledge. At that Rosa's face turned a bright red, and she wished herself home again. She was always saying the wrong thing to Edna, and now she had reminded her of the fact which Edna had been so long forgetting, and would probably never forget, that she too was one of the wanderers overtaken by night for whom the hospitality of the house had been proven.

Meanwhile Father Trost, who never yet had seen a reason for forbearing to ask concerning anything that excited his curiosity, had turned to Friend Holcombe with, "Who is that girl? Adopted?"

"She has quite a story. She was bequeathed to us less than a year ago," said Mr. Holcombe. "We are quite busy yet trying to make her feel at home here; it has proved a little difficult."

"Pears to me I've seen a face like hers, but I can't locate it. Was she born in your parish?"

Delia looked at the questioner without answering. "Are you going to the root of the matter?" she thought. "Perhaps the sooner the better."

Mr. Holcombe said: "I don't know as we ought to claim old Annie Gell, exactly, but she belonged to us as much as she did to anybody."

"You don't mean to say this girl belonged to her!"

"Not exactly. She is her sister's child, so she has been passed around. We are trying to make the poor child feel at home with us, and it will be strange if my wife does n't accomplish it. Do you find many changes in your parish, sir?"

The question had hardly escaped Mr. Holcombe's lips when Deacon Ent appeared. He brought a message to the preacher, and seemed to be in haste, for he turned to go as soon as he had delivered it.

"You might give me a lift up the mountain, if you are on your road back," said Father Trost.

Delia had already concluded that her

guest intended to remain all night, and she now invited him to do so; but he answered that he had Mary and the cow at home expecting him, and if the Deacon, who was his near neighbor, would take him part way, it would be a timely favor.

The young man expressed his willingness to do so, but had evidently made an exact estimate of the amount of freight he was thus imposing on his favorite colt.

And so with expressions of mutual good-will, Trost and the Holcombes parted. The old man indulged in a bit of pleasantry at the last which cost Delia many a thoughtful moment after.

"I shall be coming across you on your circuit," said he, "but there's room for fair play in the mountains. *My* trumpet is n't one to give forth an uncertain sound."

"Good!" exclaimed Friend, with spirit. "I hope I shall prove that the same may be said of mine."

But Delia, standing back and looking at the two men, thought: "The odds are against us. Those two don't fight with the same kind of weapons. He has n't grown any peaceabler than he was in father's time, and then he claimed that he fought with the sword of the Lord, only because there was war in his heart."

The Deacon and the old man were neighbors, it is true, but they had no joint interest to discuss, and there was no matter of public importance before them which they felt disposed to talk about just now, so the ride along the mountain road toward the mines was enlivened by the exchange of few words. Ent was thinking of the church business which had taken him to the preacher's house, and Father Trost was absorbed by his thoughts on Delia Holcombe's secret. He began to see why it was that he had escaped with his life from savages, and was now again in Swatara. He had his testimony to give against the religious system which could foster liars and hypocrites. Thus the business of Delia's marriage shaped itself to his mind; her fair exterior, her position and influence in the region,

stirred his indignation, fired him with holy resentment. If he had bound himself to regard her secret as her own, it was, nevertheless, his duty to warn the young folks of this neighborhood, and up and down the hills, and through the valley, against the system of which he suddenly remembered the young man by his side was a most zealous upholder.

"I must stop at the furnace a moment for a chain I left there," said the Deacon, driving past the miners' cottages towards the mine.

"Is Mr. Hooper anywhere about here yet, or is everything changed about the works?" asked Trost.

"Hooper is gone; but don't you remember Mr. Elsden? He was down at Emerald for a good while, I believe, in the office there."

"Elsden? Elsdén? Yes, I remember that name."

"That's his office yonder; he's the superintendent of Mr. Boyd's works now. Hooper didn't seem to be the man for the place; but Mr. Elsdén is carrying all before him."

"Well, you might let me out here, August, if you'll be sure to pick me up again. I should like to look at the new man."

"I'll do that, sir," said August; and he dropped his burden at the superintendent's door.

Father Trost, whose memory had lost nothing of its remarkably retentive power in all the long years of his life, had at once associated Mr. Elsdén with Edward Rolfe, and there was one single question which he wished to ask *him*, and that was, "What had become of the engineer?" Dölia had told him a single word concerning his fate; what had a man to say, a man like Elsdén, who had been Rolfe's bosom friend, and was, most likely, in his councils?

Mr. Elsdén was so busy looking over the Pit Hole estimates that he would not have looked a very hearty welcome even at Christopher Boyd himself that afternoon; but when he understood that his visitor was old Father Trost, he

pushed away his papers and was all courtesy. Trost was a man whom he had much wished to see, and had no expectation of seeing. The wish was not based on any prophetic instinct of friendship, as if, "There was a man I should have loved to work with in this benighted region," nothing like this shone from the superintendent's eyes as he shook hands with the old itinerant and said he was right glad he had got back to Swatara; he had merely a curiosity of his own to ease. August Ent was outside, shouting to the minister, before Trost had gone much beyond his expression of wonder at the start things had taken in Swatara, and the surprising way the mines were looking up. When he heard Ent's voice, he said, "I was going to ask you about a young man who was very busy about these parts when I went away, — that was Rolfe, the engineer, — I don't see him around."

"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Elsdén, walking towards the door and then turning back again, with his head bent a little, and a grave expression stealing over his face, "he was a great loss to this region."

"Then he's gone?"

"Gone? Killed, sir, in a minute, — crushed to death, — that must have been seventeen or eighteen years ago."

"What a blow! he was the liveliest man about in those days."

"Yes, sir, it took us a long time to get over it. It killed his sister. He had begun to build his house up here, — the one Mr. Boyd owns and lives in. I dare say he would have married and settled down among us, if he had n't been snatched away; the place seemed to have a great charm for him."

"Is that boy waiting outside there for me?" said Father Trost, and he seemed to be slightly bewildered as he turned towards the door. "Well, I'll say good by t' ye, I'm beholden to him for a lift."

"Come in again, when you are not in haste, sir," said Mr. Elsdén, going to the door with Trost, who, having heard what he wanted to hear, seemed to for-

get that Mr. Elsdon, the elegant gentleman who apparently had been cast away in Swatara by a freak of Providence, so unlikely was the post to be held by such a man, had any other business than to furnish him with the intelligence he happened to want. He went away though, promising that he would come again, to think during the remainder of the drive of that sole partnership of his in Delia Holcombe's secret.

But when Mr. Elsdon went back to his desk, instead of occupying himself

at once with his estimates, he took from a black wallet which he carried in the breast pocket of his coat, a letter, the contents of which were known only to the writer and himself. It was the letter Father Trost had written agreeably to promise, and contained his certificate of the marriage ceremony performed by him at the Emerald station. It had been received at that station not long after Edward's death, and had been tossed by careless hands, with other papers, into a box which Mr. Elsdon had only recently been overhauling.

OUR PAINTERS

II.

THOMAS SULLY.—He, too, was English by birth, but, in his character, manners, appearance, and style of painting, he was the very opposite of Jarvis. Wanting breadth and strength, but being refined, sensitive, courteous, and gentlemanly, he threw his own character into all his pictures, and came to be the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America. Wanting the robust heartiness, and the rich, unctuous humor of Jarvis, he had a sense of beauty, a perception of the graceful and bewitching—of that which gives a high-bred woman dominion over man—of which Jarvis was wholly destitute. Hence the women of Sully, like the men of Stuart and Jarvis, were generally masterpieces. Of a slight frame, a kindly temper, and a pleasant voice, looking, at the age of fifty, as if he were still a young man, like Leigh Hunt; with an air of high breeding which could not well be counterfeited, Mr. Sully has always been a favorite with the better part of mankind,—the women of his day. His female portraitures are oftentimes poems,—full of grace and tenderness, lithe, flexible, and emotional; their eyes, too, are liquid enough and clear enough to satisfy even a husband—or a lover. Nobody ever painted more beautiful

eyes,—not even Gainsborough, nor Sir Thomas Lawrence, nor West the Kentuckian, who, after his return to New York, painted these cairn-gorms and crystal wells, just as we see them in our young dreams, while yet overcharged with poetry, and the blood goes “a rippling to the finger-ends.” But Sully's men were failures; even Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, with his fine classical head of the Roman type, though an excellent likeness of the outward man, was but a shadow in comparison with what Jarvis or Stuart would have made of the subject, while his portrait of Mrs. Robert Gilmore would be enough to establish his reputation as a devout and earnest woman-worshipper.

Sully used to play the flute like a master, and may do so yet, although, when I last heard from him, he did not happen to say so, while speaking of his pastimes; and he continues, I dare say, what is called a ladies' man,—by which we are not to understand that he ever was a coxcomb, or effeminate, or intensely fashionable; but that, by nature, he was made for the companionship of lovable women, being always gentle, considerate, and reverential to the sex.

He never attempted an historical pic-

ture but once, and that only to give away. Having been called upon for a full-length of Washington by the corporation of a Southern city—Charleston, perhaps—he fixed the price,—not more than five hundred dollars, I believe,—and then, the treatment being left wholly to himself, he painted him on horseback, with trimmings or accessories, and gave to the world what he called a portrait, while others, who saw the truth more clearly, called it a remarkably fine historical picture,—the “Passage of the Delaware,” with General Knox, and a corps of artillerymen shouting and tugging at the guns. The white horse on which he had mounted Washington was so emphatic and spirited, that, when I first saw Vandyck’s William of Orange at Warwick Castle, I thought he had borrowed largely from that; and so I dropped him a line on the subject, to which he replied by sending me a sketch of his battle-charger and the majestic rider, and showed that I was altogether mistaken as to the position, drawing, and character.

After a triumphant career of twenty-five or thirty years, Mr. Sully had *realized*, as we say Down-East, a handsome property, which he invested in Pennsylvania bonds, or something of the sort, and, like Sydney Smith and the Austins, lost the whole, or nearly the whole, of his life-long accumulations and hoarded savings. But, undiscouraged, and full of heroic resolution, he set to work afresh, and built himself a large painting-room, and began life anew, for the second or third time, with a large family upon his hands, and hardly a shot in the locker.

At one time, while I was abroad, he wrote me to say that he had a plenty of applications, but no orders; and as he had been long in the habit of making studies in black and white crayons, whenever a subject offered, the good people of Philadelphia, his patrons, seemed to think that such views, being only sketches, you know, were but a pleasant pastime for the artist, and hardly worth acknowledging. He once

made three or four studies of a charming female face for the family and friends, or mayhap the husband, to choose from, and chancing to be near the window, after having waited several days for the answer, his attention was attracted by a negro coming round the next corner with a handful of papers fluttering in the wind. He began to have his misgivings, and after a few minutes the sketches were left at his door, without a word of explanation or apology; and that was the last he heard of the order.

Moved with a just indignation, I slipped a paragraph into the next *Blackwood*, telling the story, as I tell it now, I suppose, though I am not sure, and have no time to verify the details; and the effect upon the brotherhood of “Athenians,” I have reason to believe, was quite a help to Sully, for they grew ashamed of their own heartlessness, and he was soon overrun with applications, which have continued from that day to this, at handsome prices, notwithstanding his great age, and the multiplication of portrait-painters and “damnable face-makers,” not one in fifty of whom could draw a hand, if his life depended on it. Mr. Sully is a capital draughtsman, and has seldom or never made a mistake in face or figure. One habit he had, well worthy of being commemorated. Instead of drawing the whole figure when he blocked out the face, or determining the attitude, he finished the face first, and then threw forward a shoulder, after the manner of Vandyck, whereby he obtained a lifelike, spirited air, oftentimes wholly unexpected.

DOUGHTY, *the Landscape-Painter*.—Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the landscapes of Doughty were among the very best of the age. He was a Pennsylvanian, I believe, and had been brought up to some mechanical pursuit, — coach-painting perhaps, — and his first pictures were of scenery along the Susquehanna, with beautiful skies, foliage dripping with sunshine, or golden river-mist, — such water as you seldom

see anywhere on canvas, and an atmosphere you could breathe. His range was narrow, but within that range he had no rival; and he never passed the boundaries he had established for himself at the beginning; the beautiful, instead of the sublime, dealt he with, even to the last. A man of average size, with a generous, warm-hearted, healthy look and manner, which, if not absolutely genial, were something better, sincere and hearty, he went about making friends to the last, and multiplying pictures of the Susquehanna, till you never could think of the artist apart from the river, nor of the river but as a running accompaniment for the artist, — a transcript of himself, broad, full, and plenteous. I knew him well, and must say that I never knew a worthier man, or a truer artist; but he was exceedingly unfortunate, a doomed man from the first. Again and again after he had gone under, without a hope left, he would reappear on the surface, full of courage and strong purpose, swimming for his life, and striking out like a hero. But the last time he went under he stayed too long, and I do not know that he ever came up again. He had been living in Boston, where he met with such encouragement, poor fellow! that he began to breathe freely once more; and, while he had the means, he determined to go South and seek his fortune. With this view, he put everything he had in the world, pictures and all, on board a packet, and let her sail without insurance; and she went to the bottom, and he followed.

LESLIE, C. W. — Another Englishman by birth, if not by persuasion, although "having been caught young, much was made of him" here, before he went back to his mother. He was at one time in the retail bookstore of Matthew Carey, if I remember aright; and his first remarkable efforts were water-colored portraits of Cooper and Cooke, the tragedians. They were very clever, to be sure, and, though not above six or eight inches high, they were full length, and capital likenesses. They

were on exhibition in the Philadelphia Academy for a long while, and it was there I saw them. After this, he went to England, — took to West, — and ventured upon a picture on a large scale of the "Murdered Princes in the Tower," of which it may be enough to say, that it was no better than the worst of Northcote's, if we may judge by report.

After this, he fell into portrait-painting, but failed, wanting an eye for color, and being unable to see or seize character, though his drawing was both exact and beautiful; then he took to the composition of small cabinet pictures, which soon made him famous. It was in the very meridian of his glory and strength that I first met him; he had just finished his *Sancho* before the *Duchess*, which, with the *Maladê Imaginaire* and the *Importunate Author*, by his friend Newton, were on exhibition at Somerset House.

I found him tall, stiff, and taciturn, with the air of a country schoolmaster, and a serious, though inquisitive look, deep, clear eyes, and the general bearing, not certainly of a fashionable man, or a man of the world on good terms with himself, and everywhere at ease, but of a man to be trusted and believed in. After a long and free conversation about matters and things in general, and authors and painters in particular, and his friend Washington Irving, whose portrait he had painted for love not long before, — a commonplace affair and a bad likeness, — he offered to secure me the lodgings which had been occupied by Irving while the *Sketch-Book* was under way, in Warwick Street, Pall Mall, commonly called Cockspur Street by all save members of Parliament and lodging-house keepers; which offer I accepted, of course, with many thanks. Next, having asked what exercise I was fond of, and what I thought of the small-sword, for an artist or sedentary man, and, being told that with me fencing had long been a passion, and that I looked upon it as a sort of chess for the body, he invited me to Angelo's rooms, where he went occasionally; and then he proposed to take

me to the National Gallery, which was in full blast at the time.

We went to Angelo's on what might well be regarded as a field day, for the large hall was crowded with amateurs and others who seemed to be taking lessons of one another. After introducing me to the elder Angelo, he lost no time in equipping himself and entering the lists, interchanging a few passes with his teacher, but I must say, though unwillingly, that he was a wretched player; being there only for exercise, and not knowing, perhaps, that he might as well fence with the broadside of his painting-room, as to lunge out in the way he did, without an object in view, or feeling the excitement which comes of playing loose. Fencing I regarded as comprehending in itself all the advantages of dancing, riding, swimming, and sparring; small-sword fencing, I mean,—for the broadsword, like the lance drill, whether on horseback or afoot, requires too large an outlay of strength for a delicate hand, which has been trained to deceive or *tromper l'œil*, and I told him so; but he only smiled, as if it were a waste of time to get much in earnest on the subject, with or without an adversary.

Not long after this, we went to the National Gallery together. Soon after entering, he called my attention to a crowd collected before a Christ in the Garden, by Correggio. I had always wanted to look upon something—anything, indeed—of Correggio's, and we moved up to the corner where it was hung. "And this you call a Correggio," said I, after examining it carefully, and studying the composition. The figure of Christ, about six inches high, was meagre and unsatisfactory, the landscape gloomy enough to pass for a Poussin, and the picture itself a decided failure, no matter by whom painted. (On second thought, it may have been Christ at the Well, though I remember nothing of the Samaritan woman.) "Yes, a veritable Correggio," said Leslie. "How do you like it?" "Not at all; in fact, excuse me, but I don't believe it was ever painted by Correggio.

It wants all his leading characteristics," &c. By this time I was talking louder than I ought, and the people about us were listening with evident uneasiness. "But you never saw a Correggio, I think you said." "Never." "How, then, are you able to speak so decidedly?" "From instinct, a sort of intuitive perception which amounts to *assurance* with me." Leslie looked as if he thought so too; for he added, with a grave smile: "That very picture was bought on the judgment of Mr. West and Sir Thomas Lawrence,—two presidents of the Royal Academy, you know,—and cost," I think he said, "three or four thousand guineas." "Can't help it," said I, "that picture was never painted by Correggio"; and as I turned away I heard a low tittering about me, though Leslie kept his countenance, and appeared to enjoy my positiveness and presumption, as a capital joke. Nor did I hear the last of it so long as I remained in England; but, just before I returned to this country, I had the satisfaction of seeing that very picture taken down from the walls, and utterly discarded for imposture, and another, which was truly a Correggio, *The Mother and Child*, one of the most beautiful things ever painted by mortal man, occupying its place, at an outlay of about four thousand guineas. It was even said that the picture which our academicians thought they had secured, was still in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, by whom it had been captured with Soult's baggage in the Peninsular War.

By far the best portrait ever painted by Leslie was that copy of Sir Thomas Lawrence's "West," now in the Philadelphia Academy. There we find, for the first and only time, what appears to be an eye for color, and the picture of itself might almost rank with Titian's; but then it was only a copy, and, of course, the coloring might be copied, as well as the composition. Good copies are often made by painters wholly incapable of using the same colors for themselves. It was so with Teniers, with Rembrandt Peale, and with Hazlett, to whom we are

indebted for some of the finest copies in the world. Even Page, when he copies Titian, appears to work with a feeling for color, not often found in the flesh-tints of his own best pictures.

But Leslie's small cabinet pictures were often admirable, and were always alive with a sly, quiet humor, of the Irving type, a decided individuality; his women were almost always painted from his wife, and were full of character. What on earth should have carried him to West Point not many years before his death, and there converted him into a drawing-master, I never could understand. He had always a plenty of orders ahead, and Earl Grosvenor alone, his first patron, would have kept him employed on his own terms; and, of course, he could not expect orders from abroad while at West Point, even if he should have that abundant leisure busy men so foolishly covet for their old age.

I have this moment lighted on a stray leaf which escaped our Portland fire, summer before last, whereon I find the following notices of Leslie, made at the time we were together:—

"May 11, 1827. — Called with Sully on old Mrs. Bridgen, 8 Buckingham Place, Cleveland Street, where King, Leslie, Morse, Allston, and Bowman had lived. For twenty years she had not been without an American painter. She liked painters, 'they were an innocent kind of people,' she said. King lived with her four years. For nine months he took the clothes off a good bed, which was made every day, wrapped himself up in them, and lay on the floor, that he might have it to say, that 'he had slept on the floor and lived on potatoes.' At last, he was persuaded to sleep in the bed, as winter came on. Sully used to have breakfast and tea. Four pounds of potatoes were bought for the dinner of both. He stayed fourteen months, — all the time he was in London. Leslie was with her eleven years. She has a picture of him at the age of seventeen in a fancy dress, by Morse, — a striking likeness now. I knew it immediately, though Leslie would seem to

be altered in every feature; but the expression is there, — the expression of the eyes, and a sort of smile. One point I saw characteristic of the artist, — a sculptured figure, like Venus of the Bath in the background, very well done for a block of shadow; he began with sculpture before he tried the brush.

"Leslie's early attempts were very odd. Yet there was a good deal of the man's nature in them. There was a church, with children playing about the tombs; one child, a boy, leans back on his left arm, with his back toward you, catching lights on the drapery, — quite in Leslie's best manner. The church would remind you of that in Sir Roger de Coverley. Another sketch by him, of a child sitting up with a shawl wrapped round him, and hanging down below his feet, and a great black bonnet overhung with ostrich-feathers, was charmingly characteristic; shadow on the face admirable, and the face itself not unlike one in his Sir Roger. Portraits very poor — unlike, labored, and wretchedly colored — no flesh-tints. Morse was there [at Mrs. Bridgen's] five years. Allston painted but few portraits; tried with her twice; went to Bristol with his wife, returned, and took a house, partly furnished it, moved in, and lost his wife before the first week was over. She *left him*, he said. He stayed there the first night after her death, and never entered it again; returned to Mrs. Bridgen's. Morse managed to dispose of the pictures. The Dead Man restored to Life on touching the bones of the Prophet he was preparing to exhibit in Pall Mall; was dissuaded, and promised the premium; got it, — it was a trifle only, — and lost the whole profit of the Exhibition (whatever that might be). Allston, Leslie, and Morse had rooms on the opposite side of the street, — a wretched place at the best, where 'they painted, but fed at Mrs. Bridgen's. Bowman had a good deal to do among the Quakers; he 'painted so fast,' they said, 'and thee could see the comb and the hair through the muslin caps.' Morse was there five years.

"There was a picture of Lear and Cordelia by King, very good, strong, and graceful, better in conception than anything else of his I remember. Another of a boy stealing his sister's fruit while she is catching a soap-bubble that he holds over the plate, high up, with one hand, while he seizes the fruit with the other. A good idea, well expressed, though badly colored, and what I should have called *promising*, when it was painted."

ROBERT M. SULLY, nephew of Thomas, a Virginian by birth, and so like his uncle — *great* uncle, I should say, but for the fear of being misunderstood — in speech, voice, and manner, that I never doubted his having copied him, till I found that he had never seen that uncle till he had got his growth, and his habits were all established. He was a fine colorist, a capital draughtsman; and while at London, occupying one of my rooms in Warwick Street, was quite happy in his portraiture. One of Northcote, now in the Philadelphia Academy, — the original drawing of which in lead-pencil I have in my portfolio, on a fragment of paper not two inches square; a capital likeness, — may be regarded as the best he ever painted; and another of myself, a head only, now in England somewhere, as the next. With the former, Northcote himself was delighted; and, with the latter, Leslie; yet mine was too much idealized for a portrait, and would never satisfy a person who respected himself, warts and all, like the Lord Protector. Northcote sent him the following note, which I have now before me: —

"DEAR SIR:—I very much approve of the portrait you have painted of me. It possesses many requisites of a good picture: it has a very striking effect of light and shadow; the attitude is natural and well chosen, and also well drawn. In the countenance you have given expression and character, and, from the manner you have treated the subject as a whole, it is a well-managed picture.

"The portrait of Mr. B——, as well as that of myself, seems to promise much; and that you may succeed to the utmost of your wishes is the sincere desire of, dear sir, your true friend and very humble servant,

"JAMES NORTHCOTE.

"ARGYLE PLACE, July 19, 1826."

Northcote, when Sully painted him, looked like a little, dried-up, withered magician, with his bright black eyes and flowered dressing-gown, and very diminutive figure. One day he was seen pasting upon the pages of a manuscript, figures of animals which he had cut out of different books. He was getting out his "Fables." "You wonder, perhaps, at seeing me do this; but, as everybody knows I can paint animals, I choose to borrow — or steal — in this way." He wanted to murder Opie, as he acknowledged, out of sheer jealousy, — when he foresaw the career he was entering upon. He hated West, — the only *American* painter he ever did hate, he said. West could not tell the truth, he declared; caught him once in a downright — fib. Northcote had signed an address, or a petition, to the king from the academy, "James Northcote," and nothing more. West asked why he did not add R. A. Northcote gave his reasons. West complimented him, and said the king himself had spoken of Northcote's modesty on that score in some other address. "I told West I had never before signed a petition or address to his Majesty in all my life," he added, with unspeakable scorn. Leslie called on Northcote, according to the etiquette of the school, after he had been elected R. A., to thank him for his vote. Northcote did not even ask him in, but received him in the hall. "O, sir," said he, "you need not thank *me*. I had no hand in your election. You didn't have my vote, I promise you."

Sully had some pleasant experiences too. A Scotchman asked his price. Ten guineas. Ten guineas for *that*! Well, take your choice. Man chooses a three-quarters length and has one

sitting, the largest size in the room, — supposing them all of a price. Afraid of being done, he measures them with a pocket-handkerchief, getting down on his knees. “Aha! Mr. Sully,” said he, “you have put eyelashes here, — no eyelashes in mine, sir. Oho! this cravat is neatly done; will mine be as well done? Some pictures will follow you with their eyes, you know.” His master’s did so; and when he looked up from the breakfast-table, it took away his appetite. Sully promised to make this look at everybody in the same way.

Another charming incident of a similar character he related to me one day on his return from the Exhibition, white with rage. He had painted the portrait of a military man of high rank; and, having a horror of the costume that goes out of fashion every two or three years, and of all your close-fitting garments, like that which George IV. used to have stitched upon his back, he painted the coat as much like drapery as it would bear. The picture was up in Somerset House, and one day Sully found a very substantial, well-dressed man of middle age and portly presence standing before it with an expression that startled him. “Mr. Sully,” said he, — for it seems he knew Sully by sight, and had seen the picture before it was finished, — “Mr. Sully, sir, allow me to say that I am sorry to see that picture here.” “Ah!” said Sully, “and why so?” “Why so? my good sir, can you ask why so? Just look at that coat.” “Well, sir, and what of that coat?” “Why, Mr. Sully, every man that sees that picture will naturally ask who made that coat?” “Well, sir, and what then?” said Sully. “What then! well, sir, *I made that coat.*” He was the Duke of York’s tailor, and just the man to satisfy the “fat friend” above mentioned, after he had begun plumping up, till he was ready to burst, and was still in favor with the Marchioness of Conyngham, and others of the “fat, fair, and forty” type.

CHESTER HARDING. — Of course, our people do not require to be told much

of this man’s doings either abroad or at home; for a man, he was indeed — altogether a man, full of generous impulses and large ambition, — and a capital portrait-painter, though a faulty draughtsman, the moment he undertook a full-length. I knew him well. Our acquaintance — our friendship, I might say — began while he was painting John Dunn Hunter, the hero of Hunter’s narrative, which had just been reproduced by Mr. John Murray, and all the “upper crust” of London was in a stew about him. This portrait of Hunter, though badly drawn, had so much of the man’s character, and so much of real flesh and blood in it, as to engage the attention of “most thinking people,” when it was hung up at Somerset House. It was painted for the Duke of Sussex, and led to the painting of His Royal Highness at Kensington Palace, — the best of all Harding’s pictures, by the way, except, perhaps, the Duke of Hamilton, and one other (of which a word or two hereafter), though the hand looked like a mass of raw beef, being both unshapely and unmeaning; yet the drapery was well managed, the likeness admirable, and the coloring worthy of Rubens himself. The other portrait above referred to was mine. It happened, one day, after my return with Harding from Somerset House, where he had seen a portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, just painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, — a light-haired gentleman in the prime of life, just about embarking for St. Petersburg as the princely representative of his sovereign, — that he insisted on my sitting, as I had promised long before, and at once, instead of waiting month after month. He wanted to try certain effects of a purple shadow under light hair, after the style of Lawrence. I consented; and, at the end of a fourth sitting, he turned off what he himself acknowledged to be an atrocious caricature. He had gone out of the way pre-appointed for him, and failed utterly, of course. The picture was turned to the wall, and there remained until about a month before I left London forever,

when I, happening to be in his room one day, he took the portrait up, and, after looking on it a few minutes, begged me to give him another sitting, that he might see if anything could be done with it. I consented; and, within two hours at furthest, he produced — I say it with all seriousness — by far the finest picture he ever painted in his life. It was a two-thirds life-size, and had something of Sir Thomas, and something of Sully too, in the air and carriage, and enough of Harding, in its truthfulness and strength, to make it a treasure. It was sent forthwith to my friend, the late Henry Robinson of Brookline, Mass., and, after his death, presented to my eldest daughter by his widow. On her removal to Portland the picture came with her, and was destroyed in the great fire. Would it were extant now! It would show what no other picture of Harding's ever did show, — what the man was capable of, when pushed to the uttermost.

Hunter, before introducing our friend to the Duke of Sussex, assured his Royal Highness that Harding was a backwoodsman, who, without any help, or instruction, had taken to portrait-painting in a fit of enthusiasm, or inspiration. This delighted the Duke, who was a thoroughgoing republican at heart — or in theory — and he sent off immediately for Harding, and sat for his picture, which opened the way for all the success that followed, with Mr. Coke, the Duke of Hamilton, and others, both in England and Scotland.

WEST, *the Kentuckian*. — This fine artist, known all over the earth now, wherever Byron has been heard of, is best known by his portraits of that unhappy man, and his *chère amie*, the Countess Guiccioli. I met with him first in London, where much of his time was spent in multiplying copies of his Lordship, at five hundred guineas apiece, and of the Countess for something less than half price. Lady Caroline Lamb, who, it must be acknowledged, knew Byron well, and had reason to know him, used to come and sit down

before his picture, and stay hour after hour, breathing hard, and wiping her eyes when she thought herself unobserved, saying it was the only likeness of his Lordship that had ever been painted; that by Phillips being a caricature, and half a score of others only supposititious, — all the painters being determined to represent the *poet* instead of the *man*. West gave him with a full, pleasant face, a clear complexion, large blue eyes, chestnut hair: blue eyes, I say, though I may be mistaken, for the eyes of West were wonders, — iridescent, clear, and changeable; but there was no melancholy, no pouting, no sulking, as if somebody else had “got a bigger bun,” — to borrow an idea of Mrs. Leigh Hunt, — which Byron never forgot nor forgave. And here it may not be amiss to give some of West's reminiscences that just occur to me.

The first time he ever saw Guiccioli, she came to a window and looked in, while he was painting Byron. He was quite startled, thinking the face that of a young girl, out for a romp among the daisies and buttercups, and never dreaming that the Countess herself was there, overseeing his work with her innocent, girlish face. Byron was a sad dog at the best, and used to speak of her, just as he did of a little plump chambermaid, with whom he was on rather familiar terms, sometimes acknowledging a preference for the *contadina* while coquetting with the *contessa*.

Once Byron complimented West extravagantly on his courage, because he did not hide himself, when a servant of his Lordship was running a muck through the court-yard, and threatening everybody that came in his way — all which ended with the man's kissing and hugging his Lordship. Byron had retreated to his chamber; but West, believing it only a bit of acting, a mere flourish on the part of Pietro, went forth and met him in the midst of his tantrums, whereupon, after a few more extravagances, he burst into tears, and finished by beslobbering his Lordship,

who met him at the top of the stairs, after the fit was over. Of course, we all remember how Byron complimented Lady Hester Stanhope for her horsemanship, when she was mounted on a very commonplace animal, neither vicious nor spirited, which anybody might have ridden.

One day, when West was hard at work on his Cupid and Psyche, which was soon after engraved for a London annual, a sculptor tried to borrow the idea; but West said, "No; if you should outlive me, I may be charged with borrowing from you," and he appealed to me. I took the same view. While chatting with him at this time, he told me that Byron liked borrowing, as he proved; and that he said something West admired very much in Childe Harold was "*gin*, only *gin*." But one of the richest things he told me was the following. He was engaged on the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, and had nearly finished, when the mother came to see it, bringing with her a sister from the country. After looking at the picture for several minutes without speaking, the sister exclaimed, "Why, Maria! why didn't you have blue eyes?" "Blue eyes! why, my eyes are brown!" "O, but blue eyes are so much prettier!"

Not long after this, he undertook my portrait, chiefly, I dare say, that I might be led to unsay what I had published about his chalkiness. The drawing was beautiful, the coloring bad; but long before he had finished what everybody who knew us both acknowledged to be one of his triumphs, he managed to introduce a yellow pocket-handkerchief with small red stars in it, which completely demoralized the picture. I never saw it again. He was incorrigible, and what nature had denied, no study or labor could give him.

CHARLES CODMAN. — *Landscape*. — One of our earliest and finest landscape-painters. Until his day, our painters, with a few exceptions (Sargent, Dunlap, Allston, Morse, and Peale), had confined themselves to history and

portraiture, seldom or never venturing upon landscape. One day, soon after my return from abroad, I happened to dine at the Elm Tavern in Portland. While at table, my attention was directed to what seemed the strangest paper-hangings I had ever seen, — a forest of large trees, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and crowded with a luxuriant undergrowth. Upon further examination, I found these paper-hangings to be painted in oil; and learned, upon inquiry, that they were the work of a sign-painter. They were masterly, and I lost no time in hunting the artist up. I found him in the midst of his workshop half buried in signs, banners, fire-buckets, and all sorts of trumpery, which he had collected as a curiosity-hunter. I ordered a picture, which he spoiled by overdoing; and then another, which I have now, — the first he ever painted worth mentioning, though he went over the foliage with a pin before he considered it finished. After this I obtained orders from the late T. A. Deblois, Simon Greenleaf, and others of my acquaintance; and he continued improving, not slowly and step by step, but by leaps and strides, until he produced some of the most beautiful things I know of. One day, when he was just beginning to paint freely and heartily, I told him I thought he must have begun life with some painter of tea-trays, or pottery, or clock-faces. He laughed, and acknowledged that he had been apprenticed to Willard, the clock-maker of Roxbury, where he did paint nothing but clock-faces; and that after this, he worked for Peniman, the sign-painter of Boston.

JOHN ROLLIN TILTON. — *Landscape*. — This wonderful man deserves a chapter, and we can barely afford him a page or part of a page, — a touch-and-go notice at most. Our acquaintance began as follows. Mr. John A. Poor, one of the directors of the Montreal and St. Lawrence Railway, called on me to look at some car-panels, which had just been painted in landscape for the corporation. The late Judge Preble, Pres-

ident of the road, it seems, had complained of Mr. Poor's extravagance, believing the panels must have been very costly, — not less than twenty or thirty dollars apiece. They were very clever and spirited, with water and atmosphere such as we see in life; but had evidently been dashed off in a fit of inspiration. "What should they have cost?" said Mr. Poor. "They would be cheap at ten or fifteen dollars apiece," I said, "though the astonishing facility of touch I see might have enabled the painter to do them for much less." "Well, sir, they cost us just twenty-five cents apiece: we paid him a dollar and a half a day, and he painted them all in one day. There he is now, — shall I introduce him?" "By all means," and straightway we became acquainted. He was a tall, pleasant-looking fellow, a mere stripling, — not over nineteen, I believe, and rather shy. He was a New Hampshire boy, and, when urged to undertake something worthier of his fine talents, he answered that he had a mother to support, and, with the wages he was earning, — a dollar and a half a day, — he could get along very well, and was not inclined to run any risk. Nevertheless I persisted, and got him into my back office, where he began to throw off his landscapes with a most alarming readiness; though the first he painted for me, instead of being full of poetry and fine atmospheric effects, was overlabored to such a degree as to leave nothing of his natural manner. But he soon broke away from such finishing, and produced landscapes of extraordinary merit, though full of errors and extravagances. In bringing out effects, he paid little attention to drawing; and, though his trees were distinguishable, they were never characteristic. He generalized nature, and soon fell into a style astonishingly like that of Claude de Lorraine, though he had never seen a picture of that master at the time; and I have now on my walls a picture of "Cape Cottage,"

a sort of marine villa, then belonging to me, on Cape Elizabeth, and now converted into a watering-place, which was wonderfully like some of Claude's in treatment and coloring. After this he went to Italy, where he has remained ever since, occupying a place in the very foremost rank of landscape-painters, whether living or dead, and having his own prices, and orders from all parts of the world, until, of late, he has refused to make any more engagements. He is now married to a woman of fine literary taste, and, as they have two charming children, of course he may be regarded as being settled for life.

In Portland, where we always have had for the last thirty years one or more landscape-painters worthy of high praise, we have now Harry Brown, whose pictures are making their way right and left all over the land; and two or three more, like Hudson, who will find it no easy matter, with all their cleverness, to keep up the reputation of our city for landscape. In portraiture we have done just nothing at all. Portland never produced a portrait-painter worth mentioning, except the younger Cole, whose brother went to Boston, and there painted some very clever pictures. But enough.

P. S. In my last, (see December, 1868, Atlantic, page 647,) where I have to do with Mr. Titian Peale, now in the Patent Office at Washington, where his fine talents, accuracy, and large experience are turned to the best account, I wrote "Lewis and Clarke," when I should have written "Major Long's Expedition." I am reminded also by Dr. J. Ray, that Franklin Peale was a fifth son of Rembrandt.

For "enthroned *mysteries*," with a comma, page 645, please read "enthroned *mystery* —" with a dash. If a spare and could be slipped into another period on page 649, after "more than once," so that it might read "more than once, and I drove Breckenridge," &c., it would be a relief to my friend Ray and myself.

THE FATAL ARROW.

MY father had a fair-haired harvester ;—
I gleaned behind him in the barley-land ;
And there he put a red rose in my hand :
O cruel, killing leaves those rose-leaves were !

He sung to me a little lovelorn lay,
Learned of some bird ; and while his sickle swept
Athwart the shining stalks, my wild heart kept
Beating the tune up with him all the way.

One time we rested by a limpid stream,
O'er which the loose-tongued willows whispered low ;
Ah blessed hour ! so long and long ago,
It cometh back upon me like a dream.

And there he told me, blushing soft — ah me !—
Of one that he could love,—so young, so fair,
Like mine the color of her eyes and hair :
O foolish heart ! I thought that I was she !

Full flowed his manly beard ; his eyes so brown
Made sweet confession with their tender look ;
A thousand times I kissed him in the brook,
Across the flowers, — with bashful eyelids down.

And even yet I cannot hear the stir
Of willows by a water but I stop,
And down the warm waves all their length I drop
My empty arms, to find my harvester.

In all his speech there was no word to mend ;
Whate'er he said, or right or wrong, was best,
Until at last an *arrow* pierced my breast,
Tipt with a fatal point, — he called me *friend* !

Still next my heart the fading rose I wore,
But all so sad ; full well I knew, God wot,
That I had been in love and he had not,
And in the barley-field I gleaned no more.

POPULARIZING ART.

THE impatience of a German washerwoman led to the invention of lithography. The history of that elegant art begins with a homely domestic scene, which occurred at Munich about the year 1793, and in which three characters figured, — Madame Senefelder, the poor widow of an excellent actor, then recently deceased; her son, Alois Senefelder, aged twenty-two, a young man of an inventive turn; and the impatient washerwoman just mentioned. The washerwoman had called at the home of this widow for the weekly "wash"; but the "list" was not ready, and the widow asked her son to take it. He looked about the room for a piece of paper upon which to write it, without being able to find the least fragment, and he noticed also that his ink was dry. Washerwomen are not apt to be overawed by such customers, and this one certainly did not conceal her impatience while the fruitless search was proceeding. The young man had in the apartment a smooth, soft, cream-colored stone, such as lithographers now use. He had also a mass of paste made of lampblack, wax, soap, and water. In the hurry of the moment, he dashed upon the soft, smooth stone the short list of garments, using for the purpose this awkward lump of oily paste. The washerwoman went off with her small bundle of clothes, peace was restored to the family, and the writing on the stone remained.

To understand how so trifling a circumstance caused the invention of lithography, it is necessary to know why this young man had in his house that flat, smooth stone and that soapy black lump, and how it happened that his ink was dry, and that not the smallest piece of paper could be found in the room. If it is humiliating to the pride of man to learn what a great part Accident plays in discoveries, we are somewhat reassured when we perceive

that it is only a specially trained, active, penetrating human intelligence which can interpret and follow up the hint which Accident gives. Our washerwoman, reader, might drive us raving mad with her impatience, but I fear we should never invent anything remarkable in consequence. But this Alois Senefelder was prepared for his washerwoman by previous experiment and brooding thought.

He had been a law student to please his father; but upon his father's death, the poverty of the family compelled him to abandon a distasteful pursuit, and he hastened to try the stage. The coldness of the audience announced to him that he had not inherited his father's talent, and the manager could only offer him the position of supernumerary, which he accepted. While performing silent parts, he devised speeches and situations for more gifted actors. Some of his plays were performed, and with such success that he deemed it worth while to print them; and this led to his becoming intimately conversant with the whole art and mystery of printing. Having plenty of leisure, and a plentiful lack of everything else, it occurred to him to try and save expense by printing his own plays; and, with that end in view, he proceeded to experiment with sealing-wax, wood, and other substances. Not succeeding in getting a good impression from wax or wood, he attempted to engrave a copperplate by the aid of aqua-fortis. But before applying this biting liquid, he had to cover his copperplate with the varnish that engravers use for the purpose, and write upon it a page of print backwards. It is not easy to write printing letters backwards; he made many mistakes; and one mistake might spoil a most laboriously written page. To lessen this difficulty, he contrived the mixture of wax, soap, lampblack, and water referred to above, with which he used to

cover over his errors, and write upon it the correct word. This accounts for his having in his house so unusual a mixture, which was, in fact, an *oily pencil*, — one of the essentials of the art, then unknown, of taking impressions from a writing or drawing upon stone.

He succeeded, at length, in getting a tolerable proof of one page from his copperplate. But plates of polished copper are expensive, and the poor German playwright could not continue his experiments with them. In the neighborhood of Munich the slabs of soft stone, since used by lithographers, are found; and it now occurred to the experimenter to try and engrave his works upon them. It is a *lime* stone, which, though soft when taken from the quarry, hardens after exposure to the air. He cut some letters upon the surface of one of the slabs which he had brought with his own hands from the banks of the Inn; but the result was not encouraging, and he only waited for his purse to be replenished to continue his experiments upon copper. Meanwhile he used to cover his flat stone with engraver's varnish, and upon the surface thus prepared practise writing backwards. On the morning of the washerwoman's visit he had in his room a stone which he had been roughening a little to receive the varnish, and it lay before him fresh and clean. Every scrap of paper in the house he had used in taking proofs from his copperplate and engraved stones; and the ink of this dramatic author was dry because, in his eagerness to print, he had ceased to write. Hence it was that, to get rid of an impatient washerwoman, he wrote the list of clothes upon a surface of limestone with a soapy, waxy pencil. The wax was of no importance. The secret of what followed was that he had written upon limestone with a pencil of which *grease* was an ingredient.

In fact, the whole art of lithography and chromo-lithography depends upon two facts of chemistry, — that water and oil will not mix, and that oil and lime will.

Before rubbing out his hasty scrawl, it occurred to him to try whether the letters would resist aqua-fortis; a weak dilution of which he poured over the stone, and let it remain wet for five minutes. He found, or fancied, that the aqua-fortis had eaten away the stone to the depth of one line, leaving the letters in slight relief. His next thought was to see if it were possible to take an impression of his list upon paper. After many experiments and failures, he succeeded in contriving a method by which he could cover his letters with ink, and keep the rest of the surface clean. He found it was only necessary to wet the whole surface of the stone before applying his inking pad. The film of water kept the oily printers' ink from adhering to the stone, but did *not* keep it from adhering to the letters written upon the stone with soap and lampblack. He laid his paper upon the stone, applied the requisite pressure, and lo! an excellent proof of his washing list! Lithography was invented. The process was complete. It only remained to devise apparatus for executing it with facility and despatch.

The great secrets of the art are these three: 1. A limestone surface; 2. An oily pencil in drawing upon that surface; 3. Wetting the stone before putting on the oily printing-ink.

Every one familiar with the history of inventions can guess perfectly well what next befell this inventor without being told. It is ever the same old story. After reducing himself very near the verge of starvation by continuing his experiments, and being at his wits' end, a man who had been drawn as a conscript in a neighboring province offered him fifty dollars if he would serve in his stead. Senefelder accepted the offer, but, upon presenting himself at the station, he was rejected as a foreigner, and compelled to return to Munich. Then he revealed his secret to the Court musician, and represented to him how well adapted the new process was to the printing of music, which was then only printed upon copperplates at great cost. The Court musician was convinced.

He joined the inventor in setting up at Munich the first lithographic establishment that ever existed in the world; where, amid poverty and discouragement, Senefelder toiled on, inventing presses, utensils, processes, and methods, patiently developing the art which he had created. Of course, the engravers and draughtsmen of that day either poooh-pooohed lithography as something contemptible and transitory, or denounced it as inimical to the interests of art; and we may be sure that some of the art critics of the time smiled derision upon the inventor's exertions, and maintained that the slightest sketch from an artist's hand was more to be desired than the best lithograph which mechanism could assist in producing. It is mentioned, as an evidence of the slight importance attached to the new art, that on one occasion the Academy of Munich voted to Senefelder and his partner the sum of twelve florins to aid them in their experiments. The inventor, however, as inventors frequently do, triumphed at length over foes and friends, and, after about twenty years of unrequited labor, secured a small but sufficient share of the results of his invention.

He lived to the year 1834. I am assured by the most eminent lithographer of the United States, that Senefelder created almost the entire process, as now conducted, by which plain lithographs are produced, and that he lived to see that branch of the art reach its utmost development. Better plain lithographs were executed in the inventor's own lifetime than it has since been thought worth while to attempt. He also brought the art of tinting lithographs as far as it has ever gone, although, perhaps, he did not himself execute the best specimens. Finally, he more than suggested the application of the process by which those chromo or color lithographs are produced, which now adorn our abodes, and which are pushing from cottage and farm-house and barber-shop walls the gorgeous daubs of Napoleon crossing the Alps, the portraits of "Emma," the engrav-

ings of General Washington ascending to heaven borne by angels in Continental uniform, the representations of Edwin Forrest in the part of Rolla, holding aloft in fearful peril the child of a supernumerary, which used to disfigure them. It is seldom that in a single lifetime an invention is developed so far as this, and applied to so many uses.

The part which Accident played in the invention of lithography is more than usually remarkable. Since the day when Alois Senefelder, wandering thoughtful on the banks of Isar, near Munich, picked up specimens of that peculiar limestone, and brought home a slab to engrave upon, the earth has been carefully looked over, and the geologists have been closely questioned, for lithographic stones; but none have been found equal to those which he there discovered, seventy-five years since. That quality of stone has increased in price, until it now sells in our seaports at thirty-five cents a pound, which makes a stone twenty inches square worth about fifty dollars; but we can get no supplies of it except in the region where Accident revealed its existence to our poor playwright in 1793. If he had daubed his washing-list on marble or slate, nothing would have come of it. If he could only have found a small fragment of a play-bill or newspaper lying about in his room, we might never have had lithography. If his ink had not been dry, he would doubtless have used that in writing upon the stone, and from such an ink no impressions could have been taken. If his washerwoman had been so happy as to possess a tranquil mind, or if she had had no crying baby at home, or had held the Senefelder family in more respect, the poor lad might have kept her waiting while he ran in next door and borrowed a piece of paper. If he had not mixed some soap in his paste, and thus added to it the ingredient of oil, which forms the requisite chemical combination with the limestone, he would have experimented fruitlessly with his washing-list. If he

and his mother had not been very poor, and in all respects circumstanced just as they were and where they were, mankind might not for ages to come, and might never, have attained to lithography, and we should not have been the happy possessors of Mr. Prang's chromos. It is startling to consider how near we all came to losing Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy." Two inches of waste paper the more, or a small piece of yellow soap the less, and the public might never have had that interesting child.

Chromo-lithography, by which our houses and school-rooms are now filled with beautiful pictures, is a combination of Senefelder's invention with an ancient method of printing in colors by using two or more blocks. Antiquity, however, only gave the hint, which has been developed with wonderful rapidity by accomplished artists and artisans in Germany, France, England, and the United States, — the German Engelmann being the chief originator of methods. The first patents relating to chromo-lithography bear date 1835, and in these forty-four years the art has made such progress, that copies of fine oil-paintings are now daily produced which contain all of the original picture which the public can see, and which none but a close observer can tell from the original. At Prang's manufactory of chromos in Boston there is a gallery in which the proprietor sometimes hangs, side by side, an oil painting and the chromo-lithograph taken from it, both framed alike. I think that not even the artist who painted the picture could always tell them apart, and I am sure that few others could. It would be a safe thing to wager that the critics who have endeavored to write down these beautiful productions would not be always able, without handling them, to decide which was brush and which was printing-press.

The process by which these chromo-lithographs are produced is simple, but it is long, delicate, and expensive. One of the chromos most familiar, just now, to the public is that of the boy

referred to above, in the painting of which Mr. Eastman Johnson endeavored to express upon canvas that which Mr. Whittier had already written in verse : —

" Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan ;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry-whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy ;
I was once a barefoot boy ! "

It is a small picture, — about thirteen inches by ten, — but to reproduce it in chromo-lithograph requires twenty-six slabs of stone, weighing not far from two tons, and worth fourteen hundred dollars. The time occupied in preparing these stones for the press is about three months ; and when once the stones are ready, an edition of a thousand copies is printed in five months more. And yet, although the original is worth a thousand dollars, and the process of reproduction is so long and costly, a copy is sold for five dollars, — a copy, too, which, to nineteen-twentieths of the public, says as much, and gives as much delight every time it is looked at, as the original work could. It may be possible, in a few words, to convey some idea of the manner in which this particular boy, standing barefoot upon a rock in a brook, with trees, a grassy bank, and blue sky behind him, is transferred from a thousand-dollar canvas to whole stacks of five-dollar pasteboard.

As far as possible, the chromo-lithographer produces his copy by the method which the artist employed in painting the original. One great difference between painting and printing is, that the printer puts on all his color at once, while the painter applies color in infinitesimal quantities. One crush of the printing-press blackens the page ; but a landscape grows and brightens gradually under the artist's hand, as the natural scene which he is representing ripens and colors under the softer touches of the sun, the warm winds and gentle showers of April and May. As

far as possible, I say, the chromo-lithographer imitates these processes of art and nature by applying color in small quantities and by many operations. He first draws upon a stone, with his pencil of soap and lampblack, a faint shadow of the picture, — the outline of the boy, the trees, and the grassy bank. In taking impressions from this first stone an ink is used which differs from printers' ink only in its color. Printers' ink is composed chiefly of boiled linseed oil and lampblack; but our chromo-lithographer, employing the same basis of linseed oil, mixes with it whatever coloring matter he requires. In taking impressions from the first stone in laying, as it were, the foundation of the boy, he prefers a browned vermilion. The proof from this stone shows us a dim beginning of the boy in a cloud of brownish-red and white, in which can be discerned a faint outline of the trees that are by and by to wave over his head. The face has no features. The only circumstances clearly revealed to the spectator are, that the boy has his jacket off, and that his future trousers will be dark. Color is placed, first of all, where most color will be finally wanted.

The boy is begun. He wants more vermilion, and some portions of the trees and background will bear more. On the second stone, only those portions of the picture are drawn which at this stage of the picture require more of that color. Upon this second stone, after the color is applied, the first impression is laid, and the second impression is taken. In this proof, the boy is manifestly advanced. As the deeper color upon his face was not put upon the spots where his eyes are to be, we begin to discern the outline of those organs. The boy is more distinct, and the general scheme of the picture is slightly more apparent.

As yet, however, but two colors appear, — brown-vermilion and white. On the third stone the drawing is made of all the parts of the picture which require a blue coloring, — both those that will finally appear blue and those which

are next to receive a color that will combine with blue. Nearly the whole of the third stone is covered with drawing; for every part of the picture requires some blue, except those small portions which are finally to remain white. The boy is now printed for the third time, a bright blue color being spread upon the stone. The change is surprising, and we begin now to see what a pretty picture we are going to have at last. The sky is blue behind the boy, and the water around the rock upon which he stands is blue; there is blue in his eyes and in the folds of his shirt; but in the darker parts of the picture the brown-vermilion holds its own, and gains in depth and distinctness from the intermixture with the lighter hue.

Stone number four explains why so much blue was used upon number three. A bright yellow is used in printing from number four, and this color, blending with the blue of the previous impression, plasters a yellowy disagreeable green on the trees and grass. The fifth stone, which applies a great quantity of brown-vermilion, corrects in some degree this dauby, bad effect of the yellow, deepens the shadows, and restores the spectator's confidence in the future of the boy. In some mysterious way, this liberal addition of vermilion brings out many details of the picture that before were scarcely visible. The water begins to look like water, the grass like grass, the sky like sky, and the flesh like flesh. The sixth stone adds nothing to the picture but pure black; but it corrects and advances nearly every part of it, especially the trunks of the trees, the dark shade upon the rocks, and portions of the boy's trousers. Stone number seven gives the whole picture, except the figure of the boy, a coat of blue; which, however, only makes that bluer which was blue before, and leaves the other objects of their previous color, although brighter and clearer. The eighth stone merely puts "madder lake" upon the boy's face, hands, and feet, which darkens them a little, and gives them a reddish tinge. He is, however, far from

being a pleasing object; for his eyes, unformed as yet, are nothing but dirty blue spots, extremely unbecoming. The ninth stone, which applies a color nearly black, adds a deeper shade to several parts of the picture, but scarcely does anything for the boy. The tenth stone makes amends by putting upon his cheeks, hands, and feet a bright tinge of blended lake and vermilion, and giving to his eyes a somewhat clearer outline.

To an inexperienced person the picture now appears to be in a very advanced stage, and many of us would say, Put a little speculation into that boy's eyes, and let him go. Trees, rocks, grass, water, and sky look pretty well,—look a thousand times better than the same objects in paintings which auctioneers praise, and that highly. But we are only at the tenth stone. That child has to go through the press sixteen times more before Mr. Prang will consider him fit to appear before a fastidious public.

Stones number eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen all apply what seems to the uninstructed eye mere black. The colors are, indeed, extremely dark, although not pure black, and the chief object of these six impressions is to put into the picture those lines and shadows which the eye just mentioned cannot understand, but only enjoys. It is by such minute applications of color that a picture is raised from the scale of merit which escapes censure to that which affords delight. The last of these shading stones gives the boy his eyes, and from this time he looks like himself.

The seventeenth stone lays upon the trees and grass a peculiar shade of green that corrects them perceptibly. Number eighteen just touches the plump cheeks, the mouth and toes of the boy with mingled lake and vermilion, at which he smiles. The last seven stones continue the shading, deepening, and enriching of the picture by applying to different parts of it the various mitigations of black. It is then passed through the press upon a stone which is grained in such a way as to impart to the pic-

ture the roughness of canvas; after which it is mounted upon thick paste-board and varnished. The resemblance to the original is then such that it is doubtful if Mr. Eastman Johnson could pick out his own boy if he were surrounded with a number of copies.

It is not every picture that admits of such successful treatment as this, nor does every chromo-lithographer bestow upon his productions so much pains and expense. A salable picture could be made of this boy in ten impressions; but, as we have seen, he receives twenty-six; and the process might be prolonged until a small quarry of stones had been expended upon him. Some landscapes have been executed which required fifty-two stones, and such pictures advance to completion by a process extremely similar to that employed by an artist. That is to say, color is applied to them very much in the same order, in the same minute quantities, and with an approach to the same intelligent delicacy of touch. It is an error to regard these interesting works as mechanical. A mere mechanic, it is true, by a certain Chinese servility of copying, can produce an extremely close, hard imitation of an oil painting; and much work of this kind is done in Germany and England. But in our Boston establishment no mechanic puts pencil to one of the stones employed in producing fine pictures. The artistic work is executed by artists of repute, who have themselves produced respectable paintings of the kind which they are employed to imitate. Any one who watches Mr. Haring transferring to a long series of lithographic stones Mr. Hill's painting of the Yosemite Valley will perceive that he is laboring in the spirit of an artist and by the methods of an artist. It would be highly absurd to claim for any copyist equal rank with the creator of the original, or to say that any copy can possess the intrinsic value of an original. But it is unjust to reduce to the rank of artisans the skilful and patient artists who know how to catch the spirit and preserve the details of a fine

work, and reproduce in countless copies all of both which the public can discern.

This art of chromo-lithography harmonizes well with the special work of America at the present moment, which is not to create, but to diffuse; not to produce literature, but to distribute the spelling-book; not to add to the world's treasures of art, but to educate the mass of mankind to an intelligent enjoyment of those which we already possess. Our poets, most of them, are gray-beards, and it does not yet appear that their places are to be filled when they are gone. Our few literary men of established rank are descending into the vale of years, and their successors have not emerged into view. In the region of the fine arts there are indications of more vigorous life; but our young artists do not seem so willing as the great men of old to submit to the inexorable conditions of a lasting and a *growing* success,—a simple, inexpensive life, steady toil, Spartan fare, and a brain uncontaminated by narcotics. And if, in the department of original science, we can boast of one great name, it is the name of a person whom we only had the sense to appropriate, not the honor to produce. Meanwhile, what our sweet and tenderly beloved Tory friends amiably style “the scum of Europe” pours upon our shores, chokes up our cities, and overspreads the Western plains. When a Tory speaks of the “scum of Europe,” or of “the dregs of the people,” he merely means the people whom *his* barbaric and all-grasping meanness has kept ignorant and poor. These people, as well as the emancipated slaves of the South, it devolves upon us of this generation and the next to convert into thinking, knowing, skilful, tasteful American citizens. Mr. Prang has finished his new manufactory just in time. By his assistance we may hope to diffuse among all classes of the people that, ~~feeling~~ for art which must precede the production of excellent national works.

The public have shown an alacrity to possess these beautiful pictures. In April, 1861, Louis Prang was proprietor

of a small lithographic establishment in the fourth story of a building in Boston. The impending war had not merely injured his business, but brought it to an absolute standstill. His presses were covered with dust; he had dismissed his workmen; no one came near him; and, being still in debt for his presses and stones, he was not to be reckoned, just then, among the fortunate of his species. One day, at the time when all eyes were directed to the pregnant events occurring in Charleston Harbor, when Sumter and Moultrie were on every tongue and in every heart, a friend chanced to show the anxious lithographer an engineer's plan of that harbor, with the positions of all the forts, shoals, and channels marked, with a map of the city in its proper place, drawings of the forts in the corners, and the distances indicated. “This would be a good thing for you to publish,” said his friend. It was an oar thrown to a drowning man. A few days after, the occupants of the lofty building in which Mr. Prang had his small shop were at first surprised, and then annoyed, by the thunder of newsboys and errand-boys tramping up and thumping down the stairs leading to the lithographer's room. Four presses were soon running. The master of the shop, with surprise and pleasure beaming from his countenance, of late so dejected, was handing out copies of the map by ones, twos, dozens, twenties, and hundreds, damp from the stones, as fast as the presses could print them. On the first day, before the map had got into the shop windows and upon the news-stands, so large a number of single copies were sold, at twenty-five cents each, by the publisher himself, that he had at night a hatful of silver coin. The flow of cash came so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that he did not know where to put it, and was obliged to use his hat, for want of a reservoir more convenient. The little map was a marvellous hit. It sold to the extent of forty thousand copies before the public mind was turned to other scenes.

And you may be sure that, when the public mind had gone over the Long Bridge into Virginia, Mr. Prang was ready with another map, and that during the four years which followed it was not his fault if the people did not perfectly comprehend the various Seats of War. One of his maps, drawn so that each person could mark for himself the changing positions of the two armies, was in such demand that he had six presses running upon it, night and day, for several weeks, and sold hundreds of thousands of copies. When maps flagged, he started those card-portraits of popular generals, of which millions were sold, at ten cents each, chiefly to the army. Then followed sheets of heads, — fifty heads upon one large card, — which had considerable success.

In this way was accumulated the capital upon which Mr. Prang's present business of chromo-lithography was founded. He began with those extremely pretty cards which enliven young ladies' albums. He invited a lady of Boston, noted for her skill and taste in painting flowers and fruit, to paint for him twelve wild-flowers from nature, each on a card of the usual album size. These he lithographed in colors, and followed them with sets of mosses, butterflies, birds, roses, autumn leaves, fruit, dogs, landscapes, and many others. All of these were painted from nature, and reproduced with great fidelity. Some of them are exceedingly popular with the possessors of albums; one set of twelve beautiful roses having already reached a sale of fifty thousand sets. And so, by successive steps, this able man arrived at the production of full chromo-lithographs. His first attempts were failures. A set of four Cuban scenes, the first of the Prang chromos, which were sold together in a paper portfolio, did not strike the public favorably. There was nothing to hang up in the parlor. Mr. Prang next tried a pair of landscapes, which also failed to lure five-dollar bills from the passers-by. His third attempt was Tait's Group of Chickens, and this was

an immediate, great, and permanent success. This encouraged him to persevere, until now his list of full chromos embraces forty subjects, and he has been able to build the first factory that was ever erected for a lithographic business in any part of the world. With seventy men and forty presses, he is only just able to supply the demand. It would now be hard to find a house or school-room in which there is not somewhere a bit of brilliancy executed at this establishment.

In order to value aright the advantage it is to the public to be able to buy a truly beautiful little picture, correct in drawing and natural in color, for the price of a pair of slippers, it is necessary for us to know what pictures these chromos displace. It is not true that they lessen the demand for excellent original works. The ostentation of the rich, in this kind of luxury, ministers to the pleasure of the rest of mankind; just as the pride of a class pays for the opera, which the poor man can enjoy for next to nothing in the gallery. The reason why I, in this city of New York, own a fine park of eight hundred acres, is because sundry rich men felt the need of a more convenient place for displaying their equipages on fine afternoons. We may rely upon it, that the persons who now buy expensive works will continue so to do, and that these chromos will enhance, rather than diminish, the value of originals; because the possession of an original will confer more distinction when every one has copies; and it is *distinction* which the foolish part of our race desires. Nor is it a slight advantage to an artist to have in his works two kinds of property, instead of one; the power to sell them, and the power to sell the privilege of multiplying copies of them. Neither art, literature, nor science will have fair play in this world, until *one* success, strictly first-rate, will confer upon the producer of the work a competent estate; or, in other words, until every one who acquires property in a production of art, literature, or science will pay a just compensation to

the producer. Before many years have passed, we shall see artists mounted on horseback riding in my Central Park, who would have gone on foot all their days, but for the reproduction of their works by chromo-lithography. Copyright will pay for the oats.

But there is one class of picture-dealers and picture-makers whom this beautiful process of chromo-lithography will seriously injure. I mean those who make and sell the landscapes which are offered at the New York ferries for five dollars a pair, gilt frames, and all; also those who sell at auction "splendid oil paintings collected in Italy by a well-known connoisseur recently deceased." Some of these fine works, I am informed by one who has done them (a German artist whom poverty and ignorance of the English language compelled for a few months to misuse his brush in this way), are executed a dozen at a time, and are paid for by the dozen. Twelve canvases are set up in a large garret-room. The painter, with paint-pot in one hand and brush in the other, goes his rounds; first, putting in all the skies; next, perhaps, all the grass; then, his trees; and, finally, dots in a few cows, sheep, children, and ladies. A good hand can execute a very superior dozen in a week, for which, in these dear times, he may get as much as twenty dollars. Before the war, the established price for a good article of an oil painting was twelve dollars a dozen, and find your own paint.

The principal manufactory in the United States of this description of ware is in a certain Broad and noisy street of a city that need not be named. It is styled by its proprietor "The American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists"; but, among the unhappy young men who earn a sorry livelihood by plying the brush therein, the establishment is called "The Slaughter-House," and its master "The Butcher." This man of blood was once an auctioneer in a street that has little in common with the illustrious orator and statesman

whose name it bears, wherein persons in needy circumstances can either sell superfluous or buy indispensable garments. It is now his boast that he is the "greatest patron of the fine arts in America," and his ways of patronizing art are various. He will have pictures painted by a young artist whose necessities are urgent, which he will keep as part of his stock in trade. In a room partitioned off from "The American Art Gallery" just mentioned he has a number of "hands" multiplying copies of these pictures as fast as the brush can dab on the paint. These "hands," to whom he pays weekly wages which average less than the wages of laborers, acquire by incessant practice a dexterity in making the copies that is truly remarkable. Besides these, he has out-door hands, who, like journeymen tailors, take their work home and do it by the piece. The pictures are offered for sale in the Gallery; but as they accumulate rapidly, the proprietor holds an auction every few weeks, either of the Old Masters or of Great Living Artists. These auctions take place by turns, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The Californians, my German artist says, are liberal patrons of the "American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists," the sales in San Francisco being both frequent and profitable. Even to Australia, on the other side of the globe, consignments of these precious works are sent from the Gallery in the nameless city. The pictures offered at the auction sales are frequently advertised and declared to be "original oil paintings, by native artists, from the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists." The frame is, of course, an item of the first importance in this kind of picture. The butcher manufactures his own frames, and he takes care that they shall be splendid. This is probably the secret of his success; for what is there dearer to the heart of man and woman than a gorgeous parlor? This amiable passion burns in the breast of every true Amer-

ican, and it is this which creates the demand for splendid gilt frames with something in them that looks a little like a picture.

I will copy, for the reader's more complete information, a few sentences from a letter lying before me, which describes some of the modes in which Art is encouraged at this American Gallery:—

"The proprietor never fails to impress upon a young artist who goes to him to sell pictures or get employment the advantages to be derived from *studying* with him, and his generosity in founding a place for their encouragement and assistance, and in furnishing them canvas, a nice studio, easels, and other things, and then paying them while they are improving themselves. They are required to furnish their own paints; but as they all use house paint, and buy it in pound pots, that does not form a very heavy item of expense. When I first went to him in 1863 I preferred working by the piece, and generally made about fifteen dollars a week. . . . I received for a picture twenty-six inches by thirty-six, four dollars; for one about twelve by sixteen, one dollar and a half. For Cole's *Voyages of Life*, size twenty-four by thirty (one set was sent with every collection), we received two dollars. The next time I went to him he would not employ me except by the week, and gave me twelve dollars, which he said was more than he was in the habit of paying. When working by the piece, the most money was to be made on what he calls his crystal medallions, — small ovals pasted on the under side of convex glasses, for which we were paid from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, according to size. It is a trick of this old fellow, when a person brings in a picture for sale, to tell him to leave it, and when

he has time he will look at it, and pay whatever it is worth. If the owner does so, and the picture is of any value, he sends it immediately to the paint room, and has one or more copies made of it. When the owner calls he will offer him two or three dollars for it; and if he is not satisfied, he can take it away, for the copies answer the purpose just as well as the original."

These are the pictures which chromos are displacing. Such are the dealers whom their popularity is likely to drive to more honest or less hurtful employments. When I hear critics lamenting the prevalence of these truly beautiful products of chemistry and art, and declaring that they corrupt the taste of the people, I think of the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists, and smile serene.

It is possible to overvalue the educating influence even of excellent pictures. In strengthening or informing the intellect, they are of no more use than mothers' kisses or the smiling loveliness of a flower-garden; and, truly, a man may spend his life among pictures, and fill books with eloquent discourse about them, and yet remain a poor, short-sighted reactionist, filled with insolent contempt of his species, whom he does his best to mislead. But we can say of good pictures, that they are a source of innocent and refined pleasure; and that is enough to justify their existence. I think, therefore, that this new art, which enables me and other laborers to buy for five dollars all that we can enjoy of a thousand-dollar picture, is one that deserves the encouragement it is receiving; and I cannot but regard it as a kind of national blessing, that the business of supplying us with these productions has fallen to the lot of so honest, painstaking, and tasteful a person as Louis Prang.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

II.

IN a former paper* we have seen that several good American schools, variously called scientific, polytechnic, or technological, now offer to young men who are not inclined to go to college a liberal and practical education in preparation for active pursuits and the scientific professions. These schools receive boys of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and usually endeavor to carry them through a systematic four years' course of study; they thus cover the same period of life, on the average, as the ordinary college course. With a single exception, these schools do not require of candidates for admission any knowledge of either Latin or Greek, and in none of them are the classics taught. The sciences, modern literature, and philosophy form the basis of their instruction.

What, then, should be the preliminary training of a boy who is to be prepared to enter a scientific or technological school by the time he is seventeen years old? This question may best be answered in the course of a more general discussion.

The proper studies of boyhood may be classified under three heads,—language, mathematics, and science, both natural and exact. Without going into much detail, we wish, first, to consider what the training of all boys whose parents can afford to let them study until they are twenty-one should be in each of these principal subdivisions up to about the seventeenth year.

In language, the first thing which a child should study with persistence and thoroughness is his native tongue; and this, not through its formal grammar, but by reading aloud, by committing to memory choice bits, and by listening to a good teacher's commentary

upon passages selected from standard authors on purpose to illustrate the capacities and varieties of the English sentence, the nature of its parts, the significance of the order of words, and the use of epithets. A child can drink in and instinctively appreciate the beauties of a refined or noble style years before he can understand grammar and rhetoric, just as he admires the flaming woods of autumn long before he even thinks to inquire into the elements and explanations of their sudden glory. The mother tongue should come to a child by unconscious imitation of good examples, by impregnation unawares with the idiomatic essence of the native speech. But to this end the best examples, in prose and poetry, must be kept constantly before him from the time when he can first commit to memory a bit of poetry (not doggerel) or a verse of the Bible. Almost all American schools utterly neglect this kind of training. French and German boys study their own languages in the manner above indicated early and late; but in England and the United States the study of formal grammar has unfortunately replaced the true study of English. When a boy has learned by imitation to know and use his mother tongue, it will be time enough for him to look at it as an instrument of thought; and before this time comes it is to be hoped that he will have studied grammar in some other language than his own. English literature should be the first literature which an American boy studies. It is a shame that so many boys of seventeen read the *Georgics* before the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Horace* before *Milton*, and *Xenophon* before *Napier*. The boys' school ought to teach English systematically and amply, so that no child's

* Page 205 of this volume.

knowledge of his native language should be left to the chance influences of his home, the street, and the newspaper.

After English, the most desirable language for a boy to study is Latin. Its study imparts knowledge of language as a vehicle of thought better than the study of less regular and less inflected languages. Moreover, by learning to read Latin, access is gained to a splendid literature which has exerted, and still exerts, a wonderful influence over the modern civilized communities. The living languages and recent literatures of Western Europe are all impregnated with the Roman speech and thought, and no man can be thoroughly at home in any one of them, not even in his own, without some knowledge of Latin. It is sometimes said that nothing is worth teaching which is not worth remembering, and that the man forgets all the Latin which the boy knew. But it is not true that the man loses the mental habits which the boy acquired in studying Latin. Most of the technical ideas which a boy gets while he studies Latin can be transferred to other languages; most of the ways of thinking which become natural to him will be applicable to other subjects of thought. The distinctions between subject, predicate, and object, between active and passive, between different moods and tenses, the various connections of time and place, the relations of dependence, sequence, and contingency, the definitions of technical terms, each of which contains a philosophical distinction, — these are things which can be made familiar to a boy of seventeen; and even if he never after open a Latin book, he will have acquired notions and habits which go far to fix his mental tone. His mind will have been already furnished with a literary stock of the best quality. It is possible, or perhaps probable, that this intellectual furniture, this mental discipline, may be obtained by hard work over any language and literature. The Gettysburg speech proves that it can be got out of English. But in the actual state of educational appliances,

the study of Latin is the readiest means of obtaining it. As the world stands, Latin is the best medium, after the mother tongue, through which to study language in general, and to acquire the powers of clear conception and adequate expression. Young men who are to devote themselves chiefly to other than linguistic studies after their seventeenth or eighteenth year have special reason to give a large portion of their time before that year to the study of language. No men have greater need of the power of expressing their ideas with clearness, conciseness, and vigor than those whose avocations require them to describe and discuss material resources, industrial processes, public works, mining enterprises, and the complicated problems of trade and finance. In such writings embellishment may be dispensed with, but the chief merits of style — precision, simplicity, perspicuity, and force — are never more necessary.

When sound arguments are so abundant, it is a woful blunder to use false ones. Nobody ought to teach Latin to boys on the ground that it is indispensable to professional men. Any doctor, lawyer, or popular exhorter, who cannot learn by heart in a week all the technical terms and phrases of Latin origin which he encounters in his common professional occupations, has not wits enough for his calling. To give the Latin origin of some scientific names, some legal phrases, and a few doctors' hieroglyphics as a reason why all boys should learn Latin, is to assign the feeblest possible reason for doing what is on other grounds a very good thing. The vulgar argument that the study of the classics is necessary to "make a gentleman" is beneath contempt. Honor and gentleness are not a dye or a lacquer, but warp and woof. It is true that a certain social consideration attaches to persons who are supposed to know Latin and Greek, whether they are gentlemen or not. The reason is that for many generations Latin and Greek stood for all education, and society has not yet suf-

ficiently enlarged its old definition of an educated man.

The great need of a more thorough study of language than has lately been common among scientific men plainly appears in many of the scientific writings of the day. Many a genuine discoverer in science is quite unable to describe a fact, or series of facts, methodically, clearly, and accurately. Many an inventor whose mind is full of original and curious ideas is at a loss for language in which to convey them to others.

It is doubtless their experience of the losses, direct and indirect, suffered by boys who are ignorant of Latin, which has induced the two leading polytechnic schools of this country—the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Sheffield Scientific School—to recommend their pupils to study Latin before entering.

After Latin, or rather with Latin, should come French. Nothing need be said of the necessity of this language for all educated men. It can hardly be begun too early. Latin and French go admirably together, and these two languages, with English, should occupy more than half of every boy's time up to the seventeenth or eighteenth year.

Next comes the second principal subdivision of the studies proper to boyhood, namely, the mathematics. Arithmetic, algebra to equations of the second degree, and plane geometry, is a moderate requisition in this subdivision. The numerous American transcripts of French treatises on elementary algebra and geometry, happily much better than the corresponding English treatises, are sufficiently good school-books. The worst taught of the three subjects is usually arithmetic. Many a boy of seventeen, who has studied arithmetic ever since he was seven, is unable to divide a whole number by 0.2 with ease and confidence. The above-mentioned amount of mathematics is about the quantity required by the best colleges for admission, and it is almost the sole requisition for admission to the scientific and technical schools.

The preparatory schools are therefore accustomed to teach these subjects.

The science which may be judiciously taught to boys under seventeen years of age is, we believe, of much less bulk and variety than is commonly imagined. Chemistry, physics, zoology, physiology, and all the other sciences which deal much in theories, and require strong powers of imagination and combination, are unsuited to the undeveloped mind of boyhood. They may be played with by children so far as to take off the edge of an appetite which ought to be reserved in all its strength for profitable indulgence in future years; but to comprehend their reasoning and really profit by their serious study, the stronger thinking powers of opening manhood are requisite. To master a new phenomenon, and at the same time to refer it to its natural connections and grasp its theory and its explanation, requires a strong head and a retentive memory. Most of the sciences, if attacked in earnest, are much too hard for young boys. Of the natural sciences, physical geography with a glimpse of geology, and botany taught from flowers and plants, not from books, are well adapted to the boyish mind. Of the exact sciences, the elementary mechanics, taught by the simultaneous use of books and models, is the subject which may be most easily grasped in its reasoning, and most effectively illustrated in what the boy daily sees and handles. The six mechanical powers may be really comprehended, if well illustrated, by an average boy of fifteen; but electricity, sound, heat, light, and chemical combination by equivalents, are beyond his powers. He may enjoy seeing experiments in these sciences, just as he likes fireworks and magic-lanterns, but at the best it is only a very superficial acquaintance which he gets with these really difficult subjects. We have seen many cases in which too early dabbling with the physical sciences proved a positive injury in later years, when the serious study of these subjects was to be entered upon. An unfounded notion that

he is already acquainted with physics and chemistry is a grave injury to a boy of seventeen.

Lest misconceptions arise, brief allusion may here be made to two pregnant considerations which are reserved for full discussion in another connection. The first of these considerations is, that one cannot too early teach a child the distinction between a fact and an inference from a fact. Few adults appreciate this fundamental difference in its full strength. But it may, nevertheless, be very early impressed upon a child's mind, and daily illustrated from his own experience and observation. The second consideration is, that a familiar acquaintance with many of the phenomena which constitute the raw material of the sciences is attainable at an early age. Scientific study will proceed in maturer years with greater ease and firmness, if the common phenomena with which science deals have become domesticated in the mind during childhood. We use the term "phenomena" advisedly. It is to the appearances of things that a child's attention should be directed, not to their explanations or supposed final causes. The boy of seventeen will take to scientific chemistry much more kindly if he has been always encouraged to consider exactly what it is which happens to his father's tools when they are left out in the wet, or what becomes of the log put on the fire, or of the sugar in the tumbler of water. Geology will not be a wholly strange thing to a boy who has really noticed how, when sudden showers flood the roads, the sand and little stones are swept into the gutters, and hurried down the hill, and then dropped gently in the first level expanse. He has made early acquaintance with the transporting power of water. A boy who has observed with real attention the annual course of events in his father's market-garden—merely the events without cause or consequence—has unconsciously assimilated a mass of facts which he will be agreeably surprised to find already a part of himself, when he meets them again in the grave sciences of vegetable

physiology, chemistry, and meteorology. This early assimilation of the countless common facts which form the main staple of the sciences is of great advantage in education. If, however, the facts are confounded with, or obscured by, theories and speculations, the gain is straightway converted into a loss.

There remains one other subject which some people would desire to see made matter of early study at school, namely, history, or at least the history of the United States. Many think, on the contrary, that so much of history as a child finds interesting will be picked up as a part of home reading, and as to the uninteresting parts, the dates and names of kings and queens, that it is as useless to learn a list of dates as of atomic weights, and that genealogies and tariffs are as unsuitable food for a child's mind as tables of the conducting power of the metals, or the baker's score by the kitchen window.

Judicious parents will see that their boys learn to draw and sing, either in school or out of school. It is a common mistake to consider these things the luxuries of education; they are both of great practical advantage to every man. Drawing, especially, is admirable training of eye and hand and imagination; provided only that it be the lithographs or of other people's drawing of objects, not the copying of drawings. The only legitimate use of copies is to show how the effects of light and shade, which a boy sees on a real object, can be effectively and rapidly imitated on paper. Mere manual dexterity in drawing is of great practical use in all the scientific professions, and to a good degree in common life. All children can learn to draw more or less, and most children can learn to sing.

Having thus sketched the proper preliminary training for boys destined for the scientific or technological schools, let us inquire how such a school-training is to be obtained at this day in this country. The answer is plain. It can only be obtained in the best schools, both public and private, which make it an important part of their business to

fit boys for college. The programme of study which has been detailed is not exactly the actual course of study which boys now pass through who are well prepared to enter Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or any other good college; but it is very nearly what such boys ought to accomplish besides their elementary study of Greek. At present the colleges require for admission a modicum of Greek. So long as this is the case, the preparatory schools must teach Greek; but this is the one study of such schools which boys destined for scientific or technological schools should omit. There is no necessity of putting Greek on the same ground with Latin in a scheme of education. The two languages are very unlike, and are entirely separable in discussion and in teaching. Greek has very little to do with the languages of modern Europe. It is Roman law, and not Greek law, which is the basis of the modern states. It is in Latin, and not in Greek, that European science, philosophy, and history are written down to the time of the French Revolution. Greek is indeed an essential part of high literary culture. It is a marvellous instrument of thought, the vehicle of an unsurpassed literature, and it is the language of the Gospels. But art is immensely broader and deeper than it was two generations ago, and average life is only a few months longer. Not every good thing can be eaten or studied at once. The welfare of the great mass of boys must not be sacrificed in school arrangements to that of the few who are to be ministers and literary men. A heavy responsibility rests on college examiners in this regard; the schools are very much what the colleges make them.

Let the best preparatory schools, therefore, keep in the same classes the boys for college and the boys for technical schools in all subjects except Greek; and let the study of Greek be put off as late as possible, in order to keep the boys together until the last practicable moment. If the necessity of giving the boys destined for college a considerable time for the study of

Greek, compel a reduction for them in the studies enumerated above as best suited for the boys going to a technological school, let this reduction be made upon the geometry, elementary mechanics, and English subjects, which the boys destined for science need to study more thoroughly than the boys who will subsequently pass through the semi-classical college course. But the time assigned to the study of Greek must not be exaggerated. The Phillips Academy at Exeter, than which there is certainly no better preparatory school in this country, teaches thoroughly, in a course of three years, all the Latin, Greek, and mathematics required for admission to college. There have been many good college students who have learned in two years all the Latin and Greek demanded for admission.

It is a great object, worth some sacrifices, to keep all the boys together until the last year or eighteen months of their school life. A boy's course of study should be representative; it should be so selected as to reveal to him, or at least to his parents and teachers, his capacities and tastes before he is seventeen years old. Teachers are apt not to believe much in natural bents. They observe that the boy who is fond of mathematics is generally good in the classics also; that the boy who takes kindly to language is generally respectable in all other subjects. The observation is correct, but the inference from it is not a just one. The boy who loves mathematical reasoning learns to concentrate all his powers upon that subject. This power of thinking, once acquired, he applies successfully to other subjects. Another boy, who has a natural gift for languages, acquires this power of concentrated attention while studying Latin or Greek; he then applies it to his other studies, which he succeeds in mastering in spite of their distastefulness. But this general fact does not in the least invalidate the fundamental proposition, that a man will be productive and happy in his life-work just in proportion to his natural fitness for it. The teacher, mother, or father

can do nothing better for a boy than to find out, or help him to find out, this innate aptitude. But to this end the boy's course of study at school must be fairly representative. It must be neither language, science, nor mathematics chiefly, but all combined in due proportion. Parents who are able to do the best thing for their children, which is attainable in the actual state of American society may be sure that their boys' training up to sixteen years of age has not been right if it has not made possible for them all careers which start at or near that point.

But some indignant father says: "I spent two years of my boyhood in committing to memory Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, and learning the ancient geography of the countries about the Mediterranean. Nothing shall induce me to have my boy condemned to the same sickening drudgery." We would not gainsay this dictum. But high authorities now recommend Latin grammars which are much smaller than those of twenty and thirty years ago; and good teachers omit large portions even of these diminished grammars, especially the long lists of exceptions in etymology and the greater part of the syntax. Common sense has reformed to a good degree the teaching of the dead languages, and every year sees changes for the better. By thus reducing the teaching of formal grammar, time is gained for better things, — for reading Latin, for English and French, botany and drawing.

There is great need of broadening and deepening the course of study in the schools which receive the American boy from ten to seventeen. Reasonable parents justly complain of the very small number of subjects in which their boys are instructed at this forming period of their lives. It is indisputable that French and German boys, though inferior as a rule to American boys in reach and liveliness of mind, are better trained at seventeen than their American contemporaries, and in a larger variety of subjects. It is necessary to teach the very elements of French to a

large part of the Senior class at Yale College. Not a few Harvard Sophomores were rather doubtful where the joke was, when one of their number announced that the Rhine is an African river. Many of the applicants for admission to the Troy Polytechnic School might be quite unable to divide by a fraction, if they should happen to forget the mechanical rule, "invert the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication."

A very interesting work is before the younger men who are now establishing or conducting preparatory schools. The school programmes are to be extended and enriched, the unprofitable subjects cut out, a greater variety of studies introduced, and the course of study so modified as to make it as available for boys who are going to polytechnic schools as for those who are going to college. We venture the prediction that the teachers who first or best effect these changes will find their account in them. The process of adaptation has already begun.

The country will shortly need more polytechnic schools of the highest grade than it now has. The four or five existing schools will be filled, and new ones will be established. The number of trained young men entering the scientific professions every year, becoming engineers, architects, teachers of science, chemists, superintendents of mines and works, and constructors of machinery, ought to bear some comparison with the number of those who enter the professions of law and medicine. The polytechnic schools may also play an important part in the much-hoped-for reform of the civil service of the country. It is a mistake to suppose that the growth of the technical schools will injure the colleges. On the contrary, the polytechnic schools, though claiming young men of the college age, and perhaps diverting a few from academic life, will do the colleges good service by relieving them of all necessity of meeting the demand for practical instruction, and leaving them at ease for their legitimate work.

A polytechnic or technological school is best placed in a large city, in a great industrial centre. A college needs quiet and seclusion; a technical school, on the contrary, should be within easy reach of works, mills, forges, machine-shops, and mines. The professors of a scientific school have need to be brought into daily contact with practical affairs, to watch the progress of new inventions as they develop from day to day, and to know the men who are improving special industries. The students of a scientific school have a like need. They need to see as much as possible of the actual conditions of practical mining, manufacturing, constructing, and inventing, while they are students, because, when they leave the school, they are almost invariably thrown directly into the vortex of business, and have not that interval of little work and much leisure through which the young lawyer or doctor is gradually initiated into the practical details of his profession.

The amount of money required to establish securely a polytechnic school of the best sort, capable of receiving four or five hundred pupils, is considerable, but yet within the means of many individuals in this country. One man provided all the buildings, apparatus, and money needed to found, and carry on for many years, the *École Centrale* at Paris. He saw the school grow into a famous institution, resorted to by all nations, and of the first importance to French science and industry, and finally presented it to the state. For several years it has been a government school of large size and the highest rank. It would be impossible to estimate the good effects upon French industry of that one man's sagacity and good management.

To house and equip such a school, in any of our large cities, requires the expenditure of three or four hundred thousand dollars. To provide for the running expenses of the school, once equipped, requires the interest of invested funds to about the same amount, besides the students' fees. American

trustees for educational establishments are apt to be ignorant of the fact that no school or college of high grade can be worthily conducted on the principle of making it pay its own expenses. The original "plant" must be given by individuals or the state, and the income of permanent funds must eke out the receipts from students. The fees will necessarily be high, unless the invested property of the school be large; for technical education is the most expensive kind of education, because of the costly apparatus and collections which are absolutely required. All attempts to domesticate in this country the foreign custom of paying professors by the fees of the students they attract, instead of by fixed salaries, have signally failed. Wherever it has been tried in this country, the tone of the instruction has been lowered by the too direct money relation between teacher and taught. The American boy is not well adapted to hold that attitude towards his instructors; and the American man cannot abide such a relation to his pupils.

It is of the first importance that the schools which train American boys for the scientific professions should be American. European schools teach American students a great many things which are not only inapplicable in America, but positively misleading and dangerous. The prices of labor, fuel, and transportation are so very unlike in Europe and in this country, that methods and processes which are profitable there are ruinous here, in spite of the fact that scientific principles do not change with the latitude and longitude. The conditions of success in all manufacturing and mining industries are very different in a thinly peopled country of immense distances from what they are in compact, crowded communities; so that it is not to be wondered at, if men thoroughly imbued with the spirit of European schools, and taught only the practices and results of established European industries, are less successful than could be wished when they attempt to put their school knowledge in practice under the

novel American conditions. A man who has spent all his apprenticeship in building Dutch galliots is not likely to excel in building Baltimore clippers. An uneducated Welsh miner, perfectly familiar with every detail of his trade at home, is utterly lost if he is put down among strange rocks and minerals. His home experience is almost useless to him. A well-trained man, perfectly competent to superintend zinc-works in Belgium or Silesia, may easily prove an unsafe guide in Pennsylvania or Illinois. An architect, who would have no difficulty in finishing a tasteful house or handsome church in Paris within his estimates, might be quite unable to make feasible plans and binding specifications in New York. Conditions of business and ways of living in America are fundamentally different from European habits and conditions. An average American does not eat, drink, sleep, work, or amuse himself like an average European. He wants different tools, carriages, cars, steamboats, clothes, medicines, and houses. His necessities and his luxuries are both unlike those of the European. The industries which exist to supply American wants are therefore not like the corresponding European industries. They will be better learned at home than abroad. The whole spirit of the school at home will be in conformity with American requirements. The spirit of a European school cannot but be foreign in many respects to American habits. It is not now as it was thirty years ago, when an American boy had to go to Europe if he wanted to learn chemical analysis or the elements of engineering. Now one might as well go to Europe to learn the multiplication-table, as to study the common subjects in chemistry, physics, mechanics, and engineering. The instruction in these and many other scientific subjects is as good in several American schools and colleges as it is anywhere in Europe. More schools are needed; but even now the American should do all his student-work at home. When he has become a master in his art, he may

well go to Europe to see how his business is there conducted.

Three difficulties beset the establishment of such new schools in this country. The first danger is the tendency to reckless preliminary expenditure upon buildings and mechanical fittings. Many American schools and colleges have been wrecked on this rock. The American trustee has a deplorable propensity to put what should be quick capital into more or less unsuitable bricks and mortar. This danger escaped, the second difficulty is the scarcity of teachers having the necessary training and the equally necessary enthusiasm. There must be brought together a harmonious body of teachers, young, if possible, both in years and spirit, but at any rate in spirit, allowed the leisure necessary for men to keep themselves on a level with the rapid progress of the arts and sciences, and paid enough to have a mind at ease. High reputation is not necessary; but conscientiousness in the discharge of routine duties, fair talents well improved, and a genuine enthusiasm are essential. If to these qualifications there can be added personal devotion to the head of the institution, the happiest conditions are united. The American scientific schools and colleges and the European universities have trained a few Americans to such functions; but they are still scarce, because the active industries of the country absorb the greater number of energetic young men possessed of the requisite training. The supreme difficulty remains. Men competent to administer a large school of science are rare in all communities; they are not only rare in this country, but are here peculiarly liable to be drawn into other pursuits. A steady, careful, and kindly administration is required, not thrusting itself into notice, but quietly felt alike by teachers, students, and servants. The building up in any new place of a great school for the new education must be in the main the work of a single man, or, in rare cases, of two or three men animated by the

same spirit. To find this man should always be the first step; it will certainly be the hardest in the whole undertaking.

The American colleges have taken, and still take, their presidents from the clerical profession almost exclusively. This course has been perfectly natural for the colleges, because almost all of them have been founded expressly to propagate and perpetuate the Gospel as the founders understood it, or, in other words, to breed ministers and laymen of some particular religious communion. It is gradually becoming apparent that even the colleges are suffering from this too exclusively clerical administration. Fortunately for the country, education is getting to be a profession by itself. For the discharge of the highest functions in this profession, the training of a divinity student, years of weekly preaching, and much practice in the discharge of pastoral duties, are no longer supposed to be the best, or at least the only preparation. Several other classes of men are now as cultivated as the clergy. As a class, ministers are as fit to be suddenly transferred to the bench at forty-five or fifty years of age, as they are to be put at the head of large educational establishments. The legal profession would be somewhat astonished at such an intrusion. Yet in their capacity of trustees, lawyers and men of business are constantly putting clergymen into the highest posts of the profession of education, which is thus robbed of its few prizes, and subjected to such indignity as soldiers feel when untried civilians are put over their heads. But, however it may be with the colleges, to transplant a successful clergyman in the prime of life from the charge of a parish to the charge of a polytechnic school would be felt to be absurd. The difficulty of finding a good head is not to be surmounted in any such ready fashion.

But now some one may ask, To what good end all this discourse about the improvement of technical education? Are not Americans already the most

ingenious people on the earth? Have we not invented mowers, and sewing-machines, and the best printing-presses? Are we not doing countless things by machinery which other people do by hand? Is there really any need of instructing Americans in the application of science to the arts? The answers to these incredulous suggestions are not far to seek. In the first place, it is emphatically true that Americans have invented a large number of labor-saving machines of the greatest value. They are powerfully incited to this sort of invention by the dearness of labor in this country. Secondly, this same scarcity of laborers, and the consequent abundance of work for all willing hands, enable an American to pursue the precarious rewards of invention, perhaps for years, with the certainty that if, after all, he wins no prize in the lottery, he can readily find some steady employment to keep his old age from absolute want. But if a European once falls out of the ranks of industry, he has infinite trouble, in case he fails in his adventures, to recover any standing room whatever in society. An American may do with impunity, and without real wrong perhaps, what a European could only do in the spirit of the most reckless gambler or in the confidence of inspired genius. Freedom, and the newness and breadth of the land, explain this favored condition of the American. But it is to be noticed that the chief American successes in invention are of one sort, — machinery and mechanical appliances. In other departments of invention, which require greater knowledge, we are obviously borrowers, rather than lenders. How many millions of dollars are sunk every few years in mining enterprises, through sheer ignorance? Freiberg and Swansea have to be called upon to smelt American ores. The best managers of American print-works receive patterns of the latest French designs by every steamer. The aniline colors are not American discoveries. There are hardly twenty miles of good road, in the European sense, in the whole

United States. The various chemical industries are chiefly foreign. American ingenuity has been of more limited range than is commonly imagined. Not a few reputed American inventions are really of European origin. But, however this may be, we may zealously endeavor to strengthen the scientific professions in this country without being a whit less proud of the undisputed achievements of American ingenuity. It is not a question of promoting fertility of invention by improving technical education. Inventors are a law unto themselves. What the country needs is a steady supply of men well trained in recognized principles of science and art, and well informed about established practice. We need engineers who thoroughly understand what is already known at home and abroad about mining, road and bridge building, railways, canals, water-powers, and steam machinery; architects who have thoroughly studied their art; build-

ers who can at least construct buildings which will not fall down; chemists and metallurgists who know what the world has done and is doing in the chemical arts, and in the extraction and working of metals; manufacturers who appreciate what science and technical skill can do for the works which they superintend.

Americans must not sit down contented with their position among the industrial nations. We have inherited civil liberty, social mobility, and immense native resources. The advantages we thus hold over the European nations are inestimable. The question is, not how much our freedom can do for us unaided, but how much we can help freedom by judicious education. We appreciate better than we did ten years ago that true progress in this country means progress for the world. In organizing the new education, we do not labor for ourselves alone. Freedom will be glorified in her works.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!—
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you:
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising,—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?—
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
A joy and blessing!

THE SUABIAN ALB.

I LEFT the railway from Stuttgart to Ulm at the little town of Göppingen, in the valley of the Fils. The principal inn in the place was full of tumult, and two steady streams of beer and country wine flowed from the taps into the guests' rooms. The same matter was discussed by the mechanics and farmers on one side of the entrance, and by the merchants and bureaucrats in their more elegant quarters opposite. There had been an election, accompanied by almost a riot, the previous day, and the liberal candidate had been elected, — which was a gain for the "North German Bund" (the Union party) and a defeat for the "particularists" (States-Rights men). I found the latter as fierce and stubborn in Würtemberg as they are wont to be at home, but neither side has yet acquired our blessed habit of falling into peace and quiet after a hotly contested election. When the discussion rose into yells, and several of the broad-bottomed beer-glasses had been smashed in the way of emphasis, I found the atmosphere of the Present less agreeable than that of the Past, which awaited me in a lonely chamber overhead.

Yet I did not wander so far back into Time as the lonely peak of Hohenstaufen, at the foot of which Göppingen lies, might have led. It was a personal, not an historic Past, which most concerned me. Just twenty-three years had elapsed since first, leaving the Danube behind me, I had crossed on foot the eastern extremity of the Suabian Alb, and descended into the valley of the Fils. Neither the ardors of the fierce June weather, nor the lean condition of my pocket, which threatened to become empty long before the chance of replenishment at Heidelberg, could divert my youthful fancy from the associations of Hohenstaufen, or the later poetical names which gave a luminous atmosphere to the fair scenery of Suabia. I was fresh from the read-

ing of Schiller and Schubarth and Hauff and Schwab and Uhland, — all natives of this region, — and made the lonely parts of the road ring with the latter's sounding prelude to *Graf Eberhard* : —

"Are then the Suabian valleys by sound of song
unstirred,
Where once so clear on Staufen the knightly harp
was heard?
And why, if Song yet liveth, we hear not from its
chords
The deeds of hero-fathers, the ancient clash of
swords?"

"They lisp the lightest fancies, point epigrams with
wrong;
They sneer at woman's beauty, the ancient light of
song:
Where stalwart life heroic but waits to be recalled,
They pass, and if it whisper, they shrink away ap-
palled.

"Burst then from out thy coffin, rise from the chan-
cel's gloom,
Thou and thy son, thou Roaring-Beard, forsake
for us the tomb!
Through hoary years, unconquered, thou fought'st
the hostile lords:
Stalk then once more among us, with mighty
sound of swords!"

Of the five poets, Schiller is the only one who outgrew the influence of the picturesque mediæval stories among which he was cradled. The others have cut their names ineffaceably on the old stones of many a knightly ruin, and there is scarcely a valley falling to the Neckar between the green buttresses of the Alb, which has not a place in their songs. Yet even Schiller might have found grander dramatic subjects than Don Carlos or Wallenstein in the history of Frederick Barbarossa of Hohenstaufen, of Frederick II., of King Manfred of Benevento, and the young Conradin. As a school-boy, in the neighboring village of Lorch, he had the Hohenstaufen for years before his eyes, and his first impressions of history must have been derived from its legends. His voice never entirely lost the broad provincial accent which he there picked up.

The stately castle of Hohenstaufen was so entirely destroyed during the

Peasants' War, that only a few foundation-stones now remain. It is a two hours' climb to the summit of the peak whereon it stood, and I found it preferable to mount the low hill beyond the Fils, whence I saw not only the mountain in its whole extent, but much of the landscape which it commands.

Hohenstaufen is imposing from its isolation. Its outline reminded me somewhat of Monadnock, but the summit is a more perfect cone. Lifted quite above the general level of the hill country of Suabia, it looks southward over the ridge of the Alb and the broad plains of the Danube to the Alps; northward, to the Odenwald. Not often has an imperial race been cradled in so haughty a home. Here, where the richest regions of Southern Germany lie within the ring of the Hohenstaufen horizon, the future rulers of the "Holy Roman Empire" accustomed themselves to look broadly upon the world. Even as the villages below were only seen as glimmering specks in their material vision, so, afterwards, the interests of provinces, nations indeed, were considered by them only in their relation to the vast, incongruous realm which recognized their lordship. They travelled hither and thither, between Sicily and the Baltic, between Burgundy and the Carpathian Gates, marrying here, suppressing a too independent city there, bullying the Popes, using Saracen, Italian, or Saxon soldiers as was most convenient, and carrying a perambulating court with them wherever they went. Their lives were marches, splendid episodes of warlike travel, from the investiture of the crown to their deaths in the far Orient, or by poison, or on the block.

In whatever way we may judge the influence of the Hohenstaufens on the development of Europe, we cannot deny the heroic strain which one transmitted to the other. In some respects Frederick II. was the greatest ruler between Charlemagne and Napoleon. But he was a man too far in advance of his age to be understood by his contemporaries, or to be properly estimated even by

the historians of this day. And there is nothing more tragic in all history than the fate of his descendants, Manfred, Enzo, and Conradin. Who will write a history of that splendid century (from 1152 to 1258), from which we date the revival of Art and Learning? The knightly harp on Staufen was the morning-song of the modern world.

While looking on the soaring, sunlit mountain, the words which Uhland puts into the mouth of the Truchsess of Waldburg, on taking leave of Conradin, came into my memory:—

"Think on that mountain, rising high and slim,
The fairest peak of all the Suabian hills,
And boldly bearing on its royal head
The Hohenstaufen's old, ancestral house!
And far around, in mellow sunshine spread,
Green, winding valleys of a fruitful land,
Sparkling with streams, and herd-supporting meadows,
With wooded hills that woo the hunt, and sound
Of convent-vespers from the nearer dells."

All these features exist, but a sudden popular tempest blew away the home of the Hohenstaufens, and the proud blood of the race runs, mixed and lost, in the common Italian and German stock. From my seat on the hill, looking westward, I saw the front of the Suabian Alb,—a series of headlands, point beyond point fading in the distance, almost to the fortress-crowned peak, which bears another noted historic name,—Hohenzollern. Further, in the same direction, and less than a hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Aar, still stands one tower of the ancestral castle of a third imperial family,—the Hapsburgs. One involuntarily contrasts the histories of these three families, and feels that a brief and brilliant career, crowded with achievement, though with a tragic close, is preferable to a gradual in-and-in breeding into imbecility. As for the Hohenzollerns, one is at a loss to say whether their history is closing or beginning afresh.

The Suabian Alb, the reader will by this time have guessed, is a range of mountains; yet this term will hardly describe its peculiar formation. The northern bank of the Danube, west of Ulm, rises in a broad, steadily ascending slope for thirty or forty miles, until

it attains an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the sea-level: then it reaches a long, irregular brink, and falls away in a sudden escarpment, to the valley of the Neckar. Seen from the north, it presents a series of the boldest and most broken mountain forms. Deep winding valleys divide its headlands; but when one has climbed through these to the summit, he finds himself on a broad, monotonous plain. It is a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the terraces by which one ascends to the table-lands of Mexico. In front of the northern headlands of the Alb are several isolated, conical peaks, which some geologists declare to have been originally mud volcanoes. The whole region, as you follow the Neckar to Tübingen, seems to be set apart, in the character of its scenery, from the rest of Germany. It suggests a more southern latitude, in its atmospheric effects, as well as in the forms of its enclosing mountain walls.

The name "Alb" (occasionally written "Alp") is derived from one of two Celtic words, — *alb*, white, or *al*, high. The one explains itself: the fronting cliffs of Jura limestone might explain the other. The word *Alp*, among the inhabitants of the Alps, whether in Switzerland or the Tyrol, denotes a high mountain pasture, not a snowy summit; and this Suabian range, therefore, comes honestly by its title. I do not believe, however, as some of the people would gladly establish if they could, that it is the Ἀλπὴν ὄρη of Ptolemy.

Descending the hill beyond Göppingen I followed the main highway towards the Alb, but at the first village my companion (guide I could hardly call him, since none was necessary) proposed that we should take a foot-path across the country. My object being to reach the Lauter valley by following the bases of the mountains, all paths were alike, and the prospect of a ramble through the open fields and beside the scattered woodlands was in itself attractive. I met no adventures on the way. The farmers were mostly taking a little rest between reaping and sowing; the

meadows were lorn of flowers, and the stubble-fields were not lovely, near at hand; yet the Alb, before me, seemed to take quite another charm and character when seen over a lonely and secluded foreground. With the highway the rigid routine of travel had vanished; the landscape became my own familiar possession. The son of the country beside me understood crops if nothing else; and we discussed oats and barley and carrots, hemp, rapeseed, and potatoes, with as much interest as if both had been land-owners. Now and then I received a bit of gossip about the owners of certain properties we passed, — nothing very romantic, I assure the susceptible reader, — and occasionally we stopped to exchange a word with shepherd or herdsman. It was the most commonplace walk possible; yet not a feature of it has faded in my memory. I can see every star of dew lingering in the shade of the alder-bushes, every sunburned crack in the banks of red earth, and remember each tree under which I stopped to take breath and contemplate the ever-beautiful landscape.

Three hours of an August morning passed in this free, delightful ramble, and when the sun began to shoot down stinging arrows, I reached the little town of Weilheim. Here there was an inn, and dinner came upon the table the moment the shadow on the dial announced noon. A chatty young fellow dined with me, and then set off in his own light wagon to secure patronage for a tobacco-firm in Stuttgart. I took the post-omnibus for the next stage, in company with a dowager of the place, who proved to be a very intelligent and agreeable lady. In the course of an hour we became so well acquainted that we shook hands on parting at Kirchheim.

I was obliged to wait two or three hours at the latter place, before a vehicle could be found to take me up the valley. The inn was deserted, the landlord was busy, the streets outside were baking in heat, and the only *Schwäbische Mercur* in the guests' room did not furnish five minutes' reading. I endured solitude and flies with a feeling

of savage impatience, and when, at long last, the postilion came, I could have fallen on his neck and wept tears of gratitude. As my indolence was to his eyes the height of earthly felicity, this would not have been intelligible; so I ordered a measure of wine instead, and secured his smile at the start.

It was a light vehicle, drawn by a single horse, and both belonged to the man who sat beside me. He entertained me with the complete story of his courtship, marriage, and subsequent life. I was inclined to feel a little complimented by so much confidence, until a certain glibness in the narrative made me suspect that it was a part of the man's inevitable programme for the diversion of travellers. Assuredly I was not the first who had learned how hard it was for "Lisel" to make up her mind, until he said to her, plump, "There's another will have me, if you don't!"—but the story was none the less better than fiction, if not so strange.

On the left, as the valley enters between two opposing forelands of the Alb, a peak, partly separated from the main mountain mass, bears upon its summit the few remaining fragments of the ancient castle of Teck, — a name recently revived by its connection with the royal family of England. The original race of Teck, I believe, became extinct in the fifteenth century, but the title is still retained in the governing family of Württemberg. When the castle was founded is unknown. Barbarossa once held it in pawn, and it belonged for a time to the Zähringen (Baden) family. It fell in the Peasants' War, like Hohenstaufen. The last event which the old walls witnessed was an assemblage of the people in 1848, when they resounded with enthusiastic republican cheers for Hecker, — our Union soldier and Illinois farmer. And this, in the briefest space, is the history of Teck.

After passing the town of Owen (a name which one might suppose had strayed away from Wales, were it not a corruption of *auen*, meadows), the

valley shrinks to a deep cleft or crack in the body of the Alb, and its meadows become an emerald ribbon, on which the stream braids its silvery rapids. Forests of deciduous trees ascend precipitously on either side, and above them gleam the topmost parapets of rock. The massy walnut-trees by the road, the wild-flowers heaping the banks, the colors of the soil, and the general character of the vegetation, belonged to Switzerland. They were no doubt carried hither by the geognostic birth which unites this region to the Jura.

It was a delightful drive into and through the lengthening shadows of the upper world. The length of the valley is not more than four or five miles, when it terminates in a *cul de sac*, enclosed with steep faces of rock, up one of which the highway is cut in zigzags to the level of the Alb. The sunset showed me two villages aloft, looking down from among their higher and colder fields upon the little hamlet of Gutenberg, where I resolved to stop for the night.

The inn and people were alike primitive. Although it was a post-station and likely to be frequented by strangers, there seemed to be no special accommodation for such. The landlady was busy with her ironing in the guests' room, the landlord gave his two youngest children orders to take me into the garden, and then resumed his seat in front of the stable. When I had seen the gooseberry-bushes, and the radishes, parsley, and sweet marjoram, and exhausted the conversational powers of the children, I had recourse to a lame groom, who explained at great length the admirable points of the post-horses, and then supper was announced. I had one table, the landlord's family another, and the servants a third. The oldest daughter of the house, a girl of thirteen, presided at the latter. Grace was said by the youngest child, and then each, in the order of authority, dipped a spoon into the single dish upon the table.

The first course was a kind of porridge, made slab with pieces of black

bread. The people ate most deliberately and delicately, taking moderate spoonfuls, and always pausing after each, so that their communistic way of eating had a certain grace, after all. Each one dipped carefully from his or her side of the bowl, which presently seemed to be crossed by so many division lines. Before the porridge was half finished it was set aside, and a dish of salad took its place. This, with a piece of bread and a glass of beer for each, concluded the supper. At the close there was a moment's silence, after which the youngest child repeated a short prayer. The summer twilight had hardly faded away before the children were sent to bed, and the servants followed. The former were required to bid me good night. Last of all, the landlord, taking a candle, looked at me significantly, and waited. Before I slept, the roar of the mountain streams was all the noise I heard in the village.

I arose early, in order to cross a spur of the Alb into the valley of Urach, which lies farther to the westward. An old weaver of the place, glad of the chance of stretching his bandy legs for something more than weaver's wages, went with me. We turned into a side branch of the main glen, passing a village completely buried in forests, and then struck upon a road leading up the mountain-side. The summits were covered with a canopy of rolling mists, through which, now and then, some wandering sunbeam penetrated to the bed of the valley, touching the meadows like a sudden flame.

The ascent occupied an hour. When I reached the top, half a dozen steps removed me from all view of the deep, picturesque vale, and I found myself on a cold-looking plain covered with fields of rye. On either side were dark woods of fir; in front, a village, solidly but meanly built, and quite different from the cheerful little towns of the Under-land. It was a change from Suabia to Westphalia. Here, on the windy summit-plain of the Alb,—the Upper-land, as the people call it,—one would never guess what a warm, rich region lies

below, and so near that a stone might almost be flung into it.

Near the point where I ascended, the heads of two lateral valleys approach within half a mile of each other, and are united by a deep cleft, which is believed to be the work of human hands. It is called the *Heidengraben* (the Pagans' Moat), and is so deep and narrow that some antiquarians conjecture that the plateau beyond was thus isolated by the Romans, in order to form a camp, fortified by nature. There is a tradition that the monarchs of the Carolingian line afterwards used it as a natural menagerie for wild beasts.

The village was a dirty, dreary place. Most of the inhabitants were assembled in an open space before the tavern, watching the antics of a huge brown bear, which was in charge of a Pole and an Italian boy. The monster, whining an impotent protest, danced and whirled over in the mud, to the great delight of the women and children. The men stood a little farther off, that they might slip out of the way when the Italian went around with the hat. I asked the latter some questions in his own language, and I verily believe the people suspected, from that circumstance, that I was in some way leagued with the vagabonds, for they looked upon me with a shy, suspicious expression as I passed out of the place.

It was but a short distance to the western brink of the plateau, and the road then began to descend into pleasant glens, wooded with deciduous forests. The mists rolled away, the sun came out hot and sharp, and the deep valley of Urach quivered through the heat which brimmed it. I loitered down the easy road, resting in the shade, and indulging my eyes with the bold, bright picture of the old castle of Hohen-Urach, springing from the topmost cliff into the blue air. It was a visible knightly legend, even without a story.

This valley was deeper, broader, and grander in all its features than the former. From the stately old town of Urach, which lies in its bed, threaded by the little river Erms, five valleys

diverge, star-fashion, and five bold headlands, between them, are thrust out from the body of the Alb. Looking southward, one sees, high over the deep blue gorges, the crowning summits of the region, nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level; westward, behind Hohen-Urach, opens a lovely Alpine dell, a land of meadow, pasture, and waterfall; and on the eastern side a rocky wall, bright against the sky, hides the airy site of the famous castle of Neuffen, which lies beyond. Some landscapes, like some human faces, assure you that they have a history worth the knowing,—and this was one of them. I felt it before I had looked into one of the scattered chronicles of Urach.

The castle on the height stood on a rock nearly detached from the cliff, and hung, when its drawbridge was raised, inaccessible, over the valley. Here Count Eberhard of the Beard—the *Rauschbart* of the poets—imprisoned his insane brother, Count Henry, whose faithful wife, Eva von Salm, remained with him and there bore him a son, George, from whom the present reigning family of Würtemberg is descended. But the fate of the poet Frischlin lends a more tragical interest to the spot. Crowned laureate by the hand of the Emperor Rudolf II. at the age of twenty-eight (in 1575), he created so many enemies by his merciless satire of the nobility—the “court-devil,” as he termed the order—and the class of parasites, who guide and misuse “the long arms of kings,” that even Duke Ludwig, who was favorably inclined, was unable to protect him. For some years he led a wandering life, driven from land to land, always discharging new Parthian arrows at the corrupt life of his day,—a premature reformer, yet doubtless a wave of that stream which finally sets the mills of the gods to grinding,—until, in 1588, he was caught and put into the castle of Hohen-Urach. He there wrote “Hebrais,” a history of the Jewish kings, but, after two years’ confinement, determined to escape.

Having succeeded in twisting a long rope out of his bedclothes, he tried to

let himself down from the terrible height. It was a bright moonlit night, and his eyes were probably deceived in regard to distances, for he chose the loftiest and most dangerous part of the rock by which to descend. The rope either gave way or was cut through by friction, and the unfortunate poet was dashed to pieces. In the year 1755 a heavy oaken coffin was accidentally exhumed in the churchyard of Urach. On opening it the mutilated body of Frischlin was found, still undecayed, clothed in his scholar’s gown, and with a roll of paper in the left hand.

Urach is a well-built, picturesque, cheerful town. Many of the high houses have the weight of two or three centuries upon them. The residence of Count Eberhard of the Beard, in which he celebrated his nuptials with Barbara di Gonzaga, of the ducal house of Mantua, is still standing, near the market-place. Tradition relates that fourteen thousand guests were entertained on that occasion. Over the entrance-gate the palm-tree of the famous count, and his motto “Attempto,” are carved in wood. He was consecrated as a pilgrim to the Holy Land in a small chapel which then stood in the glen behind the fortress, and thence set forth on foot to undertake the long journey, wherefrom he returned with a staff of white-thorn in his hand, as it is related in one of Uhland’s ballads. One of the sons of the builder of Castle Urach, Kuno, became Cardinal-bishop of Præneste, stood high in the favor of Pope Gregory VII., and was witness of the memorable humiliation of the Emperor Henry V. at Canossa. The histories of these old Suabian families belong almost as much to Italy as to Germany; the theatre of their lives stretched beyond the Suabian Alb even to Apulia and Sicily.

An American is apt to forget that the picturesque, knightly past of the Middle Ages belongs as much to him as to those who are cradled with its legends. Possibly it is in greater degree his inheritance; since so much of the blood that presses up towards some level of

achievement, and which represents the best element of the knightly period, has been driven to us. The vital stream of character, like the veins from which brooks are born, runs underground, and genealogy is unable to trace it. It is generally bred out of the lines of kings, but assuredly does not perish with the founders of such lines. Qualities being inherited *laterally* as well as directly, and each man being the converging point of a pyramid, which, a few centuries back, embraces tens of thousands of ancestors, I think we should find the true currents of transmitted force and courage and intellect describing very meandering lines through the generations. Fortunately for us, our ancestors broke loose from the traditions that fetter and impede, when 'they came to America. The poetry of the Past did not perish, as we sometimes lament, but we receive it purified of all power to harm. The clear-sighted Goethe said, fifty years ago: —

"Thou'rt better off, America,
Than our old Continent now;
Thou hast no ruined castles,
And no basalt hast thou.
Neither useless remembrance
Nor inherited strife
Hinders the currents
Of thine active life."

I think I enjoyed the romantic episodes of Suabian history all the more from the feeling that it was a field which I was precluded from every attempt to illustrate. The heroic figures of knights and dames came up, passed and faded in leisurely review, and none of them said, as such figures sometimes will: "Get into me and revive me, if you can! See how your modern muscles will fit my armor, and your views of life be crammed into my brain!" I felt glad, at last, that the spectres had no such property in me as they acquire in the atmosphere of childhood. Knave and lord, prophet and robber, showed themselves alike through a clear, impartial medium. Some of them were certainly among my thousands of Suabian ancestors (in the twelfth century), and it was a matter of complete indifference as to whom the latter might

have been. The only thing I felt sure of was, that they helped to tear down Hohenstaufen and Teck, three hundred years later.

After I had quietly enjoyed Urach, I went down from the mountains to the Neckar, and took the railway to the next station of Reutlingen, in order to reach another valley, farther westward, which attracted me with an interest drawn from later times. This enabled me to withdraw to a little distance from the highest portion of the Alb, and compare its external features with those of the view from Hohenstaufen. The general character remained the same, — bold headlands, faced with rock, dividing valleys which seemed to have been torn and rent into the heart of the mountain by some tremendous convulsion, and still the isolated volcanic cones posted in advance. Near Weillheim there was one, mantled to the summit with vines, near Metzingen a second, and near Reutlingen a third, the Achalm, which has given its name to a race often mentioned in the Suabian annals.

Reutlingen is also a noted place in the old histories, but its walls are now broken down, its moat turned into vegetable-gardens, and seventy manufactories are acquiring for it a different reputation from that once given by its warlike tanners and dyers. The latter, in a battle fought in 1377, cut a body of the Suabian knights to pieces. There is a line in Uhland's descriptive ballad, which proves that a play of words much used in our late Presidential canvass is not so new, after all: —

"They charge the rear with fury, knight after knight
they slay;
The citizen will bathe him in noble blood to-day!
There came the gallant tanners, and masterly they
tanned!
There came the dyers, purple, from dyeing all the
land!"

I was already longing for the green valleys of the Alb, and remained no longer in Reutlingen than was necessary to procure a carriage and span of horses for the castle of Lichtenstein. Once out of the noisy town, the imposing cone of Achalm lay before me, in

the fairest sunshine, warm with vines, and girdled, near its summit, with houses and groves. Part of the old castle-walls, with one massive tower, are still standing. The view therefrom is celebrated, and I have no doubt with justice.

At the inn in Reutlingen I tasted wine from the slopes of Achalm, and found it very palatable. Yet this is the region where the Germans fix their ancient joke of the "three-man wine," — two being required to hold the one who drinks, lest it knock him over. The stories one hears of "tangle-foot whiskey" in the Western States are imitations of those which have been told for centuries about the Suabian wine. There is a song of the place, which says that when Prince Eugene of Savoy was presented (as was then the custom) with a cup of welcome by the city authorities, he answered: —

"I'd willingly engage to take
Belgrade by storm again,
Rather than drink a second time
The wine of Reutlingen!"

Half an hour's drive, across the breezy valley, brought me to the town of Pfullingen, which lies in the throat of a deep crevice of the Alb. The scenery thenceforth was singularly wild and abrupt. The sheer walls on either side gradually contracted, until the western half of the dell lay in shadow, and the meadows and pastures along the brook diminished to a narrow strip. Somewhere away to the right was the *Nebelhöhle* (Cave of Mist), described, in Hauff's romance of "Lichtenstein," as the hiding-place of the banished Duke Ulric. All the ground, indeed, was now familiar to me, and yet new, since it displaced the involuntary scenery which I had created as I read. "Lichtenstein" is one of the best German stories of the Scott school; very different, indeed, from those "Pictures of the German Past," which Freytag has since given us, but a tale so simply and frankly told, and invested with such a pleasant poetic atmosphere, that it has not yet ceased to be read.

At a little village called Oberhausen my postilion stopped, and informed me

that he must take an extra horse, unless I chose to mount to the castle on foot. I looked in the direction indicated by his whip, and saw what seemed a very toy of a castle, of warm yellow stone, high, high up, painted on the sky. Schwab says the rock on which it stands "shoots up like a sunbeam," but I should rather compare it to a lance, planted but-end in the valley, with the castle as its lance-head, shining above the thousand feet of forest. In the August heat, I had no mind for the ascent thither on my own two feet, so I decided to go upon the twelve hoofs. Out came a *vorspann*, with a bareheaded maiden as groom, and we began our slow way upward through the beechen woods.

Stopping frequently to breathe the horses, it was more than an hour before we reached the level of the Upperland, the views into the valley meanwhile growing deeper, richer, and more surprising. The girl informed me that Count Wilhelm of Württemberg, to whom the restored castle belongs, was then residing in it, and that, consequently, strangers were not admitted. He was newly married (to a daughter of the Prince of Monaco, as I learned afterwards), and was understood to be very fond of a quiet, retired life. The postilion drew up at a hunting-lodge on the summit, unharnessed his horses, and called for wine; so I set out to discover such views as were free to visitors.

The path led through a narrow belt of trees, and I found myself in front of the castle. The portal was overhung with half a dozen flags, — the Württemberg colors, — and no person was to be seen on the walls, neither was there any sound of life. I hesitated a moment, then crossed the moat by a drawbridge, and rang the bell. Presently the door opened, and a man who had the air of a servant and secretary in one made his appearance. Their Serene Highnesses, he said, were in the castle, and the rule was not to admit visitors. As his manner was by no means peremptory, I gave him my card for the Count, with the message that I

only desired to see the view from the ramparts.

He came back in a few minutes with the announcement, "His Serene Highness orders me to show you the castle," and opened the door for me to enter. Crossing a small court-yard enclosed by buildings for the servants, I found myself in a small garden or *pleasaunce*, shaded by fine old linden-trees. Under one of these sat a gentleman with cigar and newspapers; under another were two ladies sewing at a small table. The servant whispered, "Their Serene Highnesses"; there were mutual rapid salutations in passing, and I was free to enter the castle, which lay beyond this shady realm. A second drawbridge spanned the natural chasm which separates the columnar rock from the mountain-wall. The former is not more than fifty feet in diameter, and the outer walls of the castle are simply a continuation of its natural lines. The building is an eyrie, — a diminutive, air-built nest, a thousand feet above the valley.

I never saw space so economized as in its interior arrangement. Hauff's Castle of Lichtenstein disappeared long ago, and I doubt if even tradition enough of its structure remained for a modern copy. Count Wilhelm thereupon consulted his own taste, and he has admirably adapted mediæval apartments and furniture to the requirements of life in our day. None of the usual features of a *Ritterburg* are wanting; the banquet-hall, the chapel, the armory, the ladies' bower, so disposed that they suggest ample space. All the appliances of carved wood, stained glass, and arabesques in fresco have been used, with equal fitness of form and color. Old armor, a most interesting collection of pictures by old Suabian painters, ancient drinking-vessels, lion's and leopard's hides, cabinets of natural history, coins and medals, and an abundance of books, illustrated the taste of the princely owner.

The servant performed his office of *custode* so conscientiously that he introduced me into the bedchambers of

the Count and Countess, really against my own wish. All the little signs of occupation — an open book, manuscript sheets on the library-table, a shawl tossed upon a chair — made my presence seem intrusive, and I passed through the charming chambers with a haste which my guide must have interpreted as indifference. Last of all I mounted the tower, which is one hundred and twenty feet high. The landscape was dim with heat and summer vapor, and I saw neither the Alps (which are visible in clear weather) nor the peak of Hohenzollern in the west. The depth of the dell below me, and the extent of the Neckar valley beyond, were magnified in the dim atmosphere; but the finest feature of the view was the contrast between the gray rye-fields and dark fir-forests of the Upper-land, and the rich harvests, walnut-trees, vineyards, and gardens of the Under-land. It was my last and loveliest panorama of the Suabian Alb.

Their Serene Highnesses greeted me so pleasantly on returning, that I paused a moment and thanked them for the privilege they had allowed me. The Count replied in a few courteous words, and the servant conducted me to the outer gate. As Lichtenstein is one of the chief points of attraction to German tourists, its owner could have very little privacy if he were always so obliging; and I confessed to myself that, under similar circumstances, I should hardly have been so ready to admit a stranger to the inspection of my house and household gods.

Returning to Reutlingen in the carriage, I took the evening train for Stuttgart, and once more passed along the front of the Alb, now fairer than ever in its sunset contrasts of light and shadow. Henceforth it will be the real, familiar background of Suabian legend to me, of the stories of Hauff and the ballads of Uhland, Schwab, and Kerner; and its landscapes will arise beside those of the Apennines and the Campanian coast, with every page that tells the history of the Hohenstaufens.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

NOT the least surprising development of the late war in this country was the man who ended it. This was not, or at least it ought not to have been, owing to anything more than the personal peculiarities of the result; for the exigencies of the contest on the side of the Union were so great, and our resources in military leadership were so scant, that it was inevitable its chief hero must be a man comparatively, if not absolutely, insignificant before. General Scott was our only first-class officer at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and his advanced age and his infirmities, as well as the conviction impressed by the uniform teachings of history upon all reflecting minds, that every great crisis must furnish its own controlling actors, made his supremacy merely nominal, till the first battle of Bull Run swept it away entirely. There was a tradition, indeed, in military circles, that Scott's brilliant campaign in Mexico was much more largely due than the outside public were aware to his Chief of Staff, whose admirers even went so far as to claim that he was the real hero of that successful invasion. Many at the North looked to see him wielding the forces summoned for the suppression of the Rebellion. He proved, however, not to be above the miserable Southern weakness of "going with his State," which took him out of the lists of genuine heroism forever. The problem, then, of eventual military pre-eminence on the Union side was not unlike that which some good public moralizers are so fond of impressing upon us. The future President of the United States, they tell us, is at this moment playing in the streets; and we cannot doubt the fact, though we know it is utterly useless to scour the country for the purpose of guessing which particular boy it is that is destined for the White House.

The lot fell, as the world knows, upon

Ulysses S. Grant. Though it appeared capricious in comparison with his former estate, yet, as the result of his actually established merit, it followed as logically as a demonstration of Euclid, and as practically as an engineer's experimental verdict upon a new piece of ordnance. We venture to say that no commander of ancient or modern times ever won his fame more honestly, by a clearer, more thoroughly tested and more enduring title, than General Grant. In the first place, there was nothing about the man calculated to wrest a snap judgment in his favor either from the army or the people. He was not dashing in mind or manners; his personal appearance was not such as to awaken the least suspicion that he was above mediocrity; he was as plain as an untutored Westerner and as reserved as an educated Yankee; while of prestige he had absolutely nothing. A West Point education and service in Mexico were all that secured him appointment in the army. Thenceforward he made his own way; his only political support being one faithful Congressman, who was kept busy in shielding him from detraction, and would have failed after all, had it not been for a President eminently just and patient. But long before Grant reached his meridian, he had the loyal country so far, and only so far, favorable to him that it was prepared to appreciate military worth wherever it might be found. Indeed, the people at that time hungered and thirsted for military merit, having seen their great armies, commanded by the most promising officers in succession, decimated, without making any apparent headway toward the suppression of the still-augmenting Rebellion. Neither they nor the government had any prejudices springing from party sources or elsewhere, which interfered in the least with their recognition of the coveted reinforcement of effectual general-

ship. All the Union officers in the field, wanting that, would have been set aside to make room for any drummer-boy that had chanced to show it. For this very reason then, and no other, this obscure Illinois colonel was advanced rapidly to the head of our forces, and crowned with a title expressly created in token of his unprecedented achievements. He was tried in every serviceable capacity; as an executive officer under the direction of others, in independent movements, in combinations, in dashes, in protracted sieges, as a strategist, as a tactician, on the offensive, — never on the defensive, however, — in the West, at the East; against all the Rebel generals, from Floyd up to Lee; in all gradations of rank, from colonel of volunteers up to Lieutenant-General holding finally in his hands the control of a million of soldiers, driving all our armies abreast, and directing in person the death-blow of the Rebellion. In all these positions and spheres he was invariably and gloriously successful. General Grant's military reputation, then, is that about him which is of itself palpable to all mankind, fixed and secure. Whatever he may have seemed before he won it, whatever he may have been, is nothing to the point in this respect. We may resort to his early record under the curiosity naturally inspired by the reflex light of his glory in the field, or to seek glimpses of that which was to come; but nothing that our search may reveal can affect the reality and solidity of his military fame.

The truth is, however, the narrators of General Grant's early life present us nothing but a pleasant, hazy background for the grand portrait now so familiar to the civilized world. They succeed in showing that a graduate of West Point, named Ulysses S. Grant, was kept alive till the fortieth year of his age, when the Rebellion broke out; and that is about all they can do. We are not overlooking Grant's service in the Mexican War. It was meritorious, it was honorable to the second lieutenant, who was promoted to a brevet captain-

cy; but it was simply the average career of an average cadet. Those who knew him best, then and there, with their wits sharpened by the suggestions of actual service, were as utterly unsuspicious of his pre-eminent capacity as those brilliant Congressmen who strove to effect his removal for incompetency, even after the capture of Fort Donelson. The remainder of his ante-rebellion career may be easily run over as follows: He spends two years on garrison duty at Detroit, where he is remembered only for his superior horsemanship; thence he goes for a few months to Sackett's Harbor; in 1852 he is transferred to California, where, in association with other officers, he leases a club billiard-room, which enterprise fails; in July, 1854, he sends in his resignation, in accordance with a previous intimation that it would be accepted, remarking to a friend, as he does so, "Whoever hears of me in ten years will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer"; from 1854 to 1858 he is a Missouri farmer, but not well-to-do, for he fails continuously to make both ends meet; at the opening of the year 1859 he becomes a member of the firm of "Boggs and Grant, Real Estate Agents, St. Louis"; fails of success again, having failed in the mean time to obtain the situation of county engineer; in 1860 he is established as a clerk in his brother's leather store at Galena, Illinois, on a salary of six hundred dollars per annum, raised to eight hundred dollars when the war broke out in the year following.

During the whole of this period of Grant's life, we have no reason to believe that any human being, except his wife, had any idea or suspicion of the real powers of the man. His neighbors at "Hardscrabble" looked upon him as a clever fellow, but a poor farmer; Boggs lectured him for his want of tact in the real-estate business; his brother, the head of the leather store, thirteen years his junior, thought it was rather a stretch of generosity to call his services worth eight hundred dollars a year.

It is easy for us to laugh at this blindness; but what intelligible connection can even we point out between the Grant of that day and the Grant of this? It is like putting the towering genie into his sealed vessel again. We should all say, for instance, in looking at the main characteristics of Grant's public career, that he had that precise combination of qualities which would have insured him success in any of the ordinary pursuits of life. His was not the merely aggressive energy of Suwarow, the headlong heroism of Garibaldi, or the restless brilliancy of his own chief lieutenant. He was what might be called a common-sense general, displaying that mingled patience and promptitude, system, adaptation of means to ends, foresight, and economy (so signally exemplified afterwards in his temporary charge of the War Department), which are accounted the main requisites for business prosperity. And yet we see nothing of them at this period preceding the war. The problem is one for the curious in studies of character. Instances of a similar nature, however, abound in history, from the two Cimon of ancient Greece to Cromwell, Toussaint, Patrick Henry, and Lord Palmerston of modern times. It is usual to say that these men ripened late. Perhaps the better statement would be, that their powers lay dormant for want of the particular incitements necessary to awaken them, and the congenial field to give them scope. They were like the machinery which is temporarily disconnected from its motive-power. The engine is in silent motion, here and there a drum is rolling and a piston playing back and forth, but there is no practical result. By and by a little lever is moved, when instantly the bands are tightened, the cog-wheels come together, the entire mechanism becomes vitalized with its driving force, and it executes the work for which it was created. Many men take no such new departure, have no visible turning-point in their career; from first to last they show what they are, no matter how

their fortunes may vary. With others, their awakening either depends on slight circumstances, hardly perceptible to their associates, or else it requires a total change of condition and relations; while there possibly may be those who carry their powers through life with them like letters of introduction to fame, which they never deliver.

Another curious point is this: what was General Grant's self-estimate during this period of his obscurity? Did he cherish in secrecy that brooding consciousness of a great destiny in reserve, which has characterized the early years of so many able men, — at once a prophecy and the means of its fulfilment? This, of course, is a question upon which there can be but scanty evidence. What there is, however, happens to be in the negative, tending to the conclusion that his brilliant emergence was as much a matter of surprise to him as to others, if, indeed, the capacity to be surprised is to be reckoned among his endowments. If he had his day-dreams, they must have been of generalship; if he had innate confidence in his own powers in any respect, it would naturally have been in his powers for command. And yet when a friend first advised him to apply for a colonelcy, he said: "To tell you the truth, I would rather like a regiment, yet there are few men really competent to command a thousand soldiers, and I doubt whether I am one of them." But it is observable that from the moment he fairly got at work in the field he went about everything with the easy and masterly vigor of a man who has found his place. At a time when our other leading officers, including the intrepid Sherman himself, were dismayed by the magnitude of the crisis, Grant appeared to think only of getting at the enemy. He was continually forming plans for aggressive action, pointing out to his superior officers openings for attack, and begging for permission to seize some strategic point here or make an assault there. Whenever he was allowed any discretionary power, he employed it to

the full. His principal traits were never more strikingly displayed than in his undertaking to capture Fort Donelson, after he had been but seven months in the service. One day he said to a correspondent who was about to start for New York, "You had better wait a day or two." "Why?" "I am going over to attack Fort Donelson to-morrow." "Do you know how strong it is?" "Not exactly; but I think we can take it; at all events we can try." In fact, the fort was held by twenty-one thousand men, with sixty-five pieces of artillery, while Grant advanced to its attack with fifteen thousand troops, afterwards reinforced to but little above the strength of the enemy, without a single field-piece, and without tents or baggage, though it was in the middle of February. He had the co-operation of Foote's gunboats, but they proved of slight use, owing to the height of the river-banks on which the fortifications stood. Any disinterested military observer would have said that he had not one chance of success in a thousand; yet succeed he did, through the very audacity of his assault, his accurate knowledge of the Rebel commanders, and the quick fertility of his expedients. The achievement differed, to be sure, from the great campaigns of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond, for it did not involve the broad combinations and the skilful handling of large masses of troops which only experience can effect; but the same boldness, self-reliance, and mastery of circumstances were exhibited at Fort Donelson which we find even in the climax of his triumphant career. These qualities attest a generalship not the product of schools nor of any amount of training, but inborn and akin to genius.

When we thus glance at this picture and then at that, — at the Grant before the hour of the rebellion struck, and at the Grant since known to history, — we can hardly be surprised that strange theories have been suggested by the amazing contrast. We can even be indulgent to the phantasmal idea that

the American people have been unconsciously preparing the way for a resistless usurper, — for another Cromwell of another Puritanic cause, for another Napoleon intoxicated by military glory, even for another Louis Napoleon, nicotineized, silent, and brooding. This notion, perverse as it is, is a thousand times more respectable than the attempt of certain presses during the last presidential canvass to represent the Republican standard-bearer as only an ordinary fighter of extraordinary luck, an imposing nobody, a "smoke-enveloped accident." The former pretence evidences a real, though distorted, appreciation of some of Grant's most salient qualities; the latter is only the projection of the silliness of its authors. It is to be observed, however, that those who profess such lively fears of the designs of the President elect are men like Alexander H. Stephens, who cherish a hatred and horror of the cause which he has vindicated in war and will establish by his civil administration. Doubtless the unexpressed thought of these men is something like this: Suppose that President Grant should, after all, find that the end for which he has fought and toiled, — the supremacy of the loyal cause, so called, — was apparently endangered in the last days of his administration by the triumph of his opponents at the polls, would he quietly retire, at the end of his term, and see his work undone? Not at all. He is just the man to seize the supreme power and hold the government till he has ineffaceably stamped his policy upon it, leaving the vindication of his memory to future ages.

The inventors of this chimera have beheld General Grant through the distorting mists of enmity and fear while he was demolishing their fabric of treason, and they now see him called to erase its final vestiges. If to patriots he is a phenomenon, to the disloyal he is an apparition. He has horrified them so often that they imagine him capable of anything. The truth is, however, they have exaggerated and drawn erroneous deductions from a single trait in Grant's

nature which reminds one of the usurpers of history. He has what may be called the terrible temperament. This, indeed, is often allied with winning qualities. Julius Cæsar was amiable and magnanimous. Cromwell was devout and peace-loving. "Was the Emperor a kind-hearted man?" asked an American scholar of Marshal Soult. "He was indeed," exclaimed the Marshal; "you might disappoint him time and again, and he would always overlook it if he could find the least excuse for doing so." The present Napoleon is said to have shuddered at the sight of bloodshed in the Italian war, while the friends of his *régime* maintain that he has never used more severity than the occasion, from his point of view, has required. But the one characteristic common to all these historic personages, and possessed by Grant as largely as by any of them, is an inexorable will. The men of this temperament seem to be taken up into a sphere of their own, where all the doubts, hesitations, sense of responsibility, and fear of adventure which belong to ordinary human nature are left behind, and there remains nothing but the object in view and the resolve to gain it. Human life, however valued in other relations, becomes of no account when it stands in the way of the end to be attained, or else it is but an instrument for carving out success. When Grant was asked how he felt amid the fearful carnage and the uncertainties of the struggle in the Wilderness, he answered that he felt he was "bound to go to Richmond." We have called this the terrible temperament, because there is in it something preternatural, fatal, and unnerving to the mass of mankind; but it is the heroic temperament as well, and its illustrations are found among the great scholars, the inventors, the saints, and the regenerators of the world.

It was natural that this indomitable energy of General Grant, which first signaled his merits as a commander and was the means of his breaking down the Rebellion, should make a more vivid

impression upon his enemies than upon his friends, but it really affords no excuse for overlooking the total character of which it forms but a single element, and which stamps the theory we have been considering as the sheerest of grotesque illusions. Indeed, great energy, as Emerson has well remarked, is generally but the result of a rare harmony of character, and not of the exertion of the will in control or defiance of the other faculties; it is rather as if all the powers of the man, like the entire momentum of a battering-ram, lay directly in a line behind the impinging point. Not more conspicuous is this tenacity of Grant than his respect for law, his devotion to the will of the people, his love of free institutions, his disinterestedness, modesty, and equanimity. The language of panegyric in this relation suits neither our tastes nor our purposes; but may not the array of the successful commanders of all times — not excluding even the august name of Washington — be searched in vain to find one who has borne his honors more becomingly in every respect than this General of ours who, at middle age, with the first military reputation among his contemporaries, finds the paths of seemingly equal civil glory just opening before him?

Any endeavor to project the essential features of the character we have been contemplating upon the canvas of the future, to show what sort of a President has been foreshadowed by the General, suggests the questions, Are we sure that we have yet all the elements of the problem before us? Is it probable that a man who has exhibited such a colossal development in seven or eight years has already finished the process, seeing that he is still in the prime of manhood, and is entering on a new arena full of incitements? Putting aside these questions, however, we think it will be entirely safe to say: —

First, General Grant will be President in fact as well as in name. As we have seen, he never was a man to hesitate about exercising any amount of power that might be confided to him.

In Jackson's place, he might not have said, "I take the responsibility"; but he would have taken it, nevertheless, and said nothing about it. Even one of his associates in the Galena leather store understood this peculiarity well enough to give Governor Yates of Illinois, who had confessed his inability to get at the special capacities of "this Captain Grant," the following good advice: "The way to deal with him is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will obey promptly." The people have now summoned this same prompt officer to be President of the United States, and that he will be. If any individuals high in position or prone to intrigue indulge the hope of managing or improperly influencing Mr. Johnson's successor, it only remains for them, seeing how blind they have been to the plainest pages of recent history, to take a lesson or two in the school of experience and pay their tuition.

Secondly, it is but a reasonable calculation that General Grant, in the discharge of the duties of the Presidency, will win a substantial success not unsuited to his martial renown. Indeed, nine tenths of those who have risen above the folly of confounding the gift of popular oratory with executive talent concede already that he has all the main requisites for administering the affairs of the country at this time, except, possibly, the information derived from long civil experience. His generalship reveals governing ability of the highest order, circumspection only matched by energy, and an unerring faculty for selecting the right men for subordinates. As to the possible deficiency alluded to, — and we must always bear in mind that there is no special training school for the Presidency, — General Grant is the son of his time, and, though he may not be learned in the statesmanship of books, he comprehends his own age. Starting with that political *tabula rasa*, the mind of an army officer, — having really voted but once before the war (for Buchanan), and having always regretted that, — he enjoyed the excellent privilege of having

nothing to unlearn. The crisis found him without prejudices, and he took in all its elements dispassionately as comprising the true situation with which he was to deal. Even that conservative bias, of which a few good Republican supporters are still absurdly suspicious, was in his favor, for while it has been observed that the descent from youthful liberalism has often been as swift and extreme as the apostasy of a Strafford, the contrary tendency, as illustrated in the lives of men like Peel and Gladstone, gives the finest fruits of genuine progress. Hence it happened, that, while antislavery men of many years' standing were worrying over the future relations of the institution they had so long fought and feared, Grant calmly foresaw and announced its extinction; and, more than that, every stage of the extinguishing process can now be traced in his military orders, in advance of the action of Congress and of the Executive. The same remark may be made respecting the reconstruction policy of the government; its germs are all to be found in the record of his field measures, while toward the maturing of that policy he gave his valued counsels and his profoundest sympathies. Of all the great questions which appear to demand settlement during the incoming administration, it may be truly said that none are older than General Grant's public life, while most have already touched him at many points in his career, and engaged his earnest attention. For the last three years in particular he has reflected upon the political juncture, perhaps with the prescience that he would be called to deal with it practically; he has conferred with the acutest statesmen of the day, and has mingled with his countrymen in every part of the Union. It would not be strange, therefore, if the whole situation bearing upon the Presidency, comprising policies, men, and measures, should be at this moment as accurately mapped out in his mind as were his great campaigns before he fought them in the field, and should be followed by national results hardly second in value,

SEdge-BIRDS.

YEARS ago, when there was time enough, and when nobody had rheumatism except very old people, the "Fresh Pond marshes" was a name that called up far other associations than any that can attach, I should think, to the dreary waste of brickfields, shanties, and ice-ponds now occupying that region. In those days it was a wilderness, encompassed to be sure on all sides by civilization, yet of indefinite extent, full of mystery, of possibilities, and invaded only by the Concord turnpike, — a lonely road with a double row of pollard willows causewayed above the bog. Here the Florida Gallinule had been seen; here were the haunts of the Rails, the Least Bittern, the Short-billed Wren, then newly discovered and perhaps seen only here, — a saucy, chuckling sprite, flitting from bush to bush in front of you; and here was his nest, a ball of grass with no apparent opening, snug-hid in a tussock of sedge, in the midst of treacherous depths patiently waded over by feet not wonted to such punctual assiduity at more accredited tasks. Did a more heartfelt rapture hail the adventurer's first or greatest nugget in Californian or Australian gold-fields than welcomed, after uncounted disappointments, the rounded wisp that at last did not deceive? Here, also, in the remote recesses of the marsh was the ancient heronry of the Kwa-birds, the Jew's quarter of the feathered community, where this persecuted tribe made their nests, and huddled in shady seclusion and squalid comfort during daylight, sallying forth at dusk in quest of prey. Perhaps I am dwelling too much upon what to most of us was, after all, a secondary interest for the off-seasons, or the intervals of more regular pursuits. These the brook allured, with its steady, tranquil stream — then, alas! curtained with stooping alders and willows — of devious course, allowing the silent paddler, cautiously

peeping round the point, to surprise the black-duck or wood-duck with upstretched neck for an instant before, spurning the surface, she rushed into the air. An enchanted stream, not the dull ditch that now meets the passer-by, but broad and deep, leading to Menotomy Pond, to Mystic River, to the ends of the world! For had not "the old Captain" passed down this way in his sailboat to the Harbor, to Cape Cod? So, at least, it was said, and we believed it. Though how he passed the bridge at the Fresh Pond outlet? No doubt his masts unshipped, or perhaps at that day Concord turnpike was not. At this outlet, where the brook left the pond, all attractions centred. What it was then is easier imagined without seeing it now. Not merely are all the objects changed, but there is not room enough on the ground for what it then contained. Where now is a meagre bit of mangy pasture and a row of ice-houses, a vast army of reeds and bulrushes and wild rice encompassed the shore, tenanted throughout the year by muskrats (for the water was deep at the edge), and at the right times by throngs of feathered visitors. The height of the season was about the end of October, when the pond-holes began to skim over and the mud to stiffen in the marsh. Then of some clear, frosty morning, the youth whose eyes, sometimes heavy at prayer-bell, had unclosed that day punctual as the second-hand of his watch, shouldering with an alacrity in itself deserving of all praise his manifold impediments, made his way by starlight up the white, stony turnpike, — all silent and deserted save, perhaps, a slow-moving wain creaking placidly along like some cosmic phenomenon regardless of village times and seasons, — past the lonely farm-house, last outpost on the bleak hill overlooking the pond (now the centre of a village), and so on to the boat and the ambush at the edge

of the reeds, there to crouch expectant in the hay while the steel-blue heavens begin to detach themselves by a lighter, almost phosphorescent shimmer from the hills and tree-tops eastward. On the water all is darkness, yet here in the reeds the inhabitants are already astir; and after the first preparations are made, and the first moment of hushed attention over,—your left-hand decoy, quacking slowly in a measured, tentative way, making ready for business, and the other responding irregularly, as if incurious and intent rather upon the surrounding possibilities of duckweed,—you feel at liberty to attend to these more speculative interests. First of all, a Song Sparrow in the willows by the road begins to sing, in a cheerful, confident way, having, it is like, just waked from a dream of daylight, and then, fairly getting his eyes open, ends rather abruptly and inconclusively, and dives into the shelter beneath. He is an outsider, and ought to keep village hours, but the proper marsh community are earlier risers. From the pines behind comes the *hoo, hoo-hoo* of the owls, like the toot of a distant horn preluding the full blast, and out of the darkness overhead the bark of the Kwa-birds or Night Herons. A most characteristic marsh sound earlier in the season is the strange note of the American Bittern, like a heavy echoed axe-stroke upon a post in the swamp. At our sides all is rustling and creaking. Are they two-footed or four-footed these invisible forms that set the reeds a-shaking and a-whispering? In the wilderness, everywhere, the night is the time of noises. In the woods at midday Pan sleeps, but at night the forest is full of stir and bustle, the rabbits and all the tribes of mice are abroad, and the prowlers that prey upon them. We hear the squeaking and croaking of Rails, stragglers perhaps, and uneasy at being left behind by their migrating brethren. One flutters across the bit of open water, with loose bat-like flight and hanging legs, ready to take the ground again when he can. The wedge-like body and long legs and feet are perfectly fitted for running over the

floating stalks and making way unseen through the matted blades, and he will not fly when he can run. A similar habitat gives something of the same air and build to the Swamp Sparrow. He has one foot on firm land also; his plumage is like that of the Song Sparrow, but of richer and purer tints, unbleached by dust and sunshine, and he can sing sweetly too. But now he appears in the character of sedge-bird, silent, skulking, rat-like, not afraid, but shy and burrowing out of daylight.

Now the surface of the water begins to appear, and the dim reflection of the more distant shores. On the left the high pines of the promontory stand tree and shadow one black mass, like a black cavern cut into the sky,—close at hand or miles away, you could not tell. Suddenly from the dim distance of reeds on the right a sparkling line of ripple comes cutting across the open water in front. Not a muskrat, for as it crosses the lighter space a slender neck shows for a moment upright above the water. It might be a Teal, but the decoys take little notice of the stranger, who moves athwart our system in a cometic way, neither seeking nor avoiding, as if of imperfect affinities with the duck-kind. Perhaps a Coot, or more likely a Pied-billed Grebe, and where the ripple ceased he dived for food. By and by he may come nearer, and if a Grebe may be worth shooting, if nothing better offers. The Coot is only a larger Rail set afloat, with the thighs planted farther back, and the lobes of the toes furnished each with its fringe of membrane to aid in swimming. The Grebe, too, has divided toes, but the fringe is continuous instead of being scalloped out as in the Coot, and in other respects the adaptation to an aquatic life has gone much further; the body slender, cylindrical, the plumage compact and glossy, the legs so good for swimming as to be good for no other purpose,—all as befits the typical diver or “dipper,” who gets his living under water. Just as the flush of morning begins to tinge upwards into the sky and to show the swirl of mist lying low over the water

on the other side of the pond, there is a sudden whistle of wings and a rush overhead, and a little flock of Teal stoop swiftly down upon the decoys, then as swiftly glance upwards again, and with a beautiful wheel, the white under-coverts of their wings twinkling an instant in the eastern light, dash into the water, sending it up far in front of them. Both barrels roar at once, and as the echoes come bellowing back, a vast swarm of Blackbirds, who for some time have been chattering and whining in the reeds to the right, now start into the air, and swoop about awhile confusedly with a crackle of complaint, and then, not being able to make up their minds to settle again, make off for their feeding-grounds. Now the birds in the rice and reeds at our side begin to show themselves more; not the Rails, they are unseen still, and multiply themselves by their ventriloquism; now near, now far, whether one or a hundred no one could say. But the Swamp Sparrows come into sight, and a Chickadee tilts lightly on to the edge of the boat with a *day-day* of recognition, like an old acquaintance met in an out-of-the-way place, thence to the level gun-barrel along which he hops, twisting right or left at each hop, peeps into the muzzle, and, finding nothing attractive there, makes his way with one sideways glance under the rail of the gunnel, to the marsh again. He is not a sedge-bird, yet he is not out of place there. His close cousin in Europe bears the name of Marsh Tit, and he himself has been passing the summer in a thicket at the edge of the swamp, where in the side of a slanting birch ruined by last winter's snow and now falling to decay, he chiselled a hole for his soft-felted, purse-like nest, and drawled *phleebe* to his mate the season long. Now his *villeggiatura* is ended, and the sentimental fit past; he has resumed his brisk winter accent, and is coming back again to the pine-groves and gardens. While we are seeing him off, the sound of a paddle comes from behind the point to the right, and gradually a punt emerges and makes leisurely way to-

wards us, its broad-shouldered occupant sinking the stern deep in the water. At last he heaves to off our stand, and the voice of "the old Captain" hails us, asking whether we have seen a decoy of his. We have not, but he edges in, still unsatisfied, and flings out in a short growling way that it looked much like a wild one, &c., &c., evidently thinking we have shot his bird, perhaps knowingly. Indeed, what do these young scamps come here for, to spoil what little shooting is left? There never was much, and now there's none. All this inside the teeth, however, for he manages to consume his own smoke, though with some rumbling. He still keeps edging in until he gets fairly alongside, where we dispel the doubt which native delicacy would not allow him openly to express, even to such miscellaneous-looking individuals as we. Satisfied that his pet is not among the slain, he softens up, becomes chatty, at length hearing a name which he will not directly ask, he looks up sharp and fairly overflows with friendly talk and stories of the olden time, until we, warned by the sunbeams that now begin to gild the woods on the western point, with some difficulty make our escape. A kindly old giant, — beneath all his gruffness as tender as true. He has vanished with the bit of wilderness and the game he almost survived, and now men are levelling off the oak-clad knolls that hid his trig cottage from the north and from the Concord road; the railway runs where the curving edge of the bank met the waters of the bay, and the swale where his little greenhouse stood open to the pond and the sun is blocked across by a line of ice-houses. They have turned his place round, to suit the requirements of a new era. He dwelt there sunning himself in the old memories, among his flowers or in his boat, silent, introverted, brooding over the old New-England times to which he belonged. But now the present has come in with its far-reaching schemes, its cosmopolitan interests, and must live on the street, and has no time to think of the sunshine or the want of it.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Carthage and Tunis, Past and Present.

In Two Parts. By AMOS PERRY, late United States Consul for the City and Regency of Tunis. Providence, R. I.: Providence Press Company.

THE past of Tunis and Carthage, so far as concerns any new light thrown upon it by Mr. Perry, might as well have been sketched in ten pages as in two hundred, and even in two hundred the narrative might have been freed of a good deal of fatiguing and confusing detail, and presented with a somewhat livelier air. When, however, you come to the second part of his work, in which the author treats of the actual condition of the country, you are aware of an original value not attaching to memories of the Punic wars, the Mohammedan conquests, and the Crusades. In no other case does Time seem to have so completely brought round his revenges as in that of this Mussulman potency, which now exists only by grace of the commerce it once preyed upon, which is bullied by every state in Christendom, and practically controlled by the Foreign Consuls. Conceive of the pleasures of Christianity and Judaism in a city where nearly all the public buildings were constructed by Christian slaves under the whip of the Moslem task-master, and where Jews were habitually taken by the beard and smitten heavily upon every light pretence, but where now Christians and Hebrews breathe their tobacco-smoke in the faces of true believers, fainting at the end of a long fast, — and thus add another day to their penance! The good old days are past in Tunis, and humanity is the better off for the fact: no more corsairs ravaging the seas; no more descents of Barbary kidnappers upon defenceless European coasts; no more compulsory purchases of white cotton caps by Jews; no more vile oppressions of those people in person and pocket. It can now happen in Tunis that an Israelite wears the sacred green color in his belt, and that the prudent Mussulman, to avoid the religious obligation of resenting the insult, feigns not to see it. The Christians hold the power, and the Jews hold the purse: what can the faithful do but tacitly despise them, and bitterly believe in their perdition? It is

questionable whether the happiness of the only enterprising and industrious people in the country would be at all enhanced by the overthrow of Moslem rule.

Mr. Perry gives us some very interesting chapters on the different races, their customs and beliefs; on the state of woman and the ruinous effects of polygamy; on some hopeful tendencies of Mohammedans of European race towards Christianity through admiration of Christian civilization; on the climate and the industrial resources and characteristics of the regency; on the government; on the archaeological interest and the ruins of ancient cities. And, on the whole, the book is well enough written, — with no great strength of philosophy certainly, and an unquestioning faith in the marvels of story, yet with some shrewdness of observation in the study of modern Tunisian life, and a laudable moderation of tone. The second part of the work is in fact entertaining and profitable reading. The chief lesson of it all is one now familiar enough, namely, that Islam is sick in every part, perishing of inherent and incurable corruption, yet with such conditions that it is hard to tell whether it were better to prolong its agony, or to extinguish it at once as a political system. Few virtues remain to it, and the appearance of few. The Jews and Christians of Tunisia, who are not always miracles of uprightness and purity, are yet respectable in comparison with the depraved and unnaturally vicious Moslems. The idea of Mohammedan society, as presented in this and other books of good authority, is one that includes most of the hidden iniquities of Christian civilization in an explicit and recognized form, and the practice of many almost unknown to it.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore: Stories.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE editors of this Magazine — who have been to some degree also readers of it — remember with pleasure "Elkanah Brewster's Temptation"; and we fancy that

there are others who will be glad to read it over a second time in this collection. It is no dispraise of them to say that Mr. Nordhoff's stories are all light, — "easy things to understand," — aim to please and entertain folk, and do not grapple with problems of any kind, unless perhaps the doubtful wisdom of forsaking simple Cape Cod and country-town ways, for the materializing and corrupting career of newspaper men and artists in New York. Elkanah Brewster barely overcomes his temptation, and returns to the Cape just in time to be true to Hepsy Ann, while Stoffle McGurdigan actually succumbs, becomes a great editor, and breaks faith with pretty Lucy Jones. Though the interest of these and the other stories of the book is not complex, the satire is wholesome and just, and the reader will scarcely escape being touched by the pathos. The character in them is good enough to be true of the scenes of most of the tales which take us among places and people seldom touched by magazine fiction, and not here exhausted. It seems to us that "Mehetabel Roger's Cranberry Swamp" is the best of all, and that "Maud Elbert's Love-Match" is the worst, as might be expected from its suggestive title.

The book is such an one as we imagine people taking up and reading through, one story after another, and being now sorry and now glad that there is not more, — so nicely is the balance trimmed with here a good story and there a poor one, — but, on the whole, kept in excellent humor by the author's manly feeling and sympathy with homely life, and his rarely failing lightness of touch in matters usually fallen upon heavily.

History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-65. Prepared in Compliance with Acts of the Legislature, by SAMUEL P. BATES, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Vol. I. Harrisburg: B. Singerly, State Printer.

THE plan of Dr. Bates's work, as developed in this first volume, includes an historical sketch of each of the Pennsylvania regiments, followed by a sort of tabular biography of all the men in it. Only the names and places of enlistment of the three months' men are given, but in the case of those enlisted for the war the date of muster into service is added, as well as the number

of years served, and a brief statement of the promotion, discharge, death, hurt, or desertion of every soldier. This accuracy and detail are due to brave men who will have in the vast majority of cases no other record of their heroism, and the book is properly a monument to them. To others it has necessarily in great part only the curious attraction which city directories possess. Even the histories of the different regiments, which cover a long period of eventful and varied service, must be somewhat meagre; but, considering the difficulties of the work and its limitations, we are inclined to compliment the author upon his success. He contrives to do justice to the achievements of each body of men, and to give such picturesque relief as is possible to them; in repeatedly telling the story of the same battle, he manages to tell that part of it which concerns the particular regiment celebrated, without cumbering the reader with circumstance. We like particularly the care with which he remembers the gallant deeds of the men as well as the officers; nothing about the famous Bucktail Regiment is left quite so distinct in our minds as that heroic act of Private Martin Kelly, who, when his regiment faced a body of the enemy, "seeing that the colonel was about to give the order to advance, said, 'Colonel, shall I draw their fire?' and deliberately stepping from behind a tree, received without flinching a volley of balls, falling dead upon the instant." The whole sketch of the Bucktail Regiment is interesting, — the most interesting in the book, — but other episodes, as the battle above the Clouds, and the march of the Pennsylvania Volunteers through Baltimore (the day preceding the attack on the Massachusetts troops), are also well treated; and the story of the part borne by Captain Ricketts's Battery F in the battle of Gettysburg is told in such a graphic and forcible manner, that whoever reads it will hardly forget again the fight sustained in the dark by the Pennsylvanians against the seventeen hundred Louisiana Tigers, reduced in that encounter to six hundred, and never afterwards known as an organization.

We shall look with interest for the second volume of Dr. Bates's work, which we hope will contain biographies of distinguished Pennsylvanian soldiers and civilians. The temperate and sensible fashion in which he has executed this most laborious part of his task is sufficient promise of good and faithful work in the rest.

Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians, in 1764. With Preface by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "Conspiracy of Pontiac," &c., and a Translation of Dumas' Biographical Sketch of General Bouquet. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

AT the end of the old French War (it is a war that seems to have been old from the first, and to have started in history with all the advantages of antiquity), the Indian allies of the French refused to abide by the treaty of peace, and troubled all the western borders of the English colonies with raids and massacres, and plotted a general war for the destruction of the settlements. Whereupon, M. Henri Bouquet, a Swiss gentleman, who had received a military education in Holland, and had distinguished himself in the service of the King of Sardinia and the Dutch States, being now an officer of the British army, was put at the head of two regiments of regulars, newly arrived in bad condition from the West Indies, and marched from eastern Pennsylvania to the relief of Forts Pitt and Ligonier and the protection of the frontier. His men numbered only five hundred. They were not only enfeebled by sickness and the torrid climate they had left, but were utterly unused to Indian warfare; yet they were so well handled that Colonel Bouquet pushed rapidly and safely through the border till within easy distance of Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), where, midway between that fort and Fort Ligonier, which he had relieved, he met the banded tribes on a battle-ground of their own choosing, and signally defeated them. After supplying Fort Pitt with provisions and munitions, he went into winter quarters, and in the following year, 1764, he advanced into the Indian country immediately westward, while another corps, acting in concert with him, marched to attack the Indians living near the lakes. The tribes which Bouquet was appointed to punish were the Delawares and their allies the Shawnees, Mingoes, and Mohicans, whose general capital was on the Muskingum River, about half-way between the Ohio River and Lake Erie. Reinforced by a thousand Pennsylvania militia, he penetrated at once into the heart of the Muskingum country, where the savages met him with proposals for peace; and where he treated with them upon terms very advantageous to the colonies, and received from them some hundreds of captives.

This, in brief, is the story recounted in the old pamphlet which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. have so handsomely reprinted from the first Philadelphia edition of the year 1766. The whole narrative is most entertaining, for the interest of the subject, and for the quaintness of that highly literary style of the last century in which it is written, and of which we shall give a notion by the following passages:—

"And here I am to enter on a scene, reserved on purpose for this place, that the thread of the foregoing narrative might not be interrupted,—a scene which language indeed can but weakly describe; and to which the Poet or Painter might have repaired to enrich their highest colorings of the variety of human passions; the Philosopher to find ample subject for his most serious reflections; and the Man to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul.

"The scene I mean was the arrival of the prisoners in the camp; where were to be seen fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once-lost babes; husbands hanging round the necks of their newly recovered wives; sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together after long separation, scarce able to speak the same language, or, for some time, to be sure that they were children of the same parents! In all these interviews, joy and rapture inexpressible were seen, while feelings of a very different nature were painted in the looks of others;—flying from place to place in eager inquiries after relatives not found! trembling to receive an answer to their questions! distracted with doubts, hopes, and fears, on obtaining no account of those they sought for! or stiffened into living monuments of horror and woe, on learning their unhappy fate!"

Whether the Poet has ever repaired to this scene, we do not know; but the Painter has, in the person of Benjamin West, and has produced a formal, not to say majestic, representation of the fact, on which we enjoy looking in the lithograph of the old engraving here given. There is a curious and amusing harmony between this picture—and that other by West, of Bouquet's Talk with the Indians, also given in this reprint—and the feeling of the text, which was originally "Published from Authentic Documents by a Lover of his Country," namely, Dr. William Smith of the Philadelphia College, as appears from the researches of Mr. A. R. Spofford, Congressional Librarian.

Its quaintness every one must relish, and none can help noticing the clearness and solidity of the narration. The present publishers have given it with the original maps; the whole is fitly introduced by Mr. Parkman, and the book very worthily comes first in the contributions which Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. propose to make to the materials of American history in their "Ohio Valley Series." These publications are to include reprints of such monographs as this, and such historical and biographical materials now existing in manuscript as the publishers can secure. In some cases the volumes will consist of digested histories of particular events and places, and each will be so far edited as to group the materials according to the periods and occurrences to which they refer. It is an enterprise to which we heartily wish success, both for the valuable matter it will preserve for the use of the student, and for the pleasure it will afford the general reader. The pioneer life of the West began with the settlement of the Ohio Valley, and ended with the growth of that region in population and security. It was the field of famous Indian wars, and of romantic personal adventure; and that part of it included in the State of Ohio was especially the scene of some of the most interesting, if not the most important, events of our early national history. Ohio was, in fact, a battle-ground for a quarter of a century; there the Indians made their last great stand against the whites, and there they were beaten; there St. Clair met with his disastrous defeat, and there Mad Anthony Wayne subdued the savages and broke their power. Names like theirs, and like Boone's, Kenton's, and Girty's, and, later, Burr's and Blennerhassett's, are associated with its annals, to which many picturesque episodes lend a peculiar charm.

The Pampas and Andes. A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. With an Introduction by EDWARD A. SAMUELS, ESQ. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

BRIEFLY told, Mr. Bishop's entertaining story is this: He worked his passage as a sailor on a merchant vessel from Boston to Montevideo, and ascended the river Plata to Buenos Ayres; as soon as possible he joined a caravan leaving Rosario, and walked across the pampas to Mendoza;

spent the winter near San Juan in the service of an American who had grist-mills there; in the spring started alone upon his chief enterprise of passing the Andes on foot, but was overtaken by a train, and walked with it to Chili, whence, at Valparaiso, he again shipped before the mast and returned home, — his capital at no time having exceeded forty dollars, and his other resources being summed up in Yankee courage and curiosity, and such knowledge of the world as a boy of seventeen may have.

As all this happened in the years 1854-55, Mr. Bishop does not, of course, bring us "the latest advices from South America"; but, to our perennial ignorance of that part of the world, it is something very like news he tells of its countries and the people. His narrative is compiled from the journal he kept during his wanderings, and holds the reader by the novelty and variety of incident, whilst it by no means displeases with a certain boyishness of tone, consorting well enough with the character of the whole adventure, which in its indefiniteness of purpose seems of some past epoch rather than our own. The "zeal for the study of Natural History," which Dr. Brewer attributes to him in Mr. Samuels's Introduction, does not appear to the unscientific reader with disturbing effect; and but for the connection of Mr. Bishop's name with those of these gentlemen, we should only have credited him with a general desire to see the world.

He has seen the world in phases not often shown in these days of genteel tours, and his book, read in the light of a highly philosophized work like Señor Sarmiento's "Civilization and Barbarism," is a useful study of life in the Argentine Republic. He shared the lot of the gauchos, with whom he traversed the pampas, in every respect, and he reports their character from this intimate association in the same colors that it wears in the profounder view of their countryman. They are sad ruffians indeed, — brutal, lawless, dishonest, filthy, everything but cowardly; and in the picture of their life on the pampas, as Mr. Bishop gives it, we are struck again with that resemblance to the Bedouins which Señor Sarmiento points out. These noble fellows despise foreigners, of course, and especially Yankees; and the experience of *Bostron el Gringo*, as they called our author, in recognition of his Athenian origin, were unpleasant even to the poisoning

point. He seems to have fallen personally in their opinion from the fatal moment when at dinner he attempted, gaucho fashion, to sever with his knife the morsel of meat, one end of which it is good manners on the pampas to let hang from your mouth, and so cut the tip of his nose. No gaucho of true *ton* could have been guilty of this awkwardness, and thereafter they offered him every possible affront, and finally attempted his life. He added to his unpopularity by his habit of washing himself; yet, seeing him on Sunday with a testament containing a picture of the crucifixion, they declared that he was a Christian, and invited him to celebrate their unity of faith by a game of cards. There is, however, a savager creature on the pampas than the gaucho, namely, the Indian, who lies in wait for the latter, and robs and murders him. The gauchos travel in continual fear of the Indians, and the whole encampment of Mr. Bishop's friends was terror-struck by the appearance of two Indian women. Altogether, it is an agreeable country. But our author survived the enmity of his comrades, as well as the unavoidable hardships of a passage of the pampas, and arrived in good condition at Mendoza. He found here a North American circus company, with the usual number of professional gentlemen by whom our country is chiefly represented in the inland cities of South America. In connection with this company, he relates a shocking instance of bribery and corruption, — the governor of Mendoza being prevailed on by the present of a season-ticket to transfer the government band from the theatre to the circus, thereby breaking faith with his countrymen, and greatly injuring native talent and the legitimate drama in Mendoza.

Of the citizens, particularly at San Juan, Mr. Bishop gives a friendlier account than we find elsewhere: —

"I found, to my surprise, among the wealthier citizens, a class of society, which for dignity of deportment, strictness in etiquette, and generous hospitality, would favorably compare with any class that I have met in the United States or in Europe. The young men were intelligent and full of generous ardor, and the maidens, — how shall I describe them? . . . Many of the females, particularly the younger ones, have complexions that in clearness and beauty would rival the blondes of the North. In addition to personal beauty, the ladies of San Juan can boast of varied attractions.

The guitar is used with a grace and skill that give evidence of careful study and long practice. Many play upon the piano, using instruments that have been carted a thousand miles over the pampas, from the port of Buenos Ayres. All can embroider with skill and elegance. Poetry appears to be assiduously cultivated among them, and many specimens of true inspiration came to my notice that would be considered worthy of the name of Tennyson or Longfellow." Here we may suspect Mr. Bishop of the partiality of friendship, but we cannot question him when he adds: "Altogether, I know of no situation more pleasant, or containing more elements of interest and romance, than San Juan."

Beneath this verse-producing and piano-playing level were grades of civilization not so attractive, and the milling business, as Mr. Bishop knew it outside of San Juan, was not all a dream of poesy.

"There were no water privileges in the interior, and the merchants and farmers of Cordova and San Luis frequently sent wheat three or four hundred miles by troops of mules. My office, therefore, proved an advantageous one, as I was enabled to have direct intercourse with people from several of the northern and eastern provinces. Among the numbers that I became acquainted with were the old-fashioned Riojano, who came from his distant home to the north of the desert, clothed in a heavy *frusada*, manufactured from wool of his own shearing by the industry of his wife or daughter. Sometimes the Indian-looking Santiagueño, or Catamarcan, and the crafty yet polite Cordovese, traded at the mill; and many were the little gifts that the most respectable portion of my customers brought me from their estates far back in the irrigated *travesia*, or along the bases of the Andes. The press of business demanded that the mill should be run night and day. This compelled the poorer classes that came from a distance to sleep in the mill. And at night, when all was quiet save the restless hum of the revolving stone, it was a curious sight to peep in at the door, and behold the ground covered with sleeping forms of men, women, and children of many types and complexions, — here the offspring of the negro and Indian; there the child of a Spanish father and Indian mother. . . . The gauchos love to gamble, and while waiting for the mill to do its work, they generally spent the time in playing their favorite games, always staking small sums of money up-

on the chances, in order to make the time pass more profitably. But, whatever might have been the rules of the other mills, Don Guillermo soon put a stop to what he called a degenerating practice, and by various small skirmishes with the gaucho peons, he fully demonstrated that *his* was a North American institution, and that, therefore, gambling could not be permitted upon his premises. The peons remonstrated, but the don was firm. They threatened to ruin his business by patronizing the other mills in preference to his own; but as their masters respected the policy of my friend, they were restrained from carrying out their designs. Thus law and order were firmly established, and North American principles were triumphant. It requires no small degree of firmness and knowledge of human nature to carry on the flour and grain business in the Argentine Republic. Peace and quiet did not last long before a second innovation was attempted, although upon a new plan. A band of thieves and loafers erected a hut of corn-stalks and briers upon the opposite side of the canal, in the district of Anjuaco, and the place was once more disturbed by midnight revels, and by frequent raids upon the grounds of neighboring farmers. Sheep, calves, and even horses disappeared in a mysterious manner. At length Don Guillermo became exasperated, and, watching an opportunity when the rascals were absent, he attacked the shanty, levelled it to the ground, and, collecting the ruins into one pile, set fire to it, and burned it to ashes."

We leave the reader to follow Mr. Bishop across the Andes in his own narrative, and to decide for himself whether he will believe the personal history of Don Guillermo Buenaparte as recounted to the author.

Mr. Bishop believes it, but he is himself a more temperate story-teller, and is in all respects a pleasant and entertaining companion, whose book we are glad to have read.

The Story of a Regiment: A History of the Campaigns and Associations in the Field, of the Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. By E. HANNAFORD, formerly a Member of the Regiment, and later Adjutant of the 197th O. V. I. Cincinnati: Published by the Author.

THE story of the Sixth Ohio includes notice of many of the principal military operations in the Southwest, from the beginning of the war until June, 1864, when the regiment was mustered out of service. It is another of those narratives of the Rebellion, restricted in one sense, but of universal interest in another, which we are always glad to welcome; it gives that fullness of detail which satisfies personal and local feeling, and it forms a study from new points of view of great events and great commanders not to be too well known. It is in spirit a model for books of its kind, and is both faithful and modest, written with clearness, and with no more rhetorical exuberance than is easily pardonable. General Nelson is the author's hero, but even his character is treated with frank justice in its defective points; and there is evidence throughout of honest feeling and solid work. The second part is made up of personal reminiscences, letters, and magazine sketches of members of the regiment. Altogether, the book is to be valued and read for itself now, and to be sought hereafter as admirable material by whoever aspires to write the history of the war.